Collier's

FEBRUARY 22, 1947

TEN CENTS

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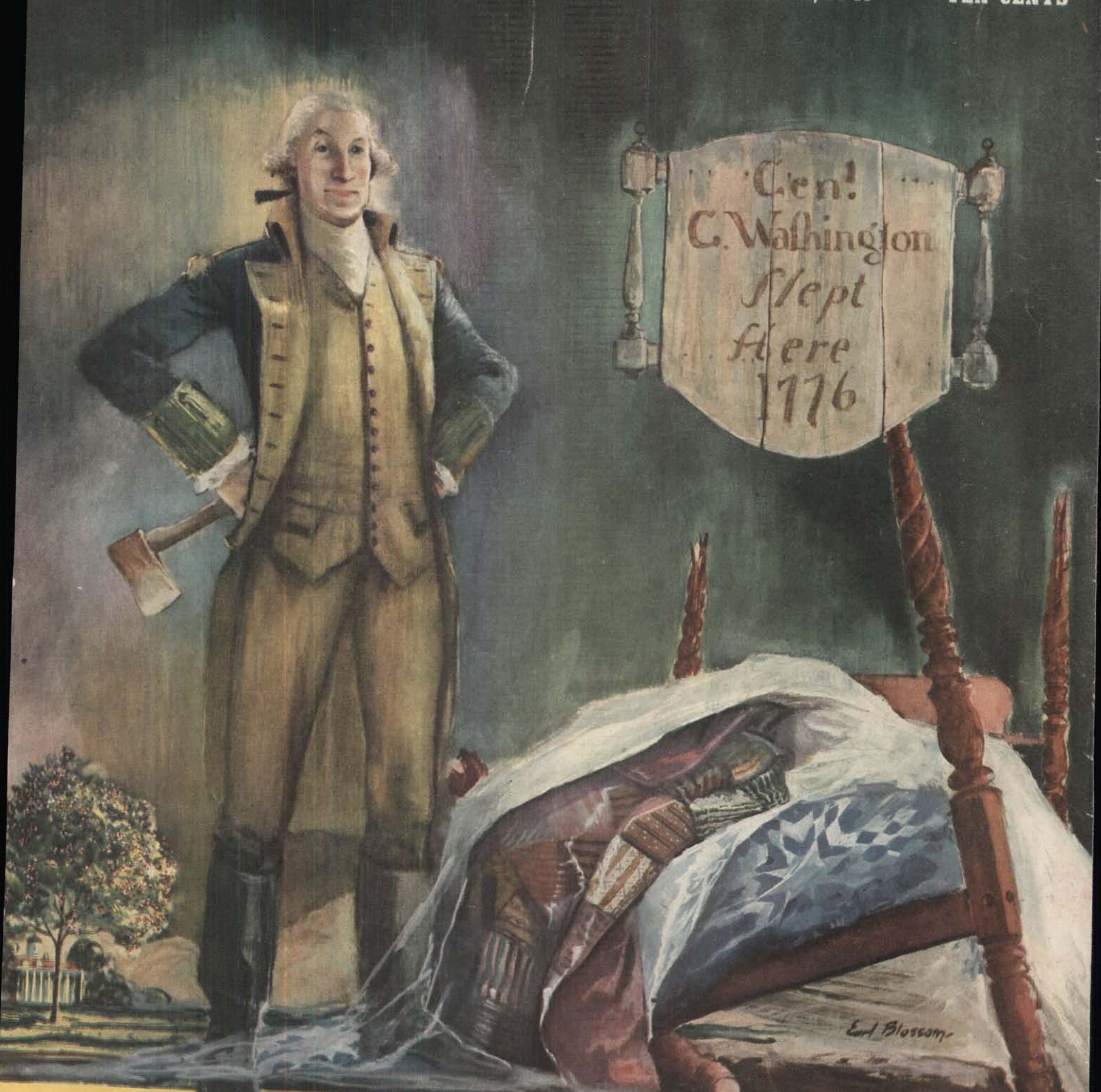


Gen! G. Washington Slept Here 1776
Earl Blossom

HIS EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY

(The evolution of SENATOR TAFT)

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Airtight again!
VACUUM PACKED
Coffee
NET WT. 1 LB.
ULTRA VACUUM PACKED
Duraglas Ultra-Vac
FRESHER COFFEE...

You've never bought coffee packed under a *higher* vacuum!

thanks to the new Airtight Snap-on Cap!

SHE: Pappy, you're faking! Bad cold, my eye! Any man that can drink 3 cups of coffee . . . !

HE: Bud id dastes zo dard *good!* Whad's in id?

SHE: It's not what's in it—but what it's *in*, this time, chum! That flavor is because of the new coffee jar it comes in. Has a flexible cap. And a terrifically high vacuum!

HE: Means it's fresher goffee, huh?

SHE: Yes, and this jar *keeps* coffee fresher! That snap-on cap REseals, airtight. Keeps air out, fragrance in. Easy as pie to open, too. I just pry it up. To reseal, I just purress 'er down.

HE: Eggspensive?

SHE: Nope. Our coffee doesn't cost any more this way than in any other vacuum container.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

VACUUM PACKED

TO UNSEAL: Pry cap up firmly in several places with bowl-tip of a sturdy kitchen tablespoon.

TO RESEAL: Press cap down firmly with palm of hand. Cap is *flexible*. REseals, *even if bent!*

Duraglas ULTRA-VAC JAR
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WITH THE NEW AIRTIGHT SNAP-ON CAP

IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

Handsome lifeguard in daring rescue. Every day, almost, Junior (very) Lifeguard Georgie rescues his "model" mother. It's good fun and exercise. Fortunately, Virginia knows that gums, too, need exercise. Because today's soft foods tend to make them tender and flabby. So the Swensens use Ipana – specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

This Mother never dreamed of becoming a Model

...until her lovely figure and winning smile won Virginia Swensen a Miami beauty contest

It's possible that if she hadn't won a beauty contest, Virginia Swensen of Miami Springs might still be modeling aprons in her kitchen . . . instead of fashions in a model agency.

It's possible—but not probable. With her figure, her bright-as-Florida-sunshine smile, she couldn't miss becoming a hit. Today this lovely mother knows more than ever the importance of a smile.

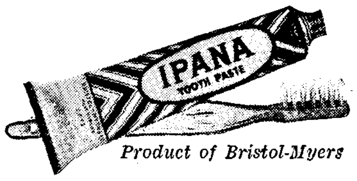
So she's teaching 4-year-old Georgie her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Until recently a Nurse's Aid, Mrs. Swensen knows what thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums. So start now toward a "model" smile yourself—with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Giddyap Napoleon! A few more riding lessons and Georgie, a tireless radio fan, will have Snake-Eyes Sanchez biting the dust. But he needs no lessons in care of teeth and gums. "Every time you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," his mother has taught him. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums.

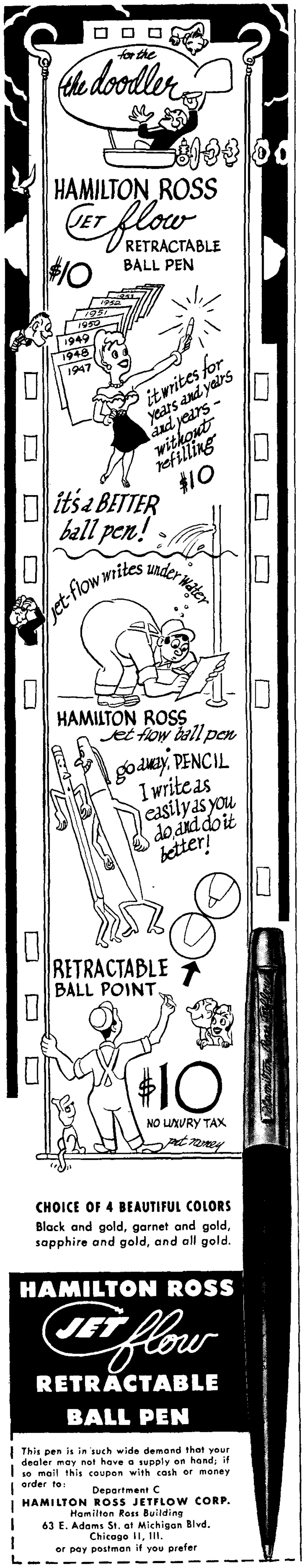
Many parents could learn from their youngsters the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of schools today. Also, 7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows. (*And dentists, 2 to 1, prefer Ipana for their own personal use.*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

"A lifeguard must be strong," Virginia reminds ambitious Georgie, "with strong teeth and sound gums." Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana and Massage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it writes for years and years and years - without refilling
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it's a BETTER ball pen!
jet-flow writes under water
HAMILTON ROSS Jet-flow ball pen
go away, PENCIL I write as easily as you do, and do it better!
RETRACTABLE BALL POINT
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Hamilton Ross Jet-flow

CHOICE OF 4 BEAUTIFUL COLORS
Black and gold, garnet and gold, sapphire and gold, and all gold.

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JET flow
RETRACTABLE
BALL PEN

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COLLIER'S

February 22, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

SECURITY FOR LABOR

DEAR EDITOR: Contrary to Mr. Drucker, What to Do About Strikes (Jan. 18th), I do not believe that the return to peacetime economy and the loss of the heroic halo had any appreciable influence on the occurrence of strikes.

Only when somebody gives the worker a feeling of security will it be possible to eliminate labor unrest. Health insurance and pensions so far have been shouted down as radical red. If management does not want government interference, why does it not undertake these reforms on its own hook, or with the unions? Costly? Yes, but so are strikes.

HANNS EHRLICH, Roxbury, Mass.

REVENGE

DEAR EDITOR: Eagerly I leafed through my Jan. 11th issue, munching a few potato chips, and finally decided on Revenge.

In a moment my jaws forgot to munch and my eyes were riveted to the horribly realistic tale. Finished, I blindly handed the story to Jim, my husband, and sat staring into space, numb with emotion! When he slammed the magazine down, I came out of my trance and expectantly asked, "Well?" He calmly smiled and said, "Why in heaven's name was she frying chops and cooking string beans for dinner before she expected him home?" With a snort of disgust, I snapped out of my daze, grabbed a handful of potato chips and started looking for a more intelligent story.

VIOLET KINTZ, Oxford, Mich.

. . . Revenge is the decade's best. Bischoff illustrations are the period's most outstanding.

GEORGE D. WEIGEL, Wooster, Ohio

RIGHT! WE'RE WRONG!

DEAR EDITOR: While snickering over Gregory D'Alessio's clever portrayal of Times Square on New Year's Eve in your Jan. 4th edition of Collier's, I couldn't help but notice that the steering wheels are on the right-hand sides of the cars. How about this?

MRS. THOS. W. DENHAM, Patuxent River, Md.

Only explanation, these cars must be of Russian make—they keep to the left.

UNITED STATES OF CHURCHILL

DEAR EDITOR: The illustration for Winston Churchill's The Highroad of the Future (Jan. 4th) called to mind The Man With the Hoe by Edwin Markham.

All the "Churchills" of the past, and all the scheming and conniving characters as well, have continually pointed to The Man

(Continued on page 64)

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Overweight may menace your health,

especially if you are over 30, for it often goes hand in hand with high blood pressure, heart ailments, diabetes, and other diseases. However, if you are under 30, a small amount of overweight can be beneficial.

The chief cause of overweight is overeating, often combined with too little exercise. It rarely results from glandular disturbances or other causes. If you are overweight, let your doctor diagnose the cause and determine how you can reduce safely.

Fortunately, *under a doctor's guidance,* most people can control their weight. Follow his advice for bringing your weight down to normal, or a little below.

Keep it there -*and help assure a longer, happier life!*

For further helpful information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 37-C, "Overweight and Underweight."

It contains lists of the calorie values of almost 300 foods, suggested low-calorie menus, illustrated reducing exercises, and a table of ideal weights. Just mail the coupon for your free copy.

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For your pleasure and hers

...be sure you've got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Maybe it's the poise that a pipe suggests—that added look of masculinity it gives you, but a woman likes to see a man smoke a pipe. *And*—just as naturally a man likes a pipe packed with Prince Albert.

P.A. means Prince Albert

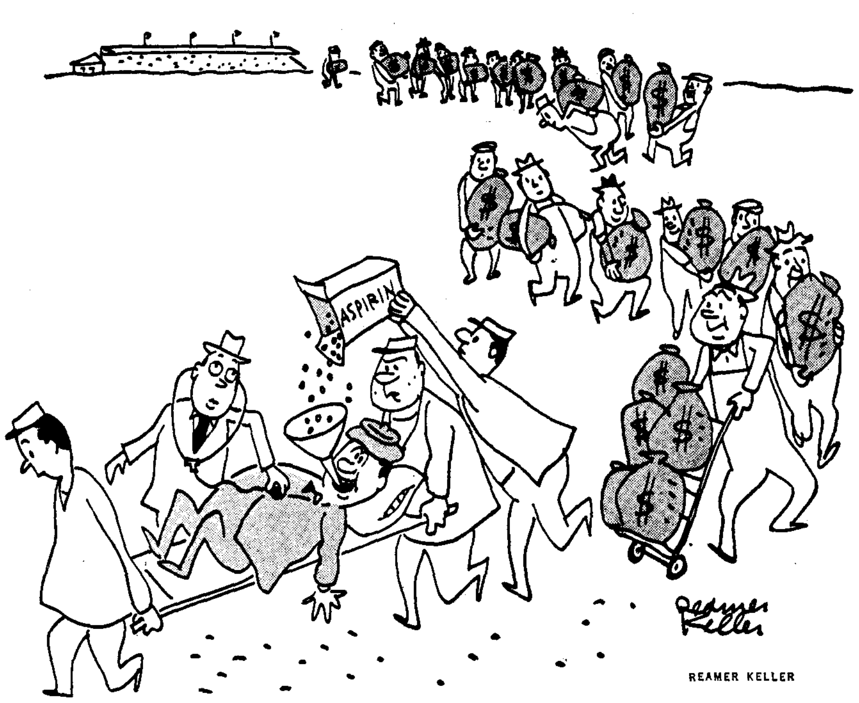
If you've tried a pipe and your tongue said "No," then try Prince Albert—the rich tobacco that's specially treated to insure against tongue bite...and crimp cut to burn evenly right to the bottom of the bowl. More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco.

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

P. A. is great for "makin's" too!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
I NEVER ENJOYED A PIPE SO MUCH UNTIL I TRIED PRINCE ALBERT ···IT'S EASY ON MY TONGUE—A JOY TO SMOKE!

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



REAMER KELLER

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The world's largest daily double pay-off in horse racing history was won by an unidentified man at a meet in Newmarket, England, on October 30, 1935. Correctly guessing that Near Relation would win the Cesarewitch and Commander III the Cambridgeshire stake, the man bet 60 cents and collected $11,650.

The toy theater is staging a revival in England where, some 75 years ago, one was found in nearly every home. About 18 inches in height, width and depth, the models were inexpensive as were their cardboard actors and scenery and the copies of hundreds of plays written especially for presentation in them. Today, the largest collection of these theaters is that owned by Alfred Lunt which contains 25 specimens and is at present on exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York.

In 1911 in Essen, Germany, the rich and arrogant Krupp family decided to glorify the history of its ten-generation house of munitions makers by staging a great pageant. So a year and a small fortune were spent on its preparation, making costumes, holding rehearsals and sending invitations to the nobility of Europe. But on the morning of the long-awaited day, an explosion occurred in the Krupp plant which killed and wounded several hundred men and caused such resentment that the pageant was canceled and never considered again.

The average retail price of gasoline in the United States on December 1, 1946, was 21.70 cents a gallon, which comprised a wholesale cost of 11.18 cents, taxes of 6.09 cents and a gross profit to the retailer of 4.43 cents.

While the letter E is used far more frequently than any other in English words, it is employed even more often in several other languages. For example, in every 1,000 words, this letter occurs 591 times in English, 678 times in Spanish, 850 times in French and 988 times in German.

The right to vote in national elections was granted to women in 33 countries between 1893 and 1939 and has been granted in 14 additional countries in the past seven years. But the right is still denied in 18 nations, among them being Argentina, Belgium and Switzerland.

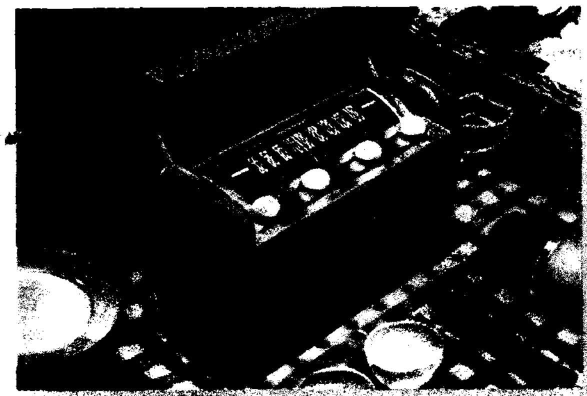
Up to 1914, passports were required by only China, Russia and Turkey, while today all nations have passport and visa regulations, some of which are very comprehensive. Depending on the country, the numerous papers and articles now necessary for entry include, for example, a cash deposit, a police good-conduct certificate and from one to as many as 14 photographs.

During the past 400 years, map makers have tried to invent the perfect projection to represent the surface of the earth on a flat surface without distortion. But of the some 100 projections created, not one has achieved it because such a map cannot show continents and countries in their relative sizes, shapes, locations and directions.

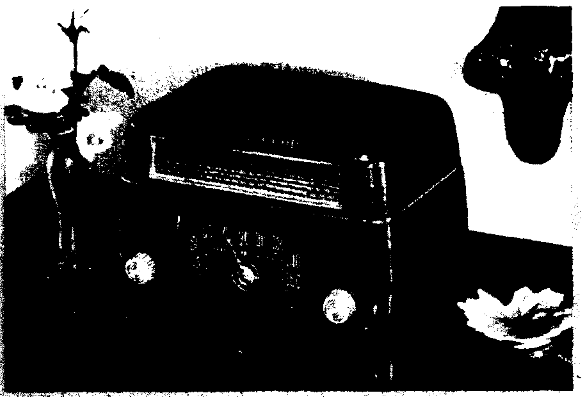
The sheerest stockings ever made are now being manufactured with a new nylon thread that is a single filament and weighs 25 per cent less than the lightest thread heretofore produced which consisted of three filaments twisted together.

Sumo wrestling matches in Japan consist largely of a psychological battle. The two opponents walk around the ring glaring and attempting to create fear in each other for as long as 15 minutes, or until the patience of the referee is exhausted and he orders them into action. Once begun, the actual wrestling seldom lasts longer than 30 seconds.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



Self-charging portable—No more battery worries. Renews its power over and over again. Brings in more stations, and has finer tone than many consoles. Light weight, cast aluminum case. See Model 250.



Amazingly rich tone. Only masters of electronics, like the G-E radio engineers, could produce a table model with this surpassing tone and performance. Handsome, rosewood brown plastic cabinet. Model 202.

General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—Delight in Model 305's glorious natural color tone! Discover new beauty in your favorite records when played by the amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer.

Glorifies records... Enriches radio

Plus all the magic of General Electric FM

You'll revel in the transcendent beauty of natural color tone from both records and radio when you listen to this newest of G-E radio-phonographs. Listening to programs on FM (genuine Armstrong FM) you'll share in radio's triumph over static, fading and station interference. And you'll hear both standard and short-wave broadcasts as you never heard them before.

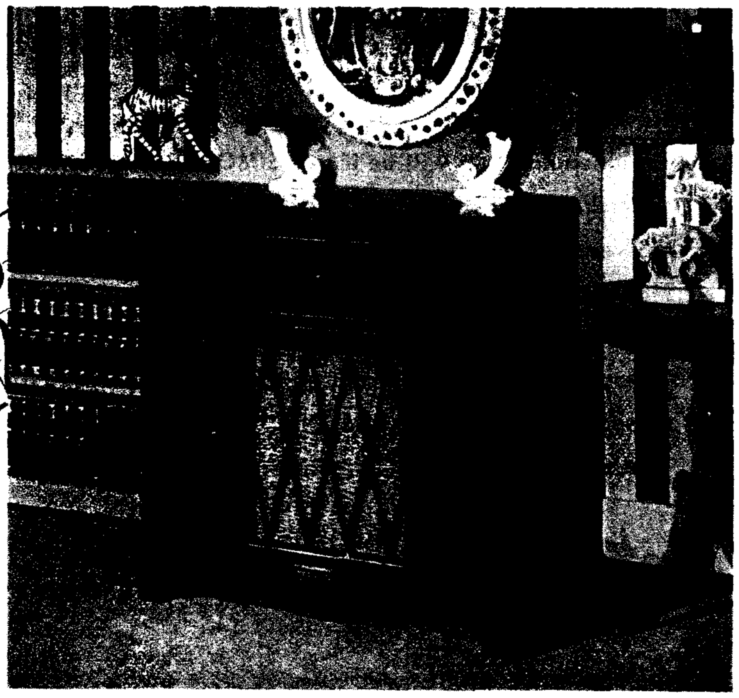
KAY KYSE[illegible]
professor of [illegible]
Musical Know[illegible] each
Wednesday ov[illegible] N[illegible]

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-F2

LEADER IN RADIO TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

natural color tone radios



Here's the radio-phonograph music lovers have waited for—With wonderful FM (genuine Armstrong FM) and finer reception of standard and short-wave broadcasts. Precision tuning with the G-E Guillotine Tuner. 12" Dynapower Speaker. 9 tubes plus rectifier. Sensational G-E Electronic Reproducer. 18th Century inspired mahogany cabinet. Storage for 120 records. See Model 417.

General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

A drive with beauty... that never ends...

Simoniz gives your new car lasting glamour

How thrilling to own a new car. Can you imagine the finish even *more* beautiful? It will be if you SIMONIZ now. SIMONIZ adds to the richness of color . . . increases the natural brilliance. And as the years roll by, applying SIMONIZ "builds up" this beauty. Makes it permanent and more glamorous than ever. Stops ultra violet rays from fading colors . . . gritty dirt from scratching . . . corrosive airborne chemicals from dulling and destroying the finish. Always insist on SIMONIZ. Nothing takes its place. That's why . . .

Motorists Wise Simoniz

TO RESTORE NEW BEAUTY to dull finishes . . . use the Simoniz Kleeners—*liquid* when it's in average condition . . . *paste* when the finish is exceptionally dull. Then apply SIMONIZ to make that sparkling finish last years longer. Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores, garages and service stations.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

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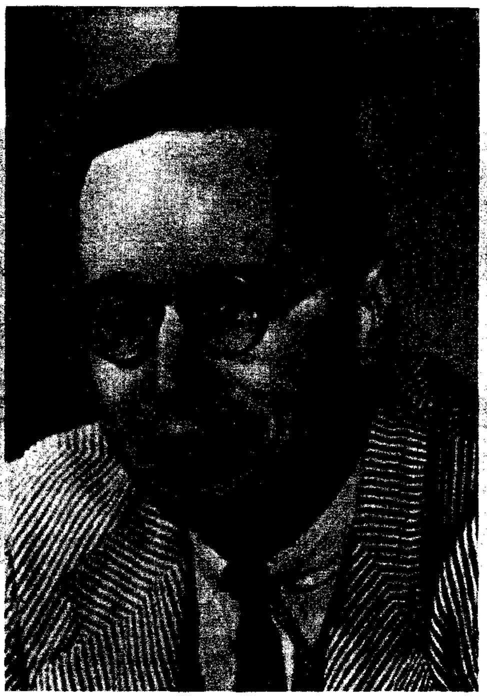
KLEENER

THE WEEK'S WORK



Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

THE author of His Eyes Have Seen the Glory (p. 12), Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1917, and is a Harvard graduate. After a spell with the OWI, he moved over to the ETO, where he handled O.S.S. political intelligence, eventually joining the Army, in which he became a corporal.

Since the war, he's been writing articles around Washington, and researching a book to be called The Age of Roosevelt, to be added to his The Age of Jackson. This year, he was appointed associate professor of history at Harvard.

"Like anything else to do with Senator Taft," says Mr. Schlesinger, "my story propelled itself soberly, methodically and carefully along scheduled lines; it encountered less pitfalls and booby traps than anything I have done. All this I attribute to the personality of the senator, who makes a virtue of predictability."

TO PREPARE Handle-Bar Derby (p. 14), Mr. Frank L. Harvey rode a racing bike down Daytona Beach at 110 miles per hour, an operation which scared him silly. "Motorcycle boys are nuts," he goes on to say, "but likable. Just watching them 'broadslide' gives me nervous indigestion. They also play as hard as they ride. If you own a beer garden, they will no doubt tear the keys out of your piano, saw the legs off your tables, and strew broken glass around a foot deep. Next day they'll come back, apologize frantically, pay for redecorating the place and offer to take you for a ride (and if you go you are as crazy as I am).

"Racers often run over each other during the course of a season, and nothing gives them greater pleasure than to recall the bloody episode in a back-room jam session. Strangely the victim enjoys it most, and will gladly display the battered portion of his anatomy for the admiring scrutiny of the others."

Mr. Harvey was born on a farm near Foxburg, Pennsylvania, now lives at Daytona Beach, flies planes, boxes, is 34, is married, has two children, advises young writers to go in for real estate. He contends you lose your shirt and starve quickly.

JAMES DUGAN, responsible for Bedlam in the Boudoir (p. 17), finds himself his most fascinating subject. Born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, 34 years ago, he claims his pop was the best iron molder in the United States. To date, 41 months in the European theater constituted his life's most filling content. He not only met his wife, then a Wac sergeant with O.S.S., but in his steady rise in power from recruit to staff sergeant was pill-roller, file clerk, fracture-ward patient (from English bicycles), handholder to war correspondents, author of psychological warfare literature, K.P., London pub crawler, on Yank, and under the by-line du Gan, reporter of the Maquis for the magazine Voir, the French Look.

CREDITS for illustration for Bedlam in the Boudoir: Photography by George Karger; Beds rented from the Danby Co.; Bedclothes, pajamas and nightgown by Bloomingdale's, New York; Vickie Hazell, model in bed, courtesy Thornton Agency; Antisnoring Machine by the Sicilian Decibel Removal Corp.; Mallet from the Whistle-While-You-Work Hardware Company; and Zero Mostel through the courtesy of Beggar's Holiday at the Broadway Theater, New York.

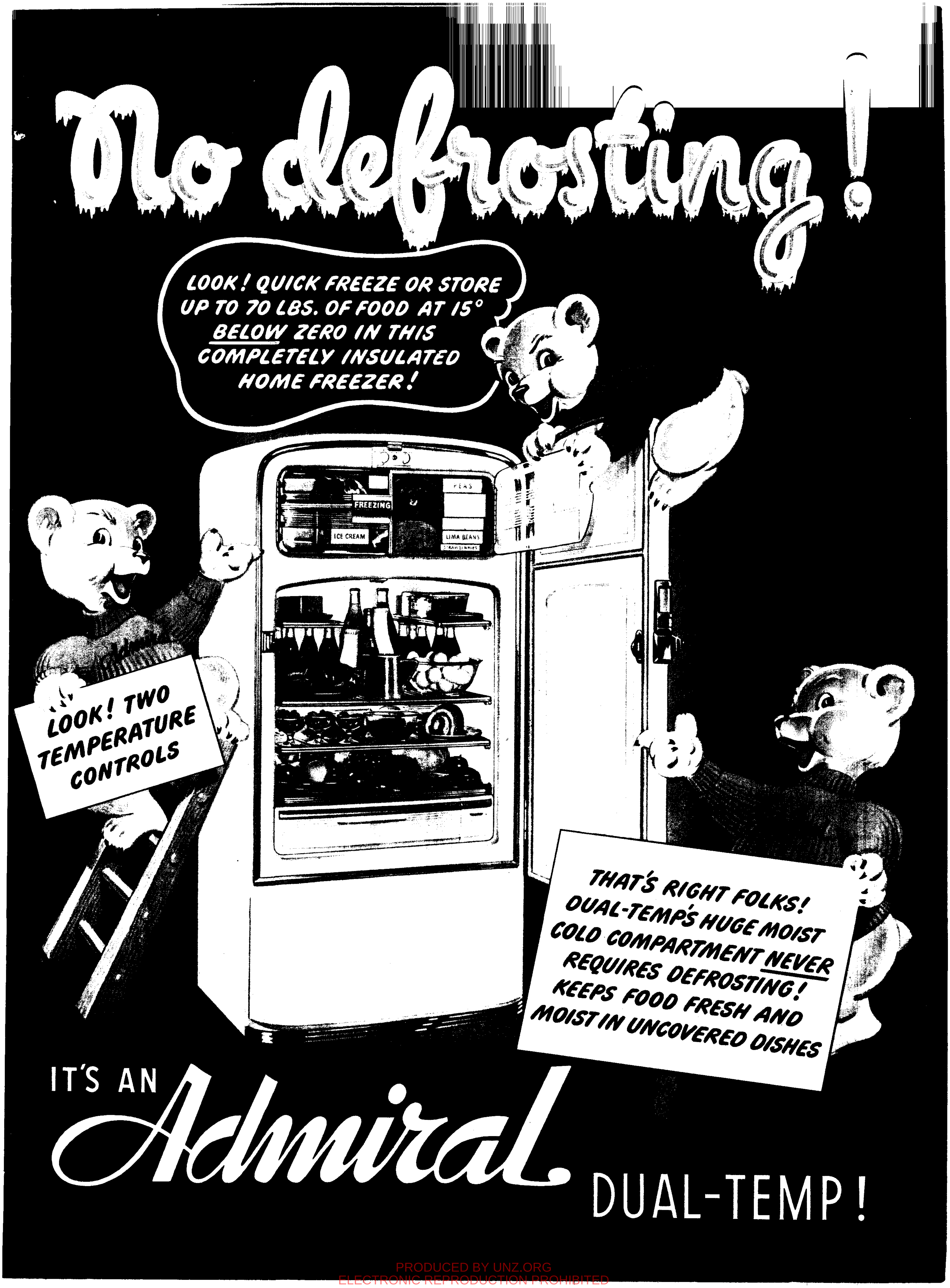
This week's cover: If you are contemplating a Washington's Birthday cover for Collier's, you might be interested in how Earl Blossom arrived at his. First Earl sat down in his Westport, Connecticut, home and made a list:

1. Winning the Revolutionary War. 2. Chopping down cherry tree. 3. Thousands of beds marked G. W. Slept Here. 4. Married Widow Martha, became childless Father of his Country. 5. Threw dollar across Potomac.

Next, Earl mulled the ideas over for a week. Rejecting 1, 4 and 5—the latter because the Republicans would scream too much money's been thrown around as it is—the flash came to him on a commuting train. Why not have George chop down one of those thousands of beds which would have taken all of his waking hours to sleep in?

Mr. Blossom then dug up an early 1700 four-poster cherry bed from the old Barret House in Ridgefield, Connecticut—and admittedly the only bed in which Washington *didn't* sleep in all New England.

Next, Blossom borrowed bedclothes and log-cabin quilt from his wife, had a photographer make a snapshot of the bed, and of a model in a Washington wig and genuine Valley Forge pants. "And finally," concludes this indefatigable man, "I had to paint the picture myself. That part was work!" . . . TED SHANE



No defrosting!

LOOK! QUICK FREEZE OR STORE UP TO 70 LBS. OF FOOD AT 15° BELOW ZERO IN THIS COMPLETELY INSULATED HOME FREEZER!

LOOK! TWO TEMPERATURE CONTROLS

THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS! DUAL-TEMP'S HUGE MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT NEVER REQUIRES DEFROSTING! KEEPS FOOD FRESH AND MOIST IN UNCOVERED DISHES

IT'S AN Admiral DUAL-TEMP!

FREEZING
PEAS
ICE CREAM
LIMA BEANS
STRAWBERRIES

You don't stay first *unless* you're best

This curious-looking contrivance sees to it that Goodyear Tires have the longest-lived sidewalls your money can buy.

As many blowouts occur in the sidewall area, this sidewall quality is very important to you.

This machine stretches, twists, and strains strips of sidewall rubber that are hooked to the moving cylinder. It gives them the same constant flexing, produces the same fatigue they would get in a tire on your car.

The machine is even located on the roof, wide open to the elements. For weather, too, is tough on sidewalls. This double punishment goes on until every strip breaks.

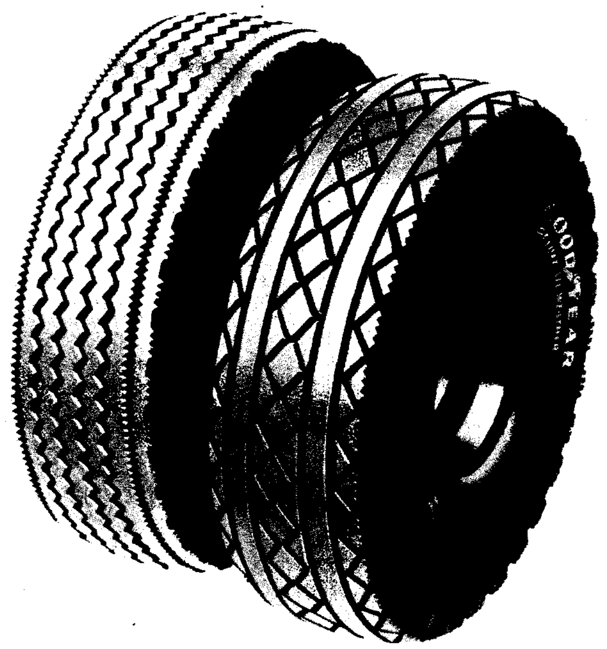
The machine tests strips of Goodyear and other tires. It tests new combinations of materials suggested by the laboratory.

It must continuously demonstrate that the longest life you can get in the sidewall of a tire is in the sidewall of a Goodyear Tire.

For Goodyear knows that to stay first, it must be best—*and Goodyear is again first, for the 32nd consecutive year.*

ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST!...

Goodyear tires in larger sizes are made with rayon cord.



First-every year for 32 years

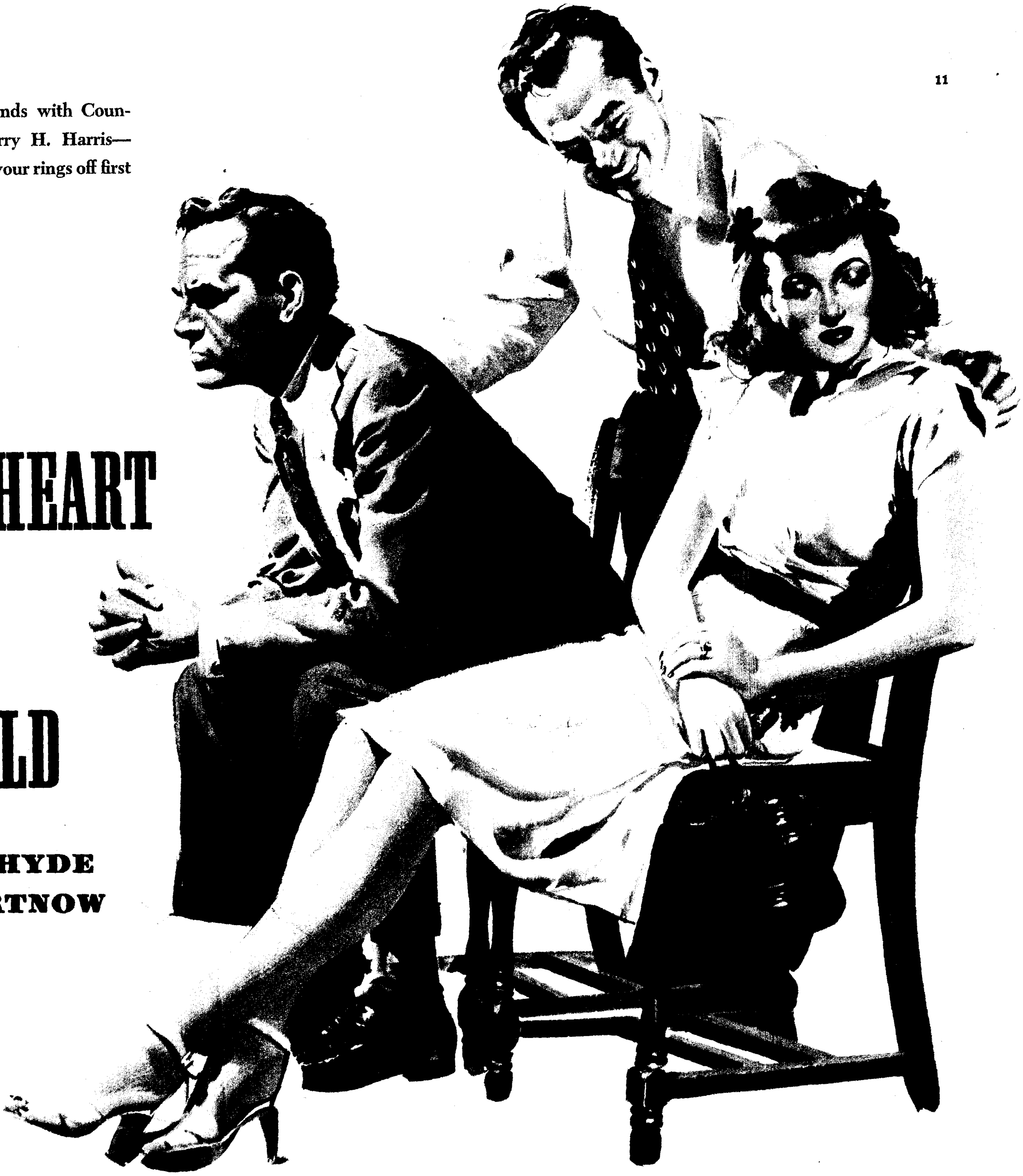
GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Shake hands with Counselor Harry H. Harris—
but take your rings off first

A HEART OF GOLD

BY HYDE PARTNOW



The boy and his wife tried to control the tears that were fighting for possession of their faces. Harry put his arms around both of them

MY OFFICE—the crossroads of the world," said Harry to his steno. "In and out, in and out, you can't tell who'll show up next? A big killer maybe—or a piker to catch some free advice."

It was seven o'clock; almost closing time.

"A client, Mr. Harris," said Rosie to her boss.

Harry swiveled around. A pretty redhead was in the doorway. "What does she want?" he asked, swiveling back so he faced the window again.

"A divorce."

"Let her wait." Harry swung his feet up on the desk. "Rosie, I'm getting slaughtered with the customers."

"Clients," corrected Rosie. "Yeah, Mr. Harris, you're working like a bee."

"A new name for a skunk," grinned Harry. He lolled back in his thronelike leather chair, letting his arms hang over the sides. "You can grow pineapples in New York today," he said. He lifted his sweating face so the electric fan on the windowsill played across it. He was taking time out for the first time that day.

All day Harry had been mobbed by clients. Peddlers, laborers, housewives, gypsies, crooks had streamed up and down the seven steps to the office of this poor man's attorney—penny-candy lawyer—sitting patiently in the secondhand leather chairs while Harry stamped around shaking his fists, waving his arms, giving out his grins, his gab, his gusto—and his hokum. Now he wanted to sit back and be a spectator. His eyes shifted outside to the crowds in the street, following the people as they walked past.

"People, people, people," he said to his steno who was sitting opposite him at her own desk. "Rosie," he went on, "I wouldn't give up my seat here for a seat on the Stock Exchange. Today those people pass me by out there—tomorrow they're up here begging Harry H. Harris for help. Why? Because not one of them that's learned how to live with his fellow man."

"Your client, Mr. Harris," Rosie reminded him.

"Oh, yes, Rosie." Harry took his feet off the desk and swiveled around. "Hello," he called out. The girl looked up, startled. "Step right in," he said. The girl got up.

(Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

[illegible]YES HAVE SEEN [illegible] Y

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Eight years on Capitol Hill have shown that, if faced with enough facts, Robert A. Taft is capable of changing his mind. The young man who lived in the White House is today neither archreactionary nor New Deal liberal, but simply an able man with memories and dreams

CONSERVATIVES look on him as the man who will restore big business to power over the prostrate forms of government and labor. Liberals look on him as the man who will lead a vengeful and reactionary assault on the New Deal and all its works. It seems possible that both are going to be disappointed in Robert Alphonso Taft. For, underneath the Ohio senator's hidebound traditions there is a willingness to face facts, even at the expense of dearly beloved prejudices. Once a politician starts facing facts, there is no telling where he will end up.

Fifty-seven years old, shy, straightforward and colorless, neatly dressed, with rimless glasses and receding hair line, Bob Taft looks like a sober and prosperous Middle-Western lawyer. Determination, stubbornness and a sense of rectitude which succeeds in stopping just short of self-righteousness are stamped on his face. His manner in conversation is without guile. He jingles coins or keys in his hand, smiles in an oddly boyish way and says what he thinks.

His eight years on the Hill have established him as the top Congressional leader of the Republican party. He is its dominant intelligence on questions of domestic policy and its leading senatorial contender for the 1948 Presidential nomination.

Some public figures live in an atmosphere of excitement or caprice which produces a flow of good stories like beer from a keg. But Taft hews to his chosen road, moves along it at a steady pace and, when he does the unexpected (which he sometimes does), it is in the prosiest possible way. Picking up a newspaper clipping describing him as "independent and unpredictable," Taft snorts with indignation, "What nonsense! I am not in the slightest unpredictable." His old friends cudgel their brains to think up anecdotes about him; but the two or three stories which survive have been worn to a frazzle by his publicity men and will not be repeated here.

Publicity That Backfired

When he does occasionally succumb to high-pressure advertising methods, the results are apt to be ludicrous. Some people believe that the photograph in a national picture magazine of Taft in a business suit holding a dead fish was a big factor in licking him for the 1940 Republican nomination (though the Taft forces still insist that it all began as a deliberate gag, and the press crossed them up).

He reached his dominant position

in the Senate chiefly because he takes his job more seriously, works harder and has more organized ambition and native intelligence than most of his colleagues. No senator, for example, knows more about pending legislation than Taft. He has no pride about admitting ignorance in hearings and will ask a thousand questions till the problem is clear. He has a lawyer's mind, tough and logical, and a lawyer's facility at constructing or tearing down a case. Nothing can wear him out physically—all-night sessions, filibusters, enemies or even friends.

Many senators, Democrats as well as Republicans, wait to see what Bob Taft is going to do before launching into debate themselves. Few will tangle with him, particularly over questions of detail. Some resent his constant flow of unsolicited advice.

As leader of the opposition, Taft believed that his duty was to oppose, and he worked at it day and night, often disagreeably and without scruple. The most dangerous enemy of the New Deal, he became the favorite target of the New Dealers, who made him the symbol of archreaction throughout the country. President Truman has singled him out for querulous and disparaging mention on a number of occasions.

The senator inclines to think that his reputation for indiscriminate obstructionism is exclusively the result of what he calls darkly a New Deal smear conspiracy; and he has hired a full-time press agent to conduct the counterattack. But the promiscuous relish with which he sailed into Administration measures has convinced a good many other people that his only principle is opposition for opposition's sake. "He is probably more responsible than any other single man," Walter Lippmann has written, "for leading the Republican party into blind alleys of dumb obstruction on the vital issues of our times."

"Taft," said one prominent Eastern Republican, "is nothing more than a common scold."

His own somewhat dogmatic and testy manner often makes him seem like a chronic obstructionist. He blows up too easily and, being a lawyer, blows up in loud and resounding finalities which seem to mean that, so far as he is concerned, the subject is closed and he will shoot anyone who brings it up again. Particularly in his early years in the Senate, he was given to ill-tempered outbursts at people perverse enough to differ with him over matters on which he had come to firm conclusions. "Dumb" and "stupid" are still two of his favorite adjectives. But through the years he has painfully schooled himself to listen—on the whole, with fair politeness—to people he privately considers fools about ideas he privately considers nonsense.

His saving grace is a clear-cut logical intelligence and a basic respect for fact, which undercut his own impulses toward dogmatism. Even his enemies respect his intellectual honesty and his reasoning powers if not his conclusions. "He has the best mind in Washington," remarked Paul Porter, former head of OPA, "until he makes it up." You can ask Taft about any issue, and he will answer straight from the shoulder, without the soft equivocations or the off-the-record reminders which adorn the conversation of most Presidential aspirants these days.

These intellectual qualities make him willing to modify his original position if someone can prove to him that his views do not square with the actualities. The extent of his evolution must not be overestimated. "Sure, Taft has progressed," observed one waspish Washingtonian, "but the progress is only from James A. Garfield to William McKinley." The cost of educating Taft has undoubtedly been considerable in terms of the delay of measures he himself now considers necessary. But there is no question any more as to whether he is educable.

For all the deceptive coloration of his rhetoric, with its weary plaints about "regimentation" and "bureaucracy," Taft can no longer be regarded as the archreactionary. There are many Republicans who stand to the right of him. Indeed, it seems safe to predict that far from heading the wrecking crew in the present Congress, Taft will play a restraining role in domestic policy.

Follows His Father's Views

Taft comes by this middle-of-the-road position honestly. William Howard Taft was no reactionary, and Bob still places great store on his father's fundamental views. William Howard was still a lawyer in Cincinnati when Bob was born in 1889. Bob takes after his mother, a keen, determined and ambitious woman, while his younger brother Charles has his father's warmth and geniality; but with the Tafts all individual differences are subordinated to an overpowering sense of family. To be a Taft in Cincinnati is like being a Biddle in Philadelphia or a Lowell in Boston.

Though Taft's vivid boyhood memories are from the Philippines, where his father went as governor general, though he summered in Quebec and went to preparatory school and college in Connecticut, Cincinnati remained his spiritual home. It was inevitable that after heading his class at the Harvard Law School he should have ignored tempting bids from Eastern firms and returned to Cincinnati to become a local landmark, like the Taft Theater and Museum.

When William Howard Taft was elected President in 1908, Bob was a junior at Yale. His father's prominence probably made the already shy boy draw even more into himself. Debating was his great college passion, and he has never quite recovered from it. In the heat of discussion he still tends to regard winning an argument as more important than discovering the truth.

He came into his own at the Harvard Law School and ended as editor of the Law Review.

Taft barely had time to go back to Cincinnati, get married and begin law practice before the United States was involved in the first World War. Turned down by the Army because of nearsightedness, he became Herbert Hoover's assistant general counsel in the United States Food Corporation. After the armistice Hoover took him to Europe, and Taft was in Paris during Versailles, a suspicious observer on the outskirts of peacemaking. He remarked of Wilson in a letter to his father, "The nebulous character of his League of Nations does not gain it any advocates," but nevertheless followed his father's lead in supporting American participation in the League.

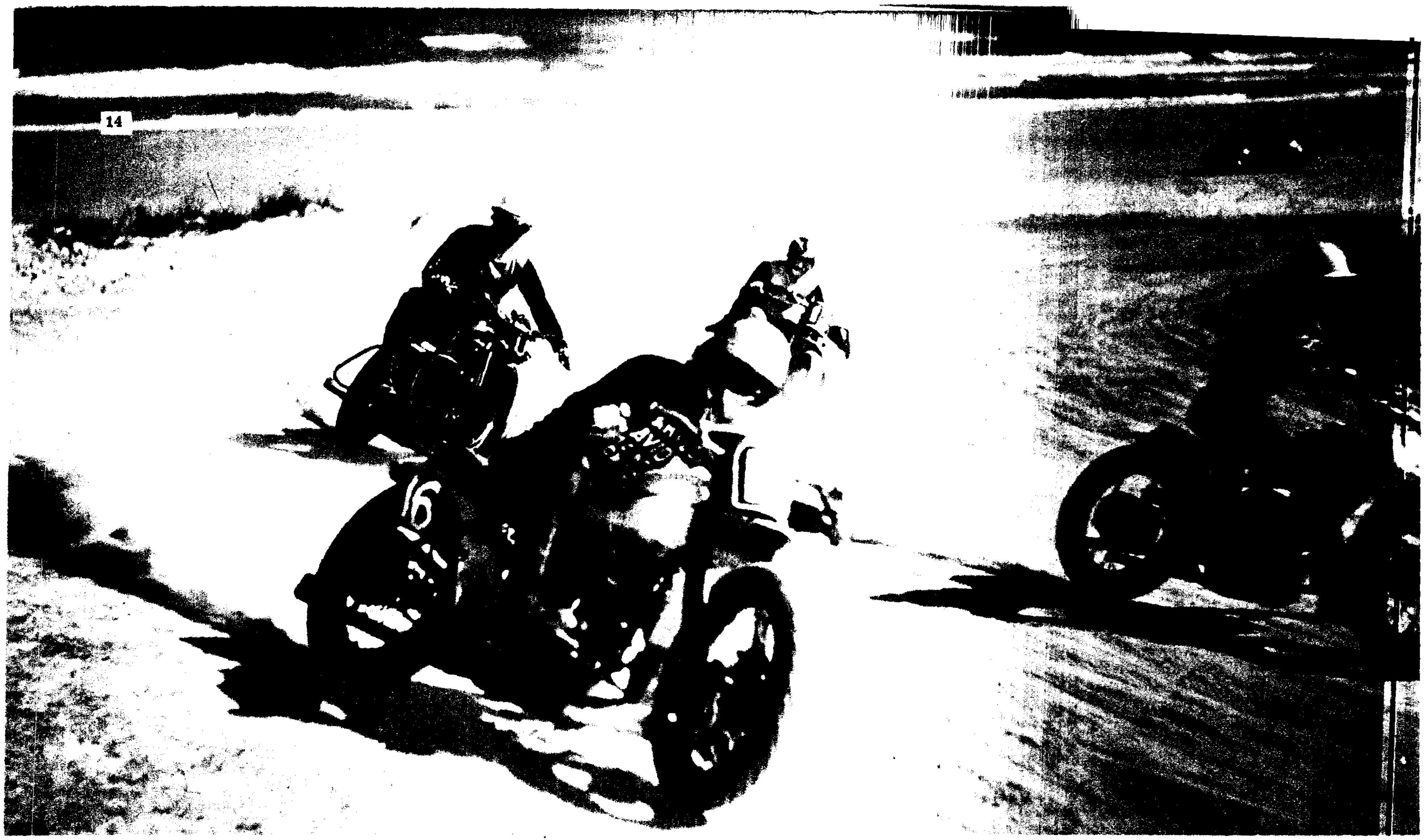
Bob had married Martha Bowers, daughter of an old friend and political associate of his father. Martha Taft is a plump, bouncy, cheerful woman, abounding in vitality and affability. When her children began to grow up,

(Continued on page 34)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

EUROPEAN

Bouncy, cheerful Mrs. Robert A. Taft, shown above with her husband in their Cincinnati home, was a pacifist and member of the America First Committee. Lately her publicly expressed views have been modified. But her personality goes over better at homespun political gatherings than her husband's. Which is odd because Taft is essentially a hometown boy who doesn't hesitate to do homely things like filling his car's radiator (below)


Four riders come off the straightaway into the north turn of the Daytona Beach track in a rip-roaring broadslide. Johnny Butterfield (16) is the Florida state tourist trophy champ. Wally Akins (68) copped second place in the 1940 200. Jimmy Aldous (12) boasts a new bike that will tick off 115 miles an hour

HANDLE-BAR DERBY

BY FRANK L. HARVEY

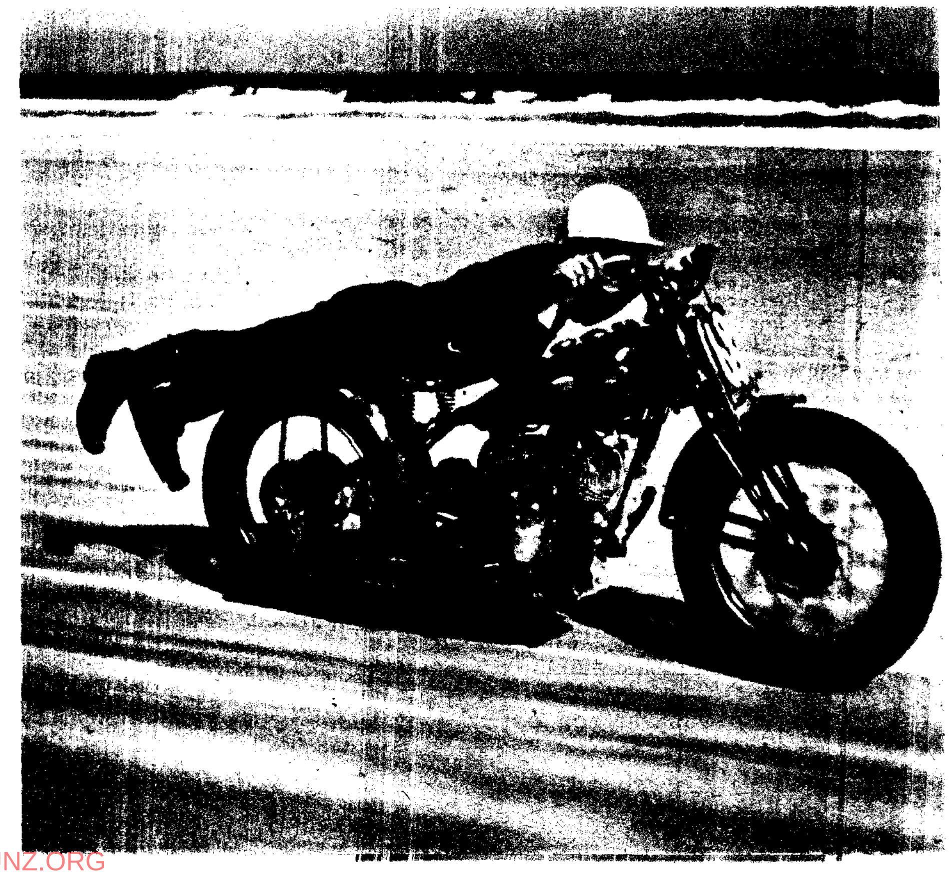
IN MID-FEBRUARY, Daytona Beach, Florida, sounds like an English air field on D-Day morning. Motorcycles boom into town from such widely spaced points as Woonsocket, Rhode Island; Toronto, Canada; and Seattle, Washington—about 5,000 of them; and 300 of these are the hottest racing bikes in North America, operated by 300 of the zaniest young men ever to twist a throttle in two-wheeled competition.

Daytona Beach—after a few feeble efforts at business as usual—rolls up the sidewalks and digs in. Citizens scuttle warily across the streets, little children are fastened securely in their play pens, and the local police and fire departments prepare to man their battle stations at the drop of a gasoline tin.

The reason for all this hullabaloo is the annual 200-mile national championship motorcycle race at Daytona on Sunday afternoon, February 23d. In racing circles this event is known as "The Indianapolis of the South." It offers a cool $1,000 to the winner, $500 to the Number Two man, and $1,075 in assorted lower-bracket prizes. To dispense with a lot of words, it's the top.

Colon Jones, "The Jacksonville Madman," lays his Harley down into a small sandstorm tossed in his face by another Hot Shoe Boy, who beat him to the turn

The human-bullet technique, as demonstrated by Wally Akins. It's a good way to reduce wind resistance, but it's not so hot if you have to stop in a hurry



Now then, if you've got your ears stuffed with cotton and a box of aspirin handy, we'll get along to the beach and watch somebody like little Billy Huber, of Reading, Pennsylvania, as he qualifies for the Daytona 200 over the 3.2-mile championship course.

Billy Huber is one of the best "broadsliders" in racing (you'll learn what a broadslide is in a minute). The son of Al Huber, an old-time national motorcycle champion, Billy is reported to have made his first broadslide at the age of three months. Al loaded the infant into his buggy, rushed him down the sidewalk in front of the house and did a beautiful slide around the drugstore corner.

"You can't get a motorcycle racer started too early," the elder Huber explained to goggling pedestrians.

A Broadslider Does His Stuff

In this case, early training paid off. Suppose it is low tide and Billy is coming down the 500-foot-wide beach hugging the fringe of the surf. His motor makes a drawn-out moan that climbs the scale like a soprano reaching for a high note. He's lying flat, his pants pressed against the sponge rubber pad on the rear fender, feet tucked back behind the axle, and chin resting on the gas tank with just an inch of vision over the handle bars.

Up jumps the speed—80, 90, 100, 110 . . .

The big insweeping curve looms. Billy holds it till the last second and you're sure he's going to ride smack into the mass of automobiles that are parked solid ahead of him from curve to ocean.

Then his left thumb punches the cutout button, the motor's scream snaps off short in a machine-gun crackle, and Billy squeezes the brake. Now he lays it!

Down she goes on her side into the sand with the front wheel cocked way over toward the outside of the turn and Bill's thumb leaves the button and you hear the little Harley scream like a wounded rabbit as it goes into a 500-foot broadslide.

Billy's left foot is an outrigger. His steel shoe smokes the sand. Marl squirts from his tires as centrifugal force pulls him toward the loose stuff. You're on your feet watching for him to go flopping and bouncing into the sawed-off telephone poles and wire-rope railings that safeguard the bleachers.

The Harley hangs up there spraying dust for a miniature eternity, then Billy's got it again and she's eating her way into the asphalt backstretch behind the dunes. You uncurl your toes inside your shoes, look at the white fingernail marks in your palms and move your tongue experimentally over your lips.

That's the thrill that you get when a single rider is qualifying. Tomorrow in the big event there will be 150 riders doing just this as they try to squeeze into that north turn at the same time. Some of them won't make it. Somebody will spill as Grif Cathcart did in 1939, when he overrode the turn, lost control and disappeared in a tumbling boil of sand and scuff. A heartbeat later Grif was up, but in that heartbeat Ray Eddy came moaning through the haze and hit him.

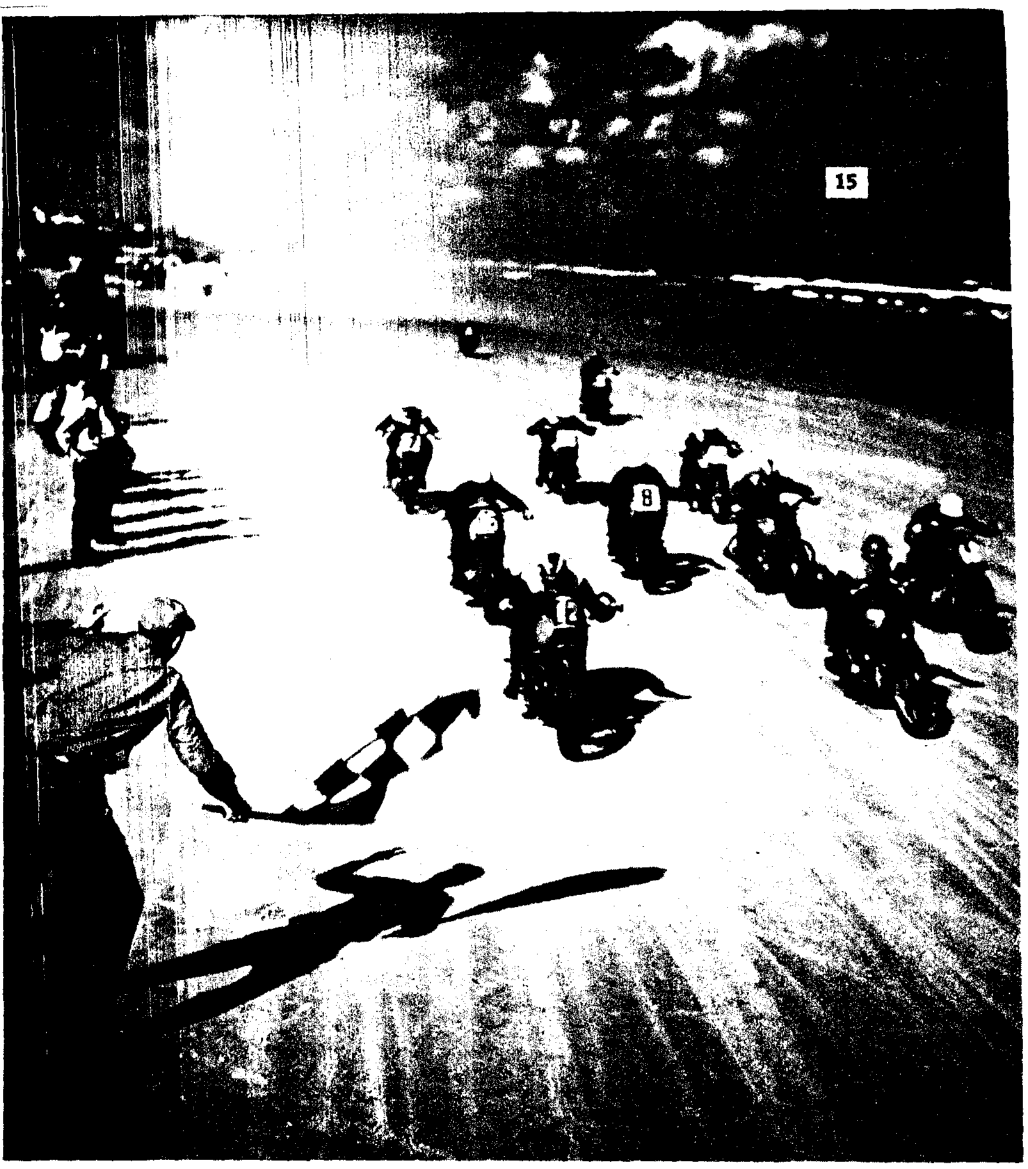
Anybody but a motorcycle man would probably have been killed. Grif got off with a broken shoulder, three missing teeth, and a face that looked as if it had been worked on with a rattail file—but racing riders are rugged, and Cathcart was back in the saddle in less than a month.

Yes, the broadslide is simple. Technically. It is nothing but a prolonged power skid, the motorcycle being held on its course by the thrust of the spinning rear wheel and the support of the rider's left foot.

However, broadsliding is a bit like lion taming. Anyone can learn to crack a whip, but it's something else again to crack a whip in the face of a bilious lion.

There are a number of very good broadsliders in this country, but there is one in particular who stands out. His name is Ed Kretz of Pomona, California, and he rides an Indian motorcycle. All kinds of stories have grown up around him. For example, when the very young Ed Kretz went to his first motorcycle shop to look at a machine, the dealer, seeing his extreme youth, began a long-winded business about the shiny handle bars, the slick paint job, the fine assortment of fox tails and so on.

(Continued on page 40)

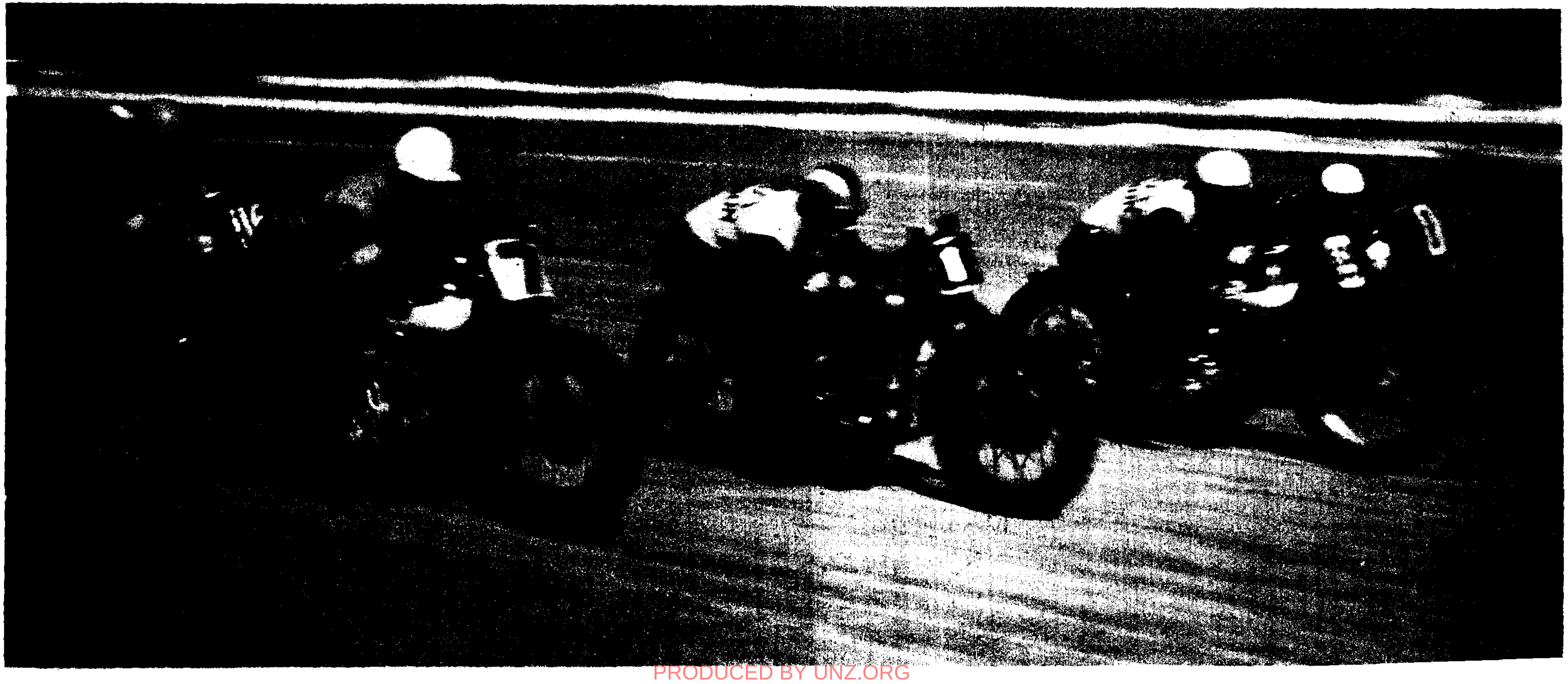


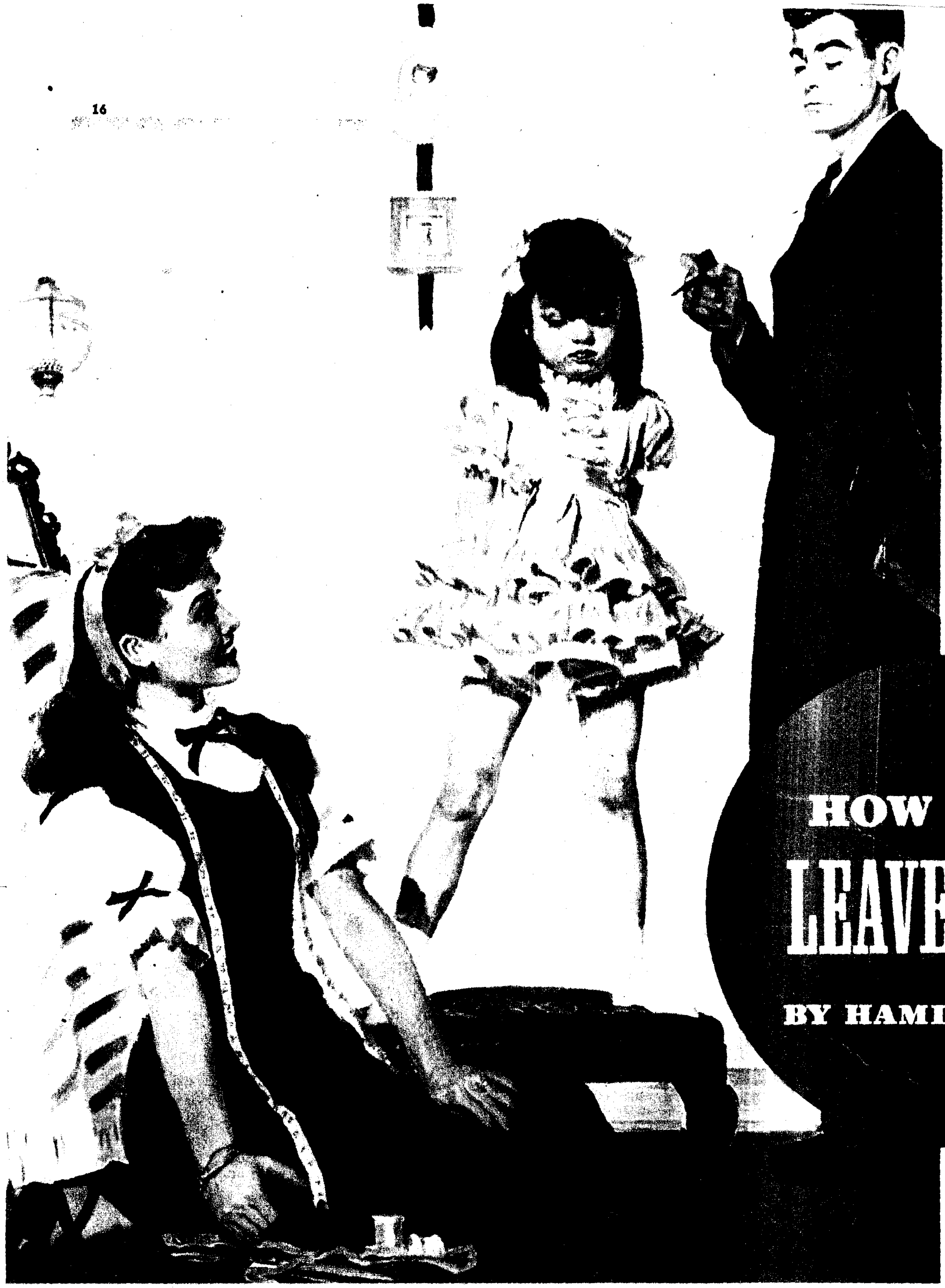
Red-shirted Bill France, promoter of the 1947 Daytona race, gives a group of racing riders the checkered flag as they hit the line at 100 miles an hour

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Riding the hottest racing motorcycles on the continent are the world's zaniest young men, as they flash down the sands at Daytona Beach. They're the Hot Shoe Boys, who'd rather race than live

The Hot Shoe Boys tear down the straightaway on the fringes of the surf at the 3.2-mile championship course in Daytona Beach. This test run is the climax of months of grooming their bikes in preparation for the big race. The formula for winning is: "Turn the throttle wide open and leave it there"





There are many Belle Millars in the world, and too few of their men know, as Ev Millar finally did, what to do about them

HOW CAN I LEAVE YOU?

BY HAMLEN HUNT

"Is that the kind of dress for her?" Everett asked Belle, wondering if such a small straight-haired child looked her best in pale pink ruffles

BELLE, he thought, and yet he drove the car steadily away from her. The road was strange and even by day was only a red line traversing an oblong-shaped state he had never crossed before. The young child slept on the back seat, perhaps dreaming, and the dog they had bought that morning whimpered. He thought, and there were tears sliding down his unshaven face: Belle, how can I leave you this way?

The darkness was split apart by the lights of the car and then it folded back into place behind them. They were alone, as Belle was. Only she did not yet know that her husband and her daughter would never return.

He thought: I love you, but it will never matter again. I've had to choose between my wife and my daughter. Belle, Belle, how could you hate our only child?

He stopped by the side of the strange road for a few minutes, put another blanket over Carey. They were climbing now, and it was colder with every few miles. He let the dog out, but on a leash, because it had been their dog for just a few hours.

Everett Millar got back into the car and began to drive. The purr of the engine was all that was in his mind. He could build or dismember a car in his sleep. He was that American male who completely understands machinery and principles of motion. He had been miserable in a white-collar job for years, and now he would go back to working with his hands, wherever he and Carey settled. He had New Mexico in mind.

"This is the last time," he told himself, and he prepared to think of Belle for the last time, and of their marriage, which he was ending. Belle, turn over in your sleep, he thought. You're still so like the girl I met one summer evening, long ago, in a small New England town.

I remember.

The young man was in Maine for his two-week annual vacation. He worked in Hartford the other fifty weeks of the year, was doing well and saving money. He planned to open his own garage and machine shop in a year or two. But he had more than a mechanic's usual background, and he believed in vacations, and in seeing other kinds of people. Although he was morosely lonely in Ogunquit, he admired the cube-cut brown rocks and the crashing sea and the artists. He was staying at a small boardinghouse, and in the evenings he walked to the post office or went to the summer theater or sat on the porch, smoking. Sometimes he tried a book but he read in the slow way of a person who finds reading hard, and has been

(*Continued on page 26*)

ILLUSTRATED BY GIVEN FREMLIN

BEDLAM IN THE BOUDOIR

The lurid truth about snoring, with some sidelights on champions of the hideous art

BY JAMES DUGAN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

THE United States almost missed getting born on account of a snore. This snore of destiny was snored in the Hungarian revolt in 1604. It might have sent the Mayflower to Montevideo.

A young Englishman named John Smith was in command of 150 horsemen in the army of the Duke of Transylvania. The duke was ahead in the war to drive the Turks out of Hungary. Sergeant Smith, himself, had knocked out three Turks in single combat and had presented their heads to the duke. Sergeant Smith was thereupon promoted to captain. To get promoted in those days required substantial proof of ability.

After one of their battles, the Hungarian army bivouacked in a field near Rothenthurm. The duke's fagged-out troops lay down to log some sack time. During the night a free-lance army of 40,000 Tatars came trotting along a mile from the sleeping Hungarians. The Tatars weren't fighting on any special side. They were looking for anything lying around loose.

The Tatars would have missed the duke's men completely except that a Tatar corporal heard a noise. The 40,000 pony boys reined up and listened. They heard a sound which combined that of the mating whinny of a steppe pony and a Tatar chieftain eating field soup. A patrol slipped out and found a Hungarian sentry snoring over his harquebus.

This led to the massacre of Rothenthurm, in which the sleeping Christian host was all but wiped out. John Smith was hacked up while half awake. The Tatars spotted his fancy armor and decided to patch him up for speculative reasons. Captain Smith recovered and was sold to the Bashaw Bogall as a Turkish body slave.

It took John Smith one pip of an effort to escape from Constantinople, walk hundreds of miles across Europe, organize his expedition to Virginia, survive and return to England with the maps and data which got the Pilgrims across and helped found the nation. The snore in Hungary almost goofed up the United States.

The butchery of the Hungarians is only a minor event in the long and baneful history of snoring. As a social affliction it has spread mass neurasthenia, insomnia, divorce and enough cases of Oedipus complex to wreck Father's Day. It has created a band of social pariahs embracing one tenth of the human race. In its economic aspect snoring has given inventive genius one of its most popular challenges. It has built sleep shops and snore stores. It has produced a new branch of medicine, the snore specialist. It is the only human frailty which bothers the subject not at all, but makes everybody else miserable.

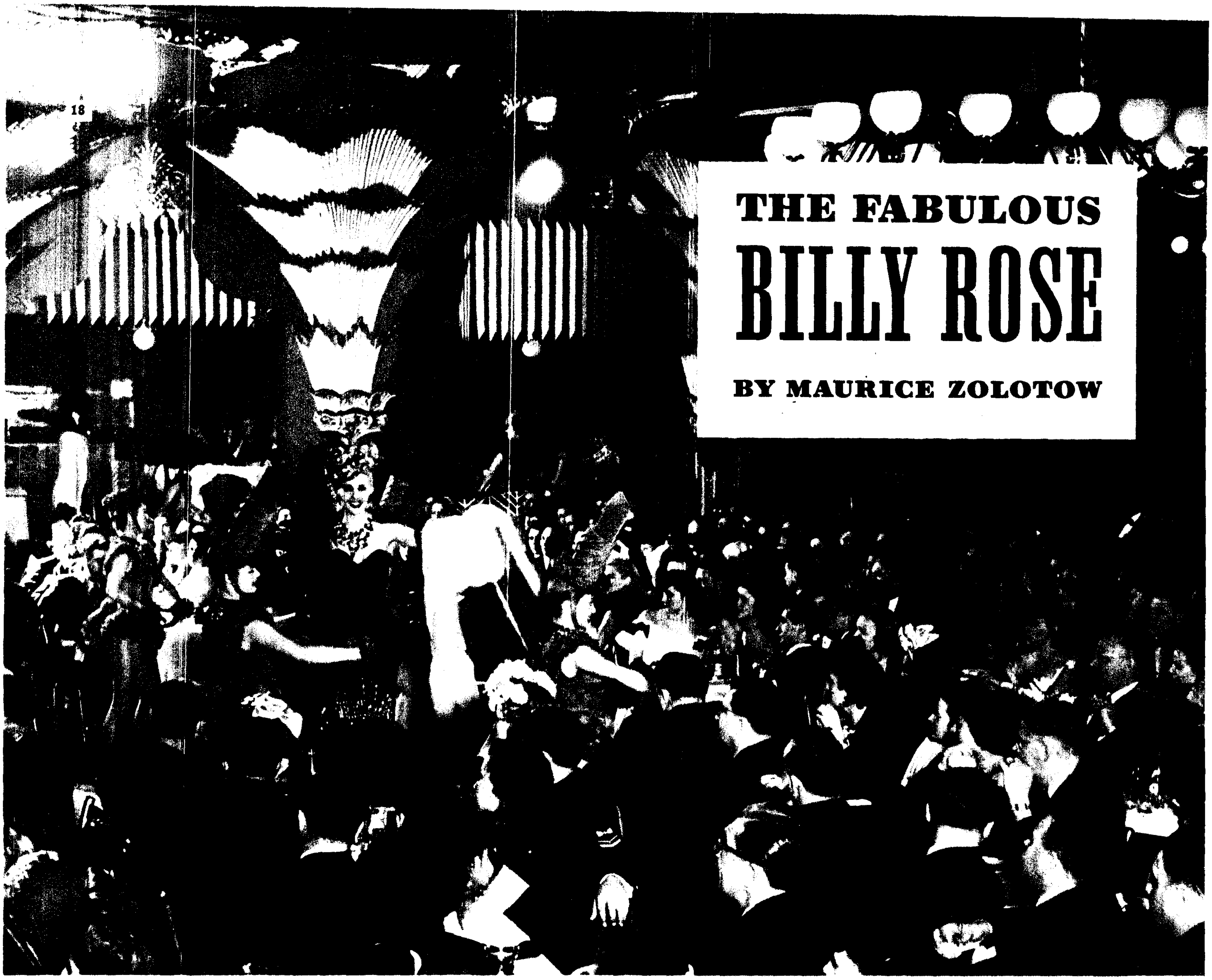
As a cause for divorces, snoring

(Continued on page 69)

In this daring bedroom scene, Comedian Zero Mostel puts a couple of antisnore devices to the acid test. The lady, a skeptic, is prepared to offer a solution in case of failure

THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW



A typical capacity crowd at the Diamond Horseshoe watches Billy Rose's latest revue, Venus On The Half Shell. Center of attraction is Siri, 7-foot blonde

Billy's first night spot, a 1924 speak-easy perched over a garage, was patronized by gangsters and their molls. His current Diamond Horseshoe has entertained some 15,000,000 customers and is considered one of the most famous night clubs in the world

II

NEXT to some distillers and brewers, Billy Rose has probably profited more from the repeal of prohibition than anybody else. Rose, almost alone on Broadway, was shrewd enough to see the opportunities inherent in the abolition of the 18th Amendment. He developed not one, but two, giant-sized theater restaurants in 1934, and he created the formula of razzle-dazzle, reddish opulence, one-hour floor show, tables tightly packed together, mass saturnalia—and all at the reasonable price of $2.50 for a dinner with the mammoth extravaganza thrown in free.

Of course, by the time they finished having cocktails and ordering the kind of dinner they wanted, a couple might run up a tab of fifteen dollars, but anyway they saw a long show, which was loud and frequently diverting.

The Horseshoe is still almost as profitable a diamond enterprise as the Kimberley mines, and it yields Rose a net of over $200,000 every year—despite the fact that it is located in an out-of-the-way basement, two flights down, in a hotel near Eighth Avenue. The Diamond Horseshoe is the first port of call in New York for the peasant thirsting for big-city excitement. It is on all the guidebooks to New York City as a point of interest, right up there alongside the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Grant's Tomb and the Empire State Building.

As a purveyor of entertainment, Rose's métier is the spectacular, the flashy, the ponderous, the garish. Being a little man, who stands five feet three inches in his elevator shoes and refuses to be measured in his stocking feet, Rose suffers from the disease of little men: giantism. He is not happy unless his shows are running riot with huge casts, with hordes of lush show girls, with lots of clanging symphony, with novelty act following upon novelty act.

"I like a show," he says, "that is big and strange and wonderful."

When, in 1940, Rose produced Clash by Night, a three-act social drama by Clifford Odets, Rose felt uncomfortable and narrowed down by the modest proportions of the play.

"You know," he told a friend, "I didn't realize until we got into rehearsal—there are only 13 people in this play. Why, I had 25 people alone *just vending popcorn* at my Aquacade out at the New York World's Fair!"

Rose's first venture into the turmoil of café entertainment took place in the speak-easy-and-bathtub-gin era.

Three Men in a Loft

In November, 1924, Rose opened the Back Stage Club on West 56th Street, in the upper loft of a two-story brick structure. Downstairs was a garage. His partners were Jerry Hitchcock, a knowing chap he had met at the Friars Club, and Solly Violinsky, a vaudeville entertainer, popular with the mobsters, the race-track gamblers, the bookmakers and the Broadway mob.

Violinsky functioned as a handshaker and mingler. He also sang one number during the floor show, and the floor show began whenever enough customers wanted it to go on. The Back Stage Club kept irregular hours. If there was enough business, they remained in full blast until eleven the following morning and once even put on the complete floor show at 11:30 A.M. for the benefit of a single customer and his blond companion.

To save decorating expense Billy made the motif of the club the disarray in back of a theater. The walls were brick-bare. Sandbags attached to ropes simulated the counterweights that pulled curtains. When you entered, you stepped over a row of footlights.

Rose leased the food concession to a Chinese, in return for 25 per cent of the food checks. He concentrated on selling liquor. Highballs and cocktails were $1.50 each. Rye was $20 a bottle; Scotch and champagne, $25. Food ran to sandwiches or chow mein. Chow mein was $5 a platter. A ham sandwich was $3. A chicken sandwich was $5.

The *nouveaux riches* gangsters loved to splurge. When an eminent visiting

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

mobster like Al Capone from Chicago or Phil Keywell of Detroit's Purple Gang visited the Back Stage Club, he would order champagne for everybody in the house. At least once a night, some racketeer, who had just made a killing—maybe he'd run a speedboat filled with cases of Scotch through the Coast Guard or received a nice fee for rubbing out a competitor—would swagger in with a blonde and be wafted to a ringside table. Removing a packet of thousand-dollar bills from a trouser pocket, he'd peel off a bill, flip it on the table, and set a tumbler of water on the bill. This signified he would remain and drink or buy drinks until he had spent the thousand dollars, that he "would go for the grand."

Among Those Present—

The Back Stage Club caught on. The first night the mobsters "gave the joint a play." Then the Broadway crowd came to look it over. By the third night, as Rose pranced from table to table, striding in his nervous jerking way, his black hair high and uncut over his head, curling over the nape of his neck, his fingernails black and unmanicured, he could see at various tables: Walter Winchell, a rising young columnist for MacFadden's New York Graphic; Al Jolson; Arnold Rothstein; Waxey Gordon; William Rhinelander Stewart; Mark Hellinger, Daily Mirror Reporter; Harry Thaw; Sophie Tucker.

There was that characteristic intermingling of hoodlums, gangsters, millionaires, ladies out of the Social Register, actresses, playwrights, out-of-town buyers, prospering bootleggers, newspapermen, columnists, prize fighters, and sporting promoters.

A five-piece band dinned away from 10 P.M. on. The master of ceremonies was Joe Frisco, a moonfaced japist in horn-rimmed glasses, who spoke in a hoarse voice, as if he had laryngitis. He had already made his mark in the Follies.

The day before the club opened, Rose realized he still hadn't found a singer, at least one they could afford to hire. Then a song plugger told him there was a wonderful girl who could sing a mean torch song. She was in Remick's with Joe Franklin, her agent, who was trying to take her out of the chorus line and groom her as a singer of lachrymose ballads. Her agent held out for $75 a week. Rose said he'd listen to her. He went into one of the small professional rooms where she sang Tea for Two in a way that raised the hackles on Rose's neck. Then he recognized her. She was the girl who had fed grapes to the vicious macaw in Rose's apartment—Helen Morgan.

She already sang in her high, intense manner, slowly and sensuously, draining the meaning out of the lyrics, not just singing blankly to a melody. He hired her then and there. She was to become one of the symbols of the period, and backers were always opening night clubs for her: Chez Morgan, the Club Morgan, the House of Morgan.

Helen Morgan strutted like a show girl, and, as she sang, she sinuously ambled from one table to another. The first night six customers fell in love with her. When she wasn't singing, Miss Morgan would sit at the table and drink with patrons, those who were in love with her or just lovers of music.

Crowds began to storm the Back Stage Club. By the end of the week, the dance floor vanished, as it was necessary to fill it with tables each night. The chorus of six ponies was dismissed. Helen Morgan had no room to sing on the floor and slither between the tables. Rose told her to wedge herself in between the clarinetist and the drummer on the bandstand and sing just standing up.

That wasn't graceful so she sat on the piano, twisting her handkerchief. Soon, she was famous as the girl who sang on the piano. For the rest of her life, she never sang any other way.

At the end of the first week, Rose had recouped practically his entire capital outlay of $4,000. The following Tuesday, the upstairs buzzer, near the headwaiter's station, rasped three times. It was the signal that the cops were downstairs. A raid might occur.

A limited supply of liquor was kept—just enough for the night. The bottles were stacked in the kitchen sink. When the headwaiter got the trouble sign, Rose gave the alarm to the waiters who scurried from table to table, collecting all bottles and glasses. In the kitchen, all drinks were poured into the sink, all the bottles were hurriedly smashed open and their contents poured down the drain.

When the plain-clothes men came on the scene, the customers were drinking water. The coppers departed. Hitchcock then phoned an apartment on 59th Street, where the liquor was stored, and a fresh supply was brought over in a taxi.

The next night the drama was repeated. The ominous three buzzes. The two plain-clothes men. Broken bottles. A sink full of glass shards. No evidence. The call to the apartment. A new shipment taxied over.

On the third night, the coppers called twice, and the scene was played twice over. The realization began to grow on Rose that a song writer's placid life had certain advantages.

A Job of Cost-Accounting

About two in the morning, Violinsky approached Rose as he sat in the cubbyhole of an office and totted up the hundreds of dollars of hooch that was going down the drain.

"Mike the Shiv," said Violinsky nervously, "is outside and he would like to speak with you."

Mike the Shiv (he had other names) was a local sharker, a strong boy, who was sometimes employed as bodyguard and chauffeur for Arnold Rothstein.

"Okay, invite him in," Rose said.

"Invite him?" Violinsky laughed nervously. "He's already here."

Mike was right outside the door. He sauntered in. He didn't remove his fawn-gray fedora hat. Like all the other racket guys, he wore white silk shirts, garish red silk ties and a gray hat. He was always immaculately shaven, shorn and manicured.

"Rose," Mike the Shiv stated, "this looks like a good club. I'll give you a thousand cash for a piece of the joint."

"That's ridiculous," Rose said. "The club is a small gold mine. I got my investment back in one week. Why should I sell you a piece of it?"

"Because you need protection."

"I'm well protected now."

"Rose," Mike the Shiv said, "you're going to get mighty tired of taxiing whisky back and forth. I think you need a guy like me around here."

"I'm not interested."

"Just think it over, sweetheart," Mike the Shiv said. He smiled coldly.

(Continued on page 83)

CULVER SERVICE

Above, a then unknown chorus girl, Nancy Carroll, strutted her stuff at the Fifth Avenue Club which became so exclusive there weren't enough customers to pay the rent. Below, Mayor Jimmy Walker officiated at the marriage of Fannie Brice and Billy Rose at his office in New York's City Hall

INTERNATIONAL

THE STORY

Christina Linger, beautiful Norwegian skating star, barely avoids killing her widowed father, Berg, when she leaps over his prostrate figure during their sensational ice number, The Flight. After the "accident," Tina consults a psychiatrist, Dr. Simon Sword. Dr. Sword helps Tina realize that, in spite of her protests of filial love, she subconsciously wants to kill Berg. Tina continues to skate less dangerous numbers with Berg and her younger brother and sister, Thor and Alma. Tina slips away from her father's domination, refusing to obey his orders to stop seeing Sword, and insisting she be allowed to skate solo. The night of her first solo appearance, Tina falls. When Sword investigates the ice, he finds that Berg has caused Tina's failure by sprinkling sugar on the skating area. Now realizing that Berg is a dangerous sadist who will stop at nothing to dominate his family, Sword believes the reports of Berg's violence he has heard from Dill Dooner, a reporter who knew Tina's older brother, Larsen, in the Army. Convinced that Berg was responsible for his wife's violent death but has managed to shift the blame to Tina, Sword attempts to warn Tina of her danger. Tina is revulsed by his accusations. Although she previously had declared love for Sword, she now insists she hates him. Sword encourages her enmity, believing her hatred will grow so strong she will recognize that she has been transferring to Sword her real feelings for Berg. Driven almost mad by conflicting delusions, Tina dreams of killing Sword. One morning she sees a paper flutter to the ground and thinks of Sword's body hurtling through the air, falling as it would if he were pushed from an open window—except that his body would gather momentum as he fell, whereas the paper did not. . . .

THE DARK DEVICE

BY HANNAH LEES

CONTINUING THE ABSORBING ROMANCE OF A WOMAN IN PERIL

IV

AT FIVE minutes of seven Monday night, Sword stuck his head in the waiting-room door. "It's late, Mammy. Run along home and rest your personality."

"I've got some letters to finish." She gave him a sharp look.

"You're so subtle, Mammy," he said with a grin. "Well, I can be subtle, too. I don't want you to come back, dear. I've worked rather hard to arrange things this way. There is something about the cool of early evening that brings back old and hidden pain, but it does it better in an empty office. I'll handle Miss Linger; you go on home."

Mammy sighed and went, but not without worrying. The way that Linger girl had looked last Friday was frightening, and the strain was beginning to tell on Simon.

Sword went back to his office and opened the window. He stared out at the lights twinkling beyond the smudges of trees in Central Park. The air was soft and the stars were beginning to come out in the fading twilight. A hell of a night for a suicide, he thought, and gave a chuckle of self-derision.

The waiting-room buzzer sounded, and he pushed the window a little higher so that it cleared his head, before he opened the office door.

"Hello! You're late."

Tina didn't answer or look his way, but brushed past him into the office, her face white and stiff. His memory flickered and he saw her as he had that first night, rising, rising in the air to make the jump. It was the same look. Something that was neither love nor tenderness stirred slightly inside him. His own face was set as he followed her in and shut the door.

"We're all alone," he said lightly. "I don't usually make my patients work so late, but I got tied up today. It was good of you to arrange it, Tina. I've been sitting here in the window smelling the spring." He gestured toward the open window. "See. It is spring. Just smell the air.

"I like being high like this," he rambled on as she obediently moved to the window. "You can breathe something besides exhaust fumes. Did April smell like this back in Wisconsin?" He settled into his low chair at the head of the couch.

She stood at the window, gradually leaning out till she was looking directly down. Her body drew back with a jerk and she went abruptly to the couch She still hadn't spoken or looked at him.

"I'm glad you wouldn't see me yesterday," she began, speaking as if she were picking out the words on a typewriter. "It somehow made everything clear. Before, there were moments when I thought that maybe I was wrong, maybe you were trying to help me, but yesterday when I needed your help and you couldn't be bothered—"

"You didn't really need me," he said. "It was better for you to work through yesterday alone."

"I think so, too, now."

He stirred a little at the tone of her voice. In a minute his plan could start working. But not yet. He slouched deeper in his chair, silent.

"Some people are born doomed," she went on in the same careful voice. "Some people are born to find love a curse, I think. It follows them all through their lives. When I had that trouble those weeks ago, Berg could just as well have taken me to a psychiatrist who was a good man, who would have wanted to help instead of dominate me. Instead, it was my fate to come to you who preach hate and pretend you are preaching love, whose pleasure it is to tie people to you while you talk of setting them free. Why do you do that? You don't want me, what do you get out of forcing me to come back and back, knowing that each time I come I hate you more and hate myself more for coming?"

Sword got up casually and perched on the window sill, one foot on the rung of a straight chair against the wall, the other leg hanging free. He looked at her and reached in his pocket for a piece of chewing gum.

"If you really believed that," he said, "you wouldn't be here, you know."

"Not if I were sane or free, I wouldn't. But it is like a spell. I have heard you called a witch doctor. That is what you are, full of wicked domination. I didn't believe powers like that existed till I came here, but I do now."

He gave a faint mirthless chuckle. "Look at me, Tina. Do you really believe I have any strange evil power over you? Look at me."

She didn't turn her head but he could see her eyes flicker briefly in his direction and then back. "Yes," she said. "I am ashamed but I do believe it. You have absolute power over me. I am trapped, but it came to me over the week end that I mustn't let it happen this way without a struggle. There is evil in you, but there is evil in me too. I killed my mother whom I thought I loved. I tried to kill my father, whom I love more than anybody else in the world. The evil that was in me used to frighten me but it doesn't frighten me any longer. I wonder, does it begin to frighten you?"

SWORD didn't answer, just sat there looking at her, his jaw working slowly, his foot dangling loosely. Her face and the sound of her voice filled him with horror, not of Tina Linger but of a world that could drive a girl of twenty to feel like this. Could she ever get rid of it, could understanding ever be enough?

"I hate you." The words no longer came as if picked out one by one, but began to flow faster, welling up from somewhere inside her. Sword couldn't tell if she had transferred to her father.

"You have always twisted me the way you wanted me to go and tried to make me believe it was what I wanted and you will keep on doing it as long as you live. You have thwarted me and sapped my independence and all but convinced me I had no will of my own. But I have! I have! Those pressures that have been squeezing me for so long. The outside one is you pushing me in, squeezing me down, holding me back, the inside one is my own soul struggling to get free. You don't want it to get free. You would rather see me destroyed, but you like to watch the struggle too, Tina. You like that.

"Those games when you drove us across the fields by our braids, how cruelly you would jerk if we didn't turn when you wanted, all the time telling us how much you loved us, all the time repeating that this, this we were feeling, was the most beautiful family love in the world. Love! You called it love so we thought it was, this beautiful fear you held us all in. We thought it was happiness when we were content to be somewhat at peace doing what you wanted. You would beat us and starve us and tie us and tell us it was because you loved us. Loved us . . ."

She came close to him, close to the open window and he felt a stab of fear. "As long as we were tied to you, as long as you could keep me tied to you by that rope—that rope . . ."

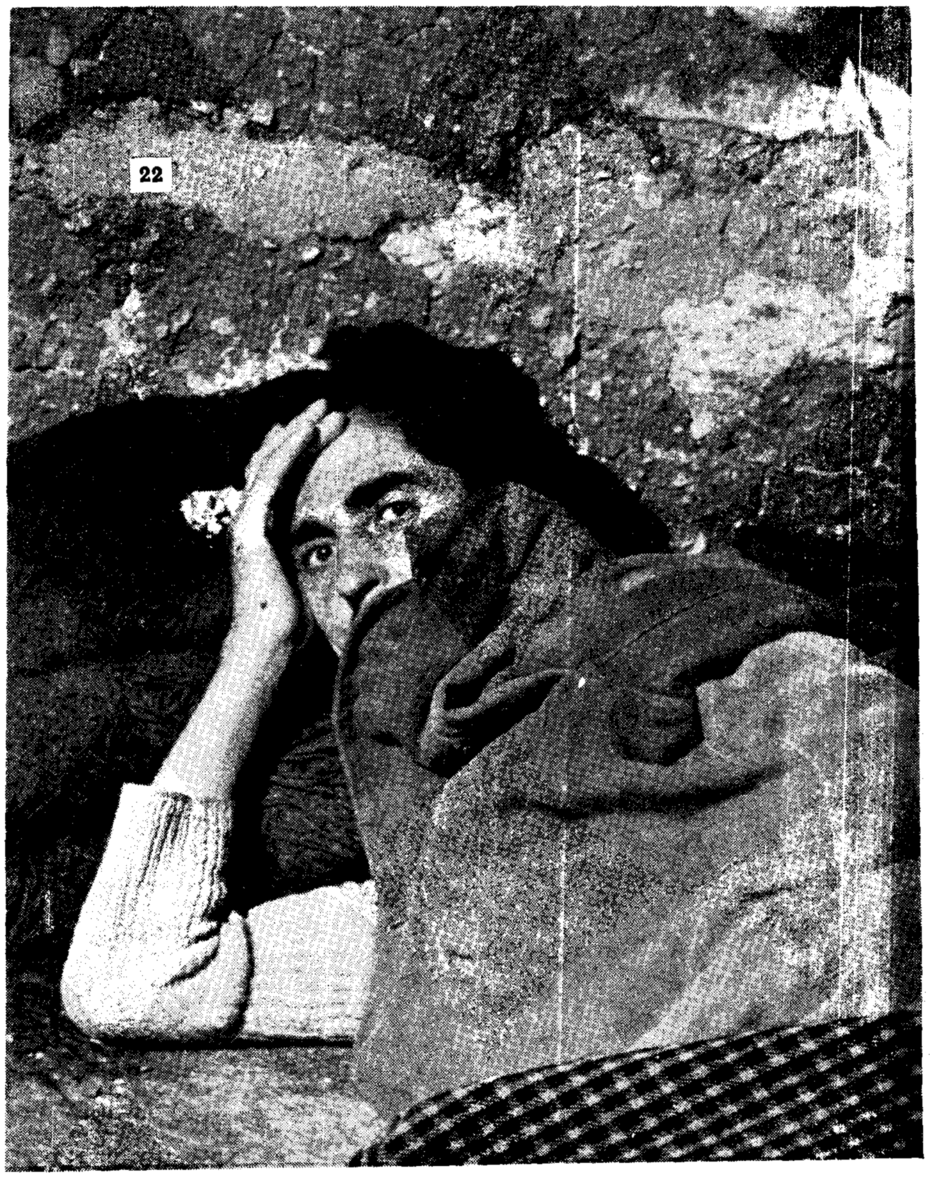
She faltered, and he wondered what had stopped the flow of hate, but then it went on. She was in front of him now and her eyes were blazing into his. "But I won't stay tied. I am going to get free even if it destroys me. You made me kill my mother because I loved you. You made me, but all the years since, the specter of her has come between us till I couldn't stand it and wanted to kill you too. You were so right when you said I could trust no one with that knowledge, that power. I can't and I won't, because with it you are squeezing me, roping me, roping me . . . I know," she said. "I have always known and I can push back."

He mustn't move, he thought. He mustn't stir or show any emotion. It was like an animal trainer, if you showed fear you were lost. He was her father now, and he was in front of an open window.

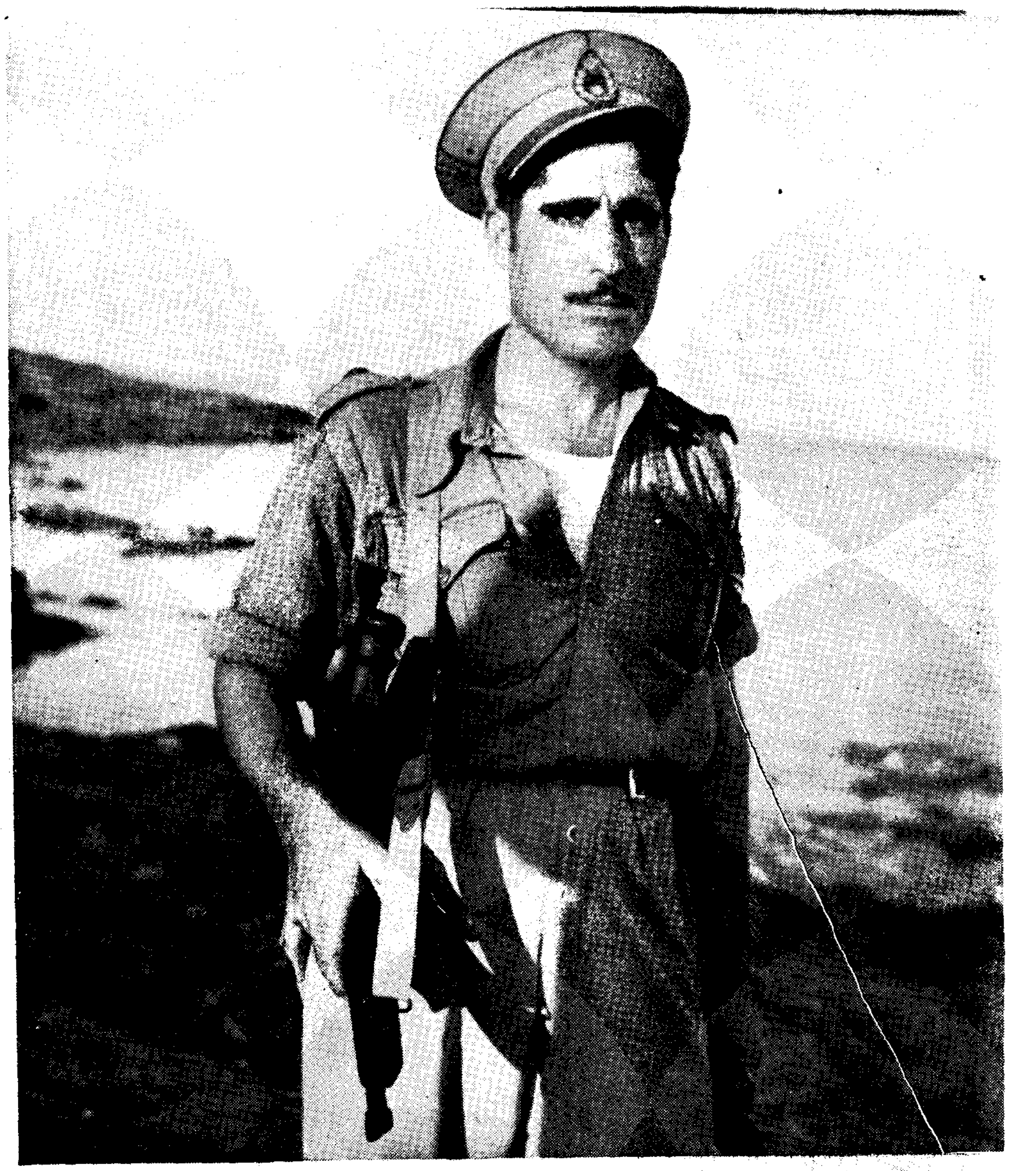
Suddenly her hands were on his

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



A prisoner stricken with pneumonia lies on the cold floor of one of the stone huts. His recovery is doubtful, as the doctors on Gavdos have no medicines

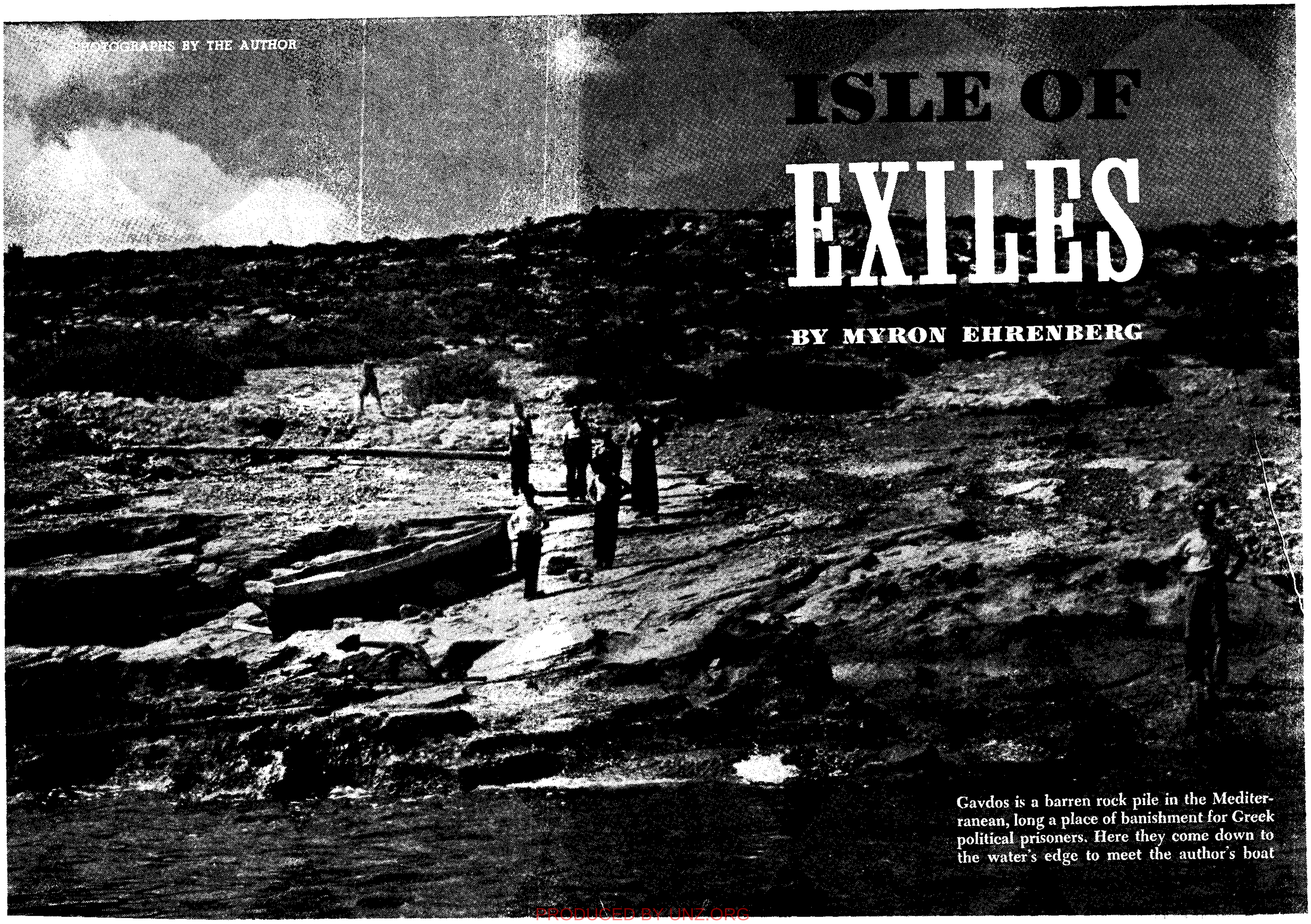


Disgruntled commandant of the garrison of four gendarmes blames the exiles for keeping him on the lonely island, and carries a tommy gun with him everywhere

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ISLE OF EXILES

BY MYRON EHRENBERG



Gavdos is a barren rock pile in the Mediterranean, long a place of banishment for Greek political prisoners. Here they come down to the water's edge to meet the author's boat

WHEN in Greece do as the Greeks do: Never mention Gavdos, at least not in government circles. For Gavdos is the Devil's Island of Greece. It's a little, barren, rocky, hot, unhealthy island about sixty miles south of Crete in the Mediterranean. Back in the thirties, Gavdos was the place where the dictator Metaxas sent his political foes, chiefly Democrats, to learn respect for his administration. Today Gavdos is again crowded with political foes—again, chiefly Democrats—of the new Greek government.

"Prisoners come in all the time," said Manole, the Cretan fisherman who piloted us to Gavdos from Crete in his 24-foot caïque. "They come in and they don't come out. Now it's hot; in winter it will be bitterly cold. It isn't a nice place, Gavdos."

We came in at noon with the sun high and burning. First look at the island showed it could live up to its reputation—a desolate rock pile in the sea; no shade, only the small black shadows cast by two grim stone buildings near the shore. As the caïque slipped into the cove, men and women gathered to watch us, and from the smaller of the two houses came two armed gendarmes.

Climbing ashore, we were met by a lean, bespectacled, middle-aged man who needed a shave and wore an old khaki shirt and baggy pants. With dignity, he introduced himself in French as Nicholas Tsantis, elected leader of the Gavdos prisoners, and formerly a bank official and Democrat from the city of Yanina. The gendarmes quickly stepped between us, but an American passport and some American cigarettes helped to improve the atmosphere. We moved on to the guardhouse, where the gendarmes offered us our choice of such UNRRA tidbits as sardines, salmon, canned milk, white bread, marmalade and coffee. After some talk and more cigarettes, the guards agreed to let me take pictures and speak to the prisoners, provided we spoke Greek.

Outside the larger of the two houses we were met again by Tsantis. He had been awaiting the outcome of our session in the guardhouse. We asked Tsantis about the criminals on the island because we had been told that only criminals were sent to Gavdos. Tsantis laughed. "Criminals?" he said. "Well, talk to them and judge for yourself." About fifty of the prisoners had gathered about us. I counted eight women, ranging in age from about seventeen to sixty. The men included a 15-year-old boy and a bearded patriarch of seventy-five.

Tsantis invited us into the prison house. Inside we listened to their stories. They were doctors, lawyers, trade-union officials, newspapermen, teachers, farmers, a mother and her two daughters, a father and son. Politically they were mostly Democrats. Some were Socialists. Two out of the group were Communists.

We learned that the prisoners had appointed a committee of five to make a program for work, study and recreation, to keep up morale on Gavdos. One third of them still slept on the stone floor, others slept in the yard. They had been hurriedly taken from their homes, so had brought little clothing. The doctor, Tasos Papangelis, wondered where they would sleep when the next group of prisoners arrived and when winter came.

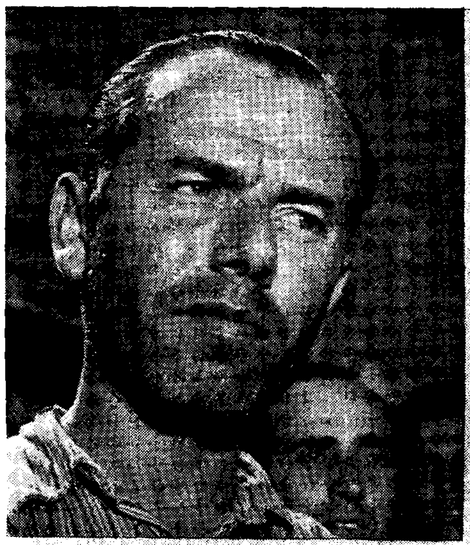
Of the eight women, three said they had been badly beaten by gendarmes trying to exact information on the whereabouts of men who had fled to the mountains. The boy said he had been beaten too; so did the old man of seventy-five, father of two girls who were also on the island.

Most of the prisoners were hostages being held in place of escaped political opponents of the Greek government. These prisoners themselves had committed no offense. In spite of this, they were denied all political rights. They were not allowed to circulate more than 500 meters beyond the house or buy food from the natives of the island, and they received no packages from the mainland. Their ration was 10½ ounces of food per day. All mail was heavily censored and most of them had received no mail since their arrival.

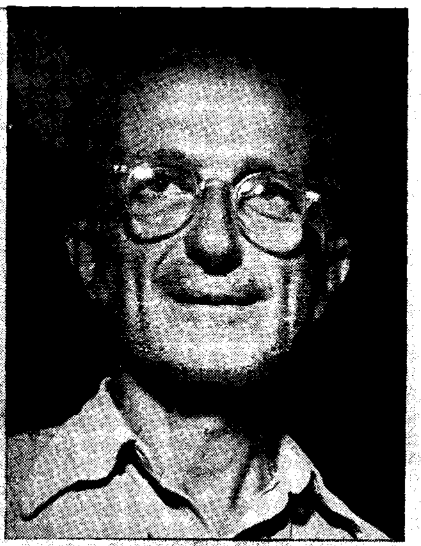
None of the men believed that he would be set free when his term was up. "We're here, far removed from outside politics, and yet the authorities will automatically add another six months or a year to our terms," Angelopoulos, a lawyer from Pyrgos told us. "That's what Metaxas used to do." The others nodded and smiled.

After the leaders told us their needs for the coming winter—larger quarters, since more prisoners were coming, clothing, medicine, cooking utensils, writing paper—we listened to their parting words: "We are due for slow extermination. We all fought in the mountains against the Nazis. Now we are dangerous characters, because we continue to be liberals fighting for democracy."

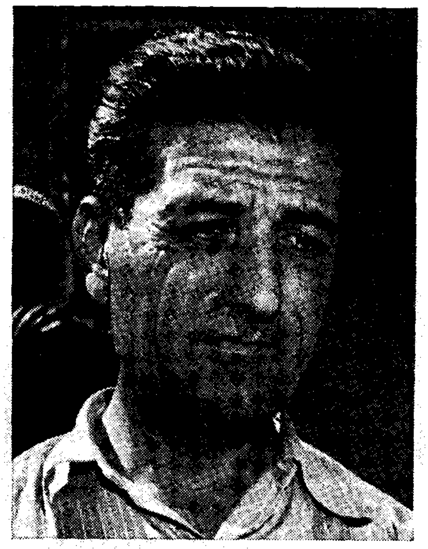
After we convinced the gendarmes' captain that we were not antimonarchist spies he offered us lunch before we started our five-hour trip back to Crete. As we were leaving, the captain posed for some pictures. He patted his American tommy gun and said: "These criminals are keeping us here. First chance I get, when they give me the slightest trouble, I'll shoot the lot of them." ★★★



Tasos Papangelis, once a doctor in Yanina, was imprisoned because he was "dangerous to the public order"



Nicholas Tsantis, a Socialist and a former bank official, acts as leader of and spokesman for the prisoners

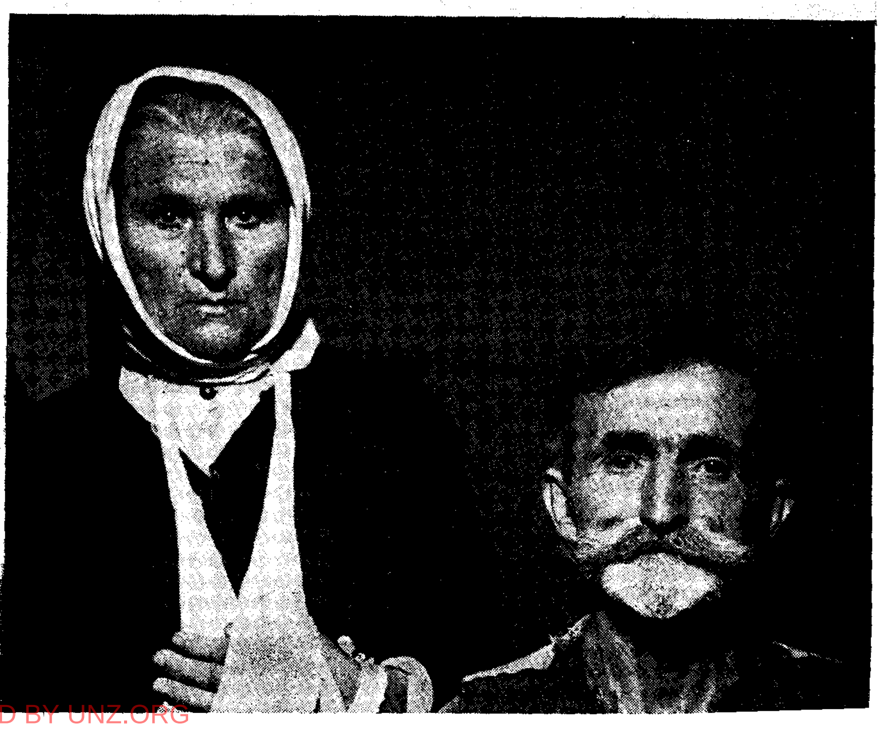


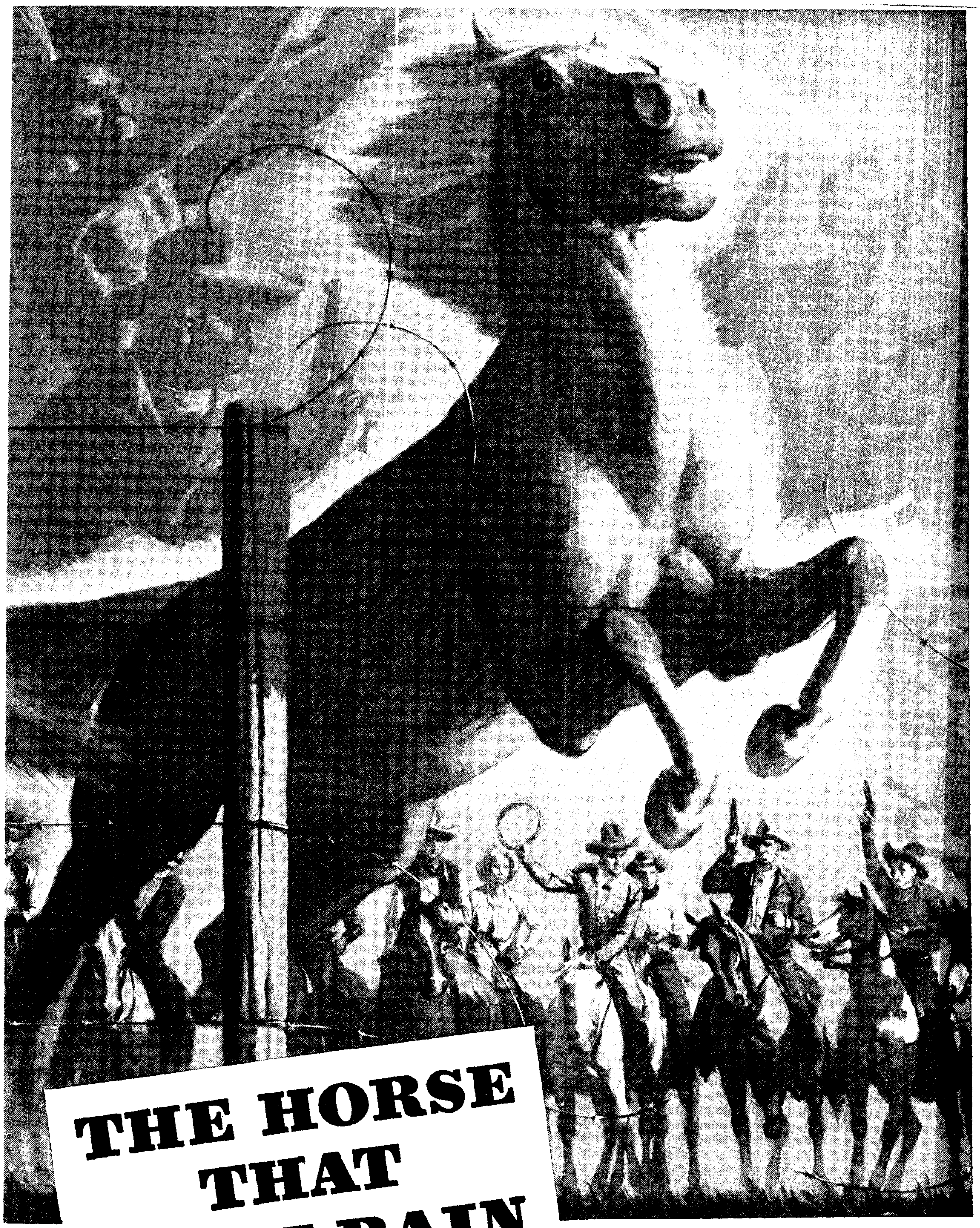
Dimitrius Marangos is a Socialist and a former member of the Greek EAM during the Nazi occupation

Leonidas Stringos, Communist editor, is especially persecuted. He hopes for aid from the U.S.

Christos Liapis is 15, his sister is 17. Both were farm children, and were sent to Gavdos as political exiles after being held as hostages by the security police. "Look at me, I'm a dangerous criminal," Christos said to the author

Christos Taliouris is 75 years old, and is also being held as a hostage, along with his wife Athena and two daughters, because his son, who is wanted for "political activity," is hiding out in the mountains in Greece





THE HORSE THAT MADE RAIN

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

A very good horse fosters a legend. And a very good man works a miracle to confirm it and keep it alive

Then the miracle happened! When The God Horse hit the wire, the strands parted as if they had been snipped by a giant pair of scissors

WHEN we have a long dry spell and the hot winds blow, Will King Solomon says: "I wisht that The God Horse would come back to this country."

Will King Solomon is a Negro who has cooked at our ranch for more than 60 years. And all of the children in our family were raised on King Solomon's stories about The God Horse. My granduncle, John Renfro, figures in most of these stories, for he had a famous feud with The God Horse.

John Renfro was the best pistol shot in our family. Old-timers here in Deaf Jones County say he was the fastest gun handler they ever saw. He was a big, friendly man; but he was always getting into gun fights, especially in the eighties when a lot of professional killers were drifting into our country looking for trouble. Whenever these fellows challenged him, John would try to talk himself out of the fight, saying: "You don't look too well prepared for a trip to Glory, son. Why don't you join the church and get straight with the Lord? Then you can come monkeying around me and we'll have us a real pistol battle, if you still want one."

After he'd had to kill a man, John would look down-in-the-mouth for several hours. Two or three times he paid the burial expenses for opponents who left widows and orphans. If the preacher was off on the circuit, John would take a Bible and go to the funeral. He never opened the Bible. He had a sort of sermon memorized which he recited every time he went to services for a man he'd had to kill.

Without bowing his head, John Renfro would say in a baritone drawl that carried clearly for a hundred yards: "It has fallen to my lot to deliver a message today, based upon the Word of God, recommending to Him that He forgive our misguided friend from Tascosa here and expressing the blessed hope that our misguided friend from Tascosa will be admitted to the Glorious Beyond. Jesus said: 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. . . .' "

He would speak like this for about five minutes watching the mourners all the time, just in case some of the departed gunman's friends had come to the funeral to make trouble.

John was a very even-tempered man and he never got really angry in his life, unless it was during the time in the eighties when he was trying to catch The God Horse.

The God Horse was a giant roan stallion, king of the wild horses in the plains country. Many times I have heard the stallion described, lovingly, by Will King Solomon. When he was a kid, King Solomon was captured by a war party of Comanches who fetched him back to their winter quarters and put him to work with the women, at first. Later, they gave him more freedom and let him hunt with the warriors. And one morning, King Solomon got his first glimpse of The God Horse.

The stallion must have been 17 hands high and yet he was sweetly built like a prize Arabian. Astonishingly, for a red roan, his thick mane and tail were blond. The Indians said he was the fastest, biggest, meanest, handsomest stallion they'd ever seen. A long drought broke right after the red stallion first appeared on the plains. The Indians figured that maybe the red stallion had something to do with regulating the rains. As the wet weather continued and the prairie blossomed as it had never done before, the horse-loving tribesmen decided that the roan was some sort of rain god.

The stallion would swoop down on the Comanche *remudas,* choose a few mares and lead them off. He just whistled and the mares followed. It was uncanny the way the wild horse timed his raids. The *remuda* guards would be engrossed in a Comanche gambling game played with sticks, and the next thing they'd know, the roan would have stolen some mares from them. But if they were alert, they never saw the big horse. The Indians would never have interfered anyway, even if the roan had come waltzing into the village and led off the chief's string of riding horses. When the Comanches figured The God Horse was around, they'd turn loose some choice mares as an offering.

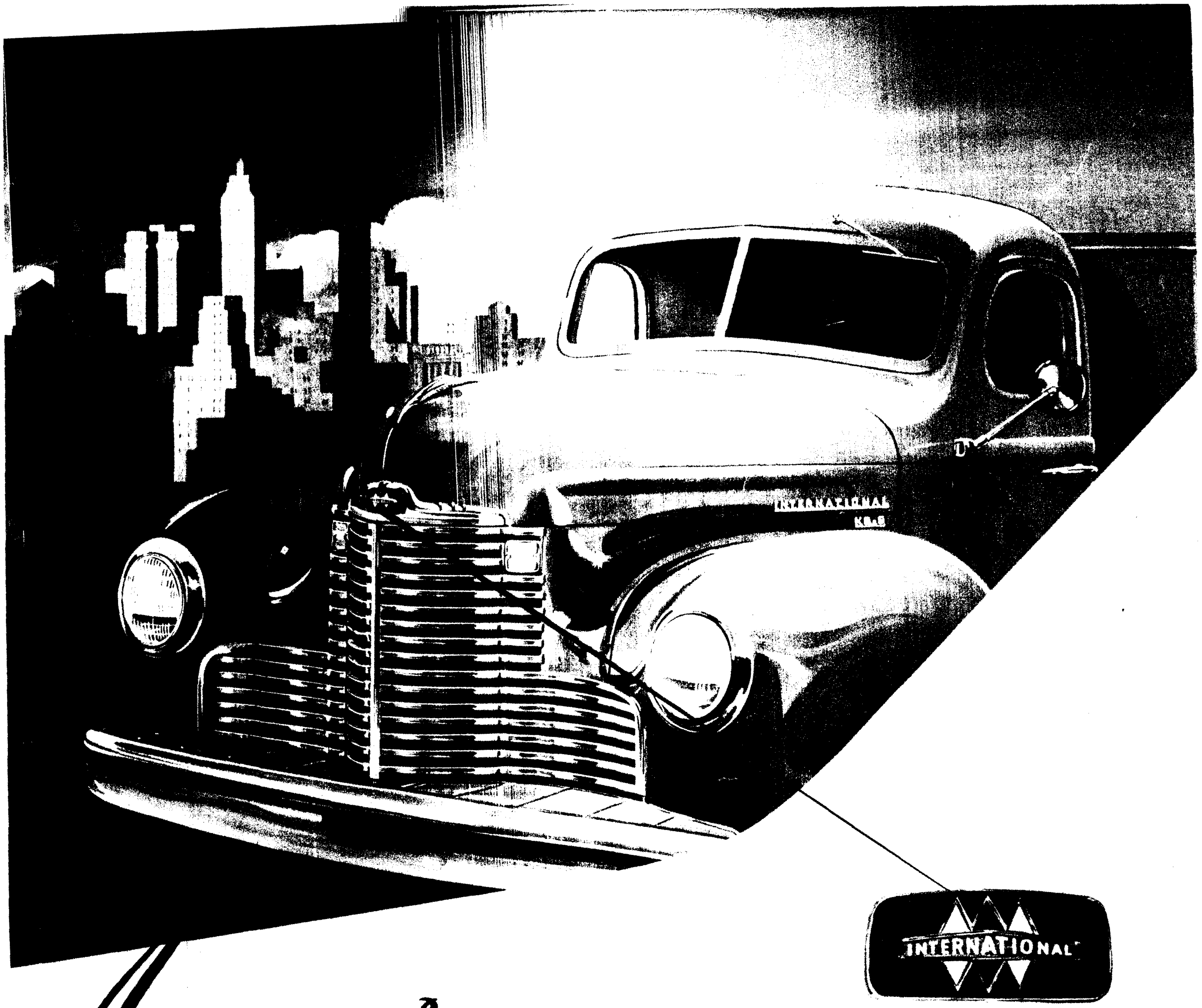
The red horse's troubles didn't start until his admirers, the Comanches, had been worsted in a series of cavalry clashes and driven off the plains. Then white men began moving their longhorn cattle onto the high tablelands.

Before the Comanches left, the chief spoke to King Solomon:

"Dark Friend, you have been a faithful worker and hunter. But the good days are over for our tribe. You can go with us and be chased by

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



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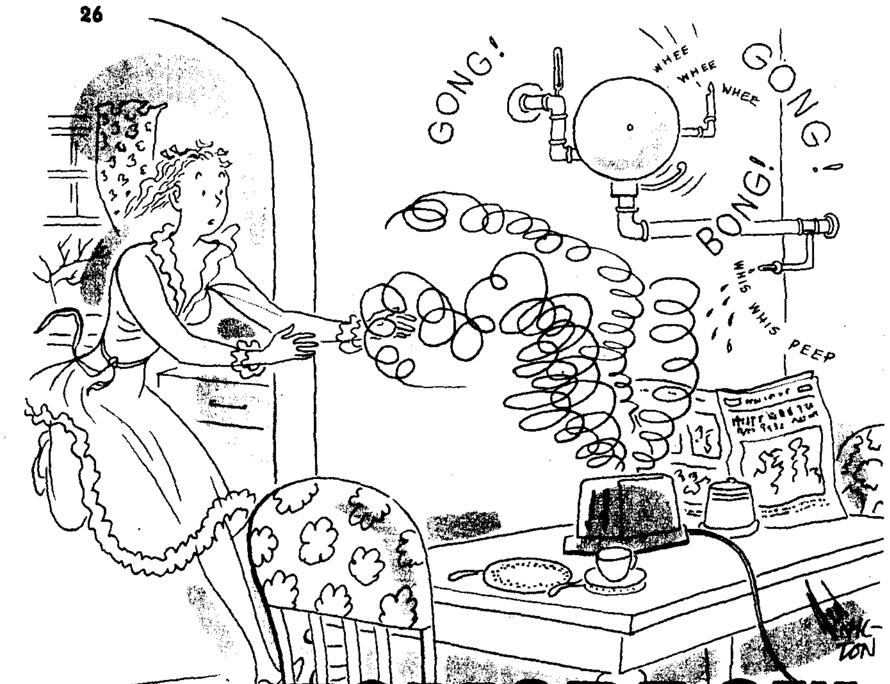

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

This Thermometer Anticipates Fires

For absolute protection against fires, you can now "take the temperature" of your house in a dozen places all the time. Detectors at key points will sound a gong the moment any part of the building becomes hotter than 135 degrees F. The system is entirely automatic. Its heart is a fountain-pen-size thermometer, the mercury in which closes an electric circuit if it rises to 135 degrees, setting off an alarm. Cheap and easily hidden in corners throughout a house, these instruments are hooked up with bell wiring to a "central," which supplies current from the lighting system and automatically cuts in a small battery if the current goes off. The alarm will sound long before a fire gets out of control.

Surgical Operations Made Safer

A famous surgeon has invented a new technique for sterilizing the thin animal-gut "sutures" used for sewing up wounds after operations. Previously, sheep gut could not be made perfectly sterile by heat because the moisture in it reacted with the high sterilizing temperatures to spoil it. But by a combination of vacuum drying and electronic heating, 100 per cent heat sterilization can now be assured every time.

The result is a new type of suture, never touched by human hand, packed in glass tubes full of alcohol. The material remains absolutely sterile till used. Thus, one of the commonest causes of infection after operating has been removed.

Museum-On-Your-Desk

The old lament, "Pickle my bones in alcohol," may soon be out of date, at least for demonstrating small biological specimens. By a brand-new process, the most delicate bits of tissue can be cast inside solid blocks of transparent plastic, to remain forever visible and indestructible. Small animal organs, tiny plant formations, embryos—any soft object which teachers, biologists and museum curators have had great trouble demonstrating, can be captured in all their natural beauty and held permanently without distortion in the plastic matrix. By precision methods the specimen is suspended in liquid plastic. A catalyst is then added which rapidly hardens the solution to a solid block which can be viewed from all sides or used under a magnifying glass or microscope.

You Can't Damage This Wallpaper

A new kind of wall covering has come along that is ideal for kitchens, bathrooms and playrooms. Neither dirt, grease, nor pencil and crayon marks do it any harm; they can be scrubbed off without the slightest damage to the surface. The base of the material is cloth, which may have any ornamental design you like. It is coated with a slightly flexible plastic that does not absorb stains or scratch when household cleaning powders are used. The covering goes on just like wallpaper, with the usual paste, and can be obtained in standard wallpaper sizes.

Special for Gin Rummy Fiends

The bitter arguments that often develop when your rummy dealer inadvertently slips two cards off the deck at once, will be ended forever with a new card player's gadget that slips one card at a time—and no more—into the dealer's hand. Supported in a small plastic box with a shelving front, cards separate slightly and can only be withdrawn singly and in full view of all players. A drawer at the back makes a handy place for keeping discards. The gadget can be used also for other card games.

Baby Can't Slip Now

To keep small babies from "folding up" in trains, busses, cars—anywhere that Mother would ordinarily have to hold them in her lap to prevent them from rolling onto the floor—a pediatrician has invented a small seatlike device, a first cousin to an Indian papoose-carrier. It has a wooden back and seat but no legs. Strapped into it, baby acquires a center of gravity that keeps him leaning back at a gentle angle, where he can't roll or topple. The seat is readily placed in a chair or car seat, or can be carried comfortably in the crook of his mother's arm. He has full freedom to windmill his arms or kick, but can't dislodge himself from his upright position. A bit of rope can be used to fasten the seat to its support if the baby is unusually vigorous. ★★★

HOW CAN I LEAVE YOU?

Continued from page 16

driven to it by loneliness or the desire to know more.

He had a square face and big hands and very thick black hair. He looked completely masculine but he had a deep-seeing eye and some of what is called feminine intuition—a quick putting together into a whole all that the senses gather. He had been alone for a long time.

He wanted to fall in love. He had been an orphan most of his life, and an itinerant worker for years, in hard times. He had come on this trip partly because he hoped to fall in love.

Ev Millar went to the strawberry festival at the church. The lady who ran the boardinghouse where he stayed was also in charge of the strawberry festival. "Mr. Millar," she said, when she saw Ev, "now, that's not right for you to be by yourself. Come and let me introduce you to a nice girl who's alone, too—my niece. Belle, this in Mr. Millar. Belle Casey."

"How do you do?" said Belle, and he fell in love with her. Her voice sounded like a Japanese glass ornament that had hung in his grandmother's farm doorway, and when the wind blew, the glass crashed softly, making a strange off-key music. "Have you had some ice cream yet?" said Belle.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I mean, no. If you'll have some with me."

"Why, I'd be pleased to," said Belle.

She looked like a child, he thought, and she ate her ice cream like a polite child, taking small, neat bites, and not scraping the bottom of the glass dish at all. She was small, and he did not realize until later that she had a curiously old-fashioned look. She wore dimity and eyelet embroidery and ribbons, while the other girls, up from offices and stores, wore thin, bright dresses or playsuits. Her hair was brown and fine, with many curls. Her eyes were brown.

They walked, and talked, and he learned that she did not like living in Ogunquit all year round. She didn't work, and lived at home with another aunt.

"My parents died when I was a child," she said.

"We're both orphans," he said, and it was common ground. She must want a home and ties, as he did. She must long to be part of a complicated mesh of feelings and intimacies, as he did. He thought perhaps, things being as they were, they could have a shorter courtship than most.

"May I walk you home?" he asked.

THE shadow of trees was black and mosquitoes droned. In the darkness she walked so close against him he could feel the warmth of her body through its summer finery. Breast and hip and arm touched him in darkness. Yet, in the light of her doorway, she looked unmoved, while he was ashamed of the sweat on his face. He was ashamed of his body and his thoughts. And yet he loved. He loved.

"Shall we swim together tomorrow?" he asked. "I only have nine more days."

She smiled and said, "Nine days can be a long time," and he knew that she understood. In a way, she had already accepted him but he still had to endure doubt, fear, pain. Something in her pushed him away with a desperate alarm. She wanted to be married, for it was her only future, and yet she wanted to remain girlish and free.

He walked away into the summer night that suddenly seemed suffocating. Everywhere there were sounds of the earth at love—grasses rubbing against each other, trees embracing, insects in stumbling flight through the heavy air. . . .

When they came home from their honeymoon, he had learned to call her "Little one," mostly, and his pleasure was to lift her in his arms and to bring her small presents each evening. He did not know just when he had understood that her emotions were immature, and that her needs were entirely different from his, so that he felt almost as lonely as before his marriage.

He had thought: Orphans, a man and a woman, glad of each other, glad of home, big, and warm and welcoming, many children, webbing of affections, needs. Instead, he found himself careful with a small person who seemed sometimes like an adopted child.

BELLE was competent, though. She found them a little house, fitted it out with pleasure, matching chintz to plain fabric, going to basement sales, stocking the pantry shelves. She ran to the door to meet him, holding her face to be kissed.

"Dinner's almost ready," she said. "You go wash up. Your towels are on the left, remember."

He discovered that she was fanatically neat. She could hardly wait for them to finish dinner so she could clean up in case someone dropped in.

"It's not a shame to be caught eating," Ev protested. He had soon given up protesting it was no shame to go to bed early, if they wanted to, and that they didn't have to answer the doorbell whenever it rang, or the phone, either. "There's no law against it," he said.

He thought Belle would grow up, if he gave her time. But she remained his lovely child. She was pretty in a rather out-of-date way. She often made her own clothes; they were overtrimmed, but becoming. And sometimes, in darkness, she burned against him and his heart leaped up in hope but when the lovemaking was over, she was not changed and he was betrayed.

Suddenly in the darkness, she would say, "I saw some dishes downtown today. I think I ought to get them, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, patiently. He had wanted the silence that comes naturally after love, or later, more intimate talk, which never came. He knew little about Belle. And he knew she was stubborn. She would get the dishes, anyway.

She didn't like his coming home dirty, and the ingrained dirt and oil around his fingernails.

"Can't you do something pleasanter?" she asked. "Honestly, I'm ashamed, Ev. Nobody we know does work like you do. Everybody works in an office or is a salesman or something. You're brighter than most of the men we know —but look at you!"

"I like what I do," Ev said, patiently. "And I make more money than most of the men we know, too. It's no shame to work with your hands, you know, and you can't do it well without using your head. I like my work. I've got a chance to buy a partnership, Belle, next month. I think I'll do it—it's a fine opening."

He didn't go into partnership with George Sludge, mostly because Belle made fun of the old man and his name, and so he missed a good thing.

By the end of the year he was working in the office of an automobile tool concern whose salesmen had once come to sell to him. He did some repair work evenings, in the barn back of the house. He had converted the place into a shop. Washers and bolts were neatly stored in glass coffee jars. The shelves were labeled and graded tools were kept in neat drawers.

But Belle was resentful if he worked out there too long and left her alone in the house. Often they had people in for

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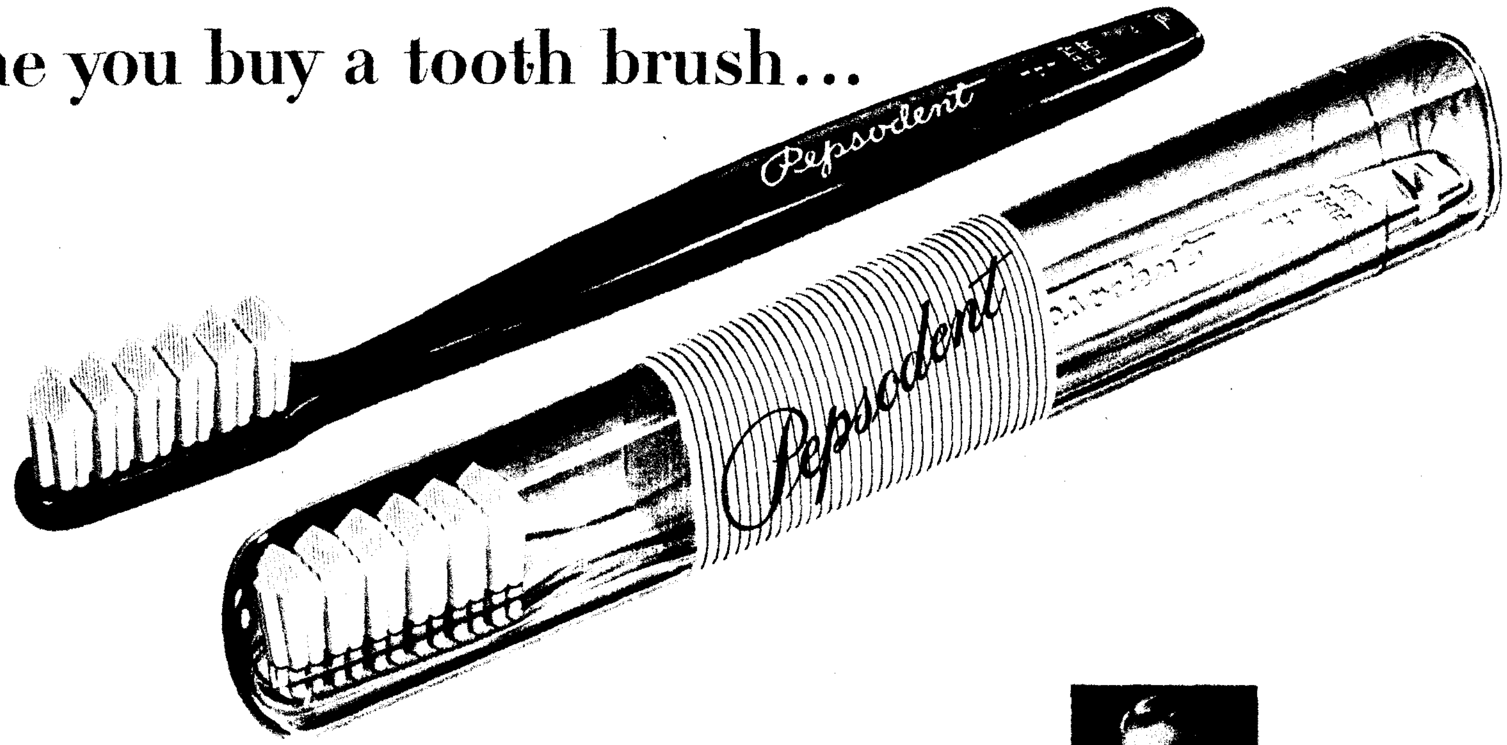

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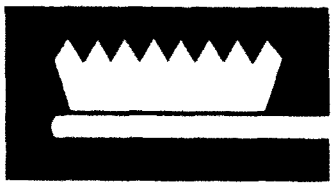
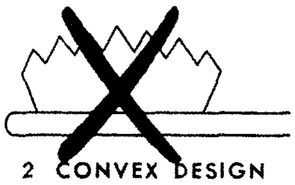


1 STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN



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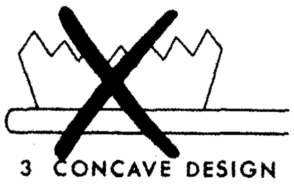

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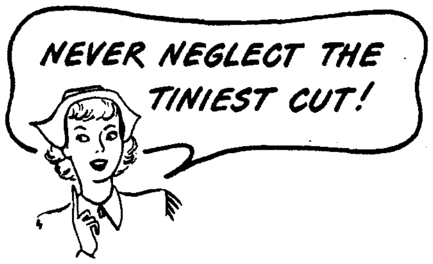
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supper and he couldn't get away to work. Belle liked entertaining. She was a wonderful cook. She made her own preserves and cakes and gradually this led to more club and bazaar activities, so that she was often out of the house.

Ev supposed every wife had some of that sort of time and activity coming to her. Belle was never happier, he thought, than when she was concerned with icing cakes or wrapping up birthday gifts.

"Playing house?" he said indulgently.

Because he was lonely and dissatisfied, he boasted of her. "She's mighty clever with her fingers," he said, exhibiting hemstitched handkerchiefs or a knitted muffler. "My wife can do about anything. She's all woman."

Sometimes a curious coldness was his response. He knew people didn't much like Belle, that she had no close friends. She had a sharp little tongue sometimes and a strange meanness, as though she envied people even though she said she didn't. No one had more than she had. A nice house. A good husband. Pretty things. He wanted other people to know her sweetness, her gaiety, that was hidden, often even from him. He told people tales of a wife that never was, of a warm, laughing woman who held her arms open wide and waited for a child, of a woman who had been lonely herself and who loved him.

He thought: The child will do it. I imagine some women don't mature until they've had one. Yet how she hated her pregnancy! After a little while she hid in the house, strangely, fiercely, like a trapped animal, and he could hardly feed her, and she would only go out with him in darkness, wearing a vast cloak. She would not answer the doorbell by day. He felt sorry for her, her terror was so evident. Once he said, "You want a child, don't you, Belle? It isn't that you don't, is it?" He suspected that she didn't like the way one came by a child. She never answered his question.

Once he found her staring at her swollen figure in the mirror. She wore a thin, full nightgown and her hair was done up in metal curlers.

"This is not I," she said, and her eyes were vacant. "This is somebody else, do you hear me, Everett Millar?"

He was afraid for her sanity. He said, "It is you, Belle, my own little one. I love you." That was what he always said. It was the truest thing in his life, for he had needed to love and he did love. Sometimes he suddenly called himself a family man, and happiness approached him. He was no longer an orphan, a roving worker with no roots.

We'll make out, once the baby comes, he thought. Women are often queer at such times.

He and Belle looked at a bigger house and he thought: If we have more children, after this one, we'll need more room. Maybe that's what she has in mind. I'd like a big family.

Time hung heavy on his hands. He was not a very good carpenter but he built the shelves Belle wanted and some furniture for the baby's room. He thought everything would begin anew and afresh after the baby came.

THINGS were different after the baby arrived. Belle was so upset she seemed perpetually angry and frightened. Perhaps a baby was not what she had expected. She had had an easy delivery, the doctor said, but she seemed frail. The baby cried a lot.

"I'm going to call her Carey," Belle told Ev when the baby was born. "Because she's not a boy but that sounds like a boy's name."

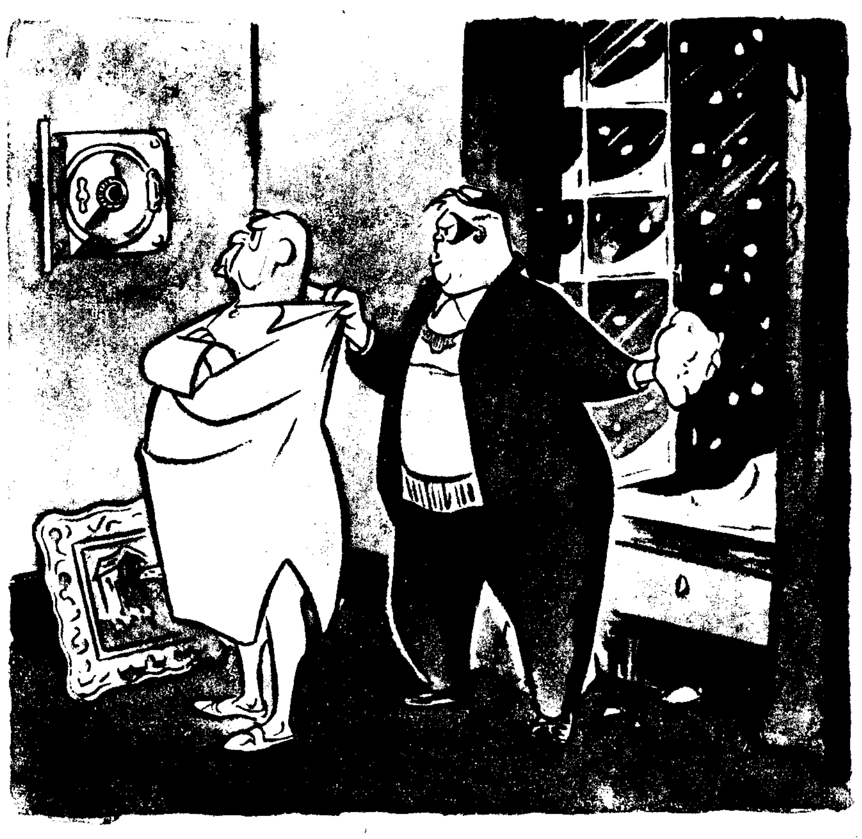
"I don't mind not having a boy right off," Ev said. "I love little girls. I hope she's just like you, just as pretty, Belle."

"She won't be," said Belle. "She's a homely little thing. Big feet."

Belle was proud of her own small feet and she loved fancy, light-colored shoes. She tapped around all day doing housework in high-heeled shoes that made her feet look even smaller than they were. Ev had a funny impulse to say: "Forgive her, Belle. Forgive her for being born."

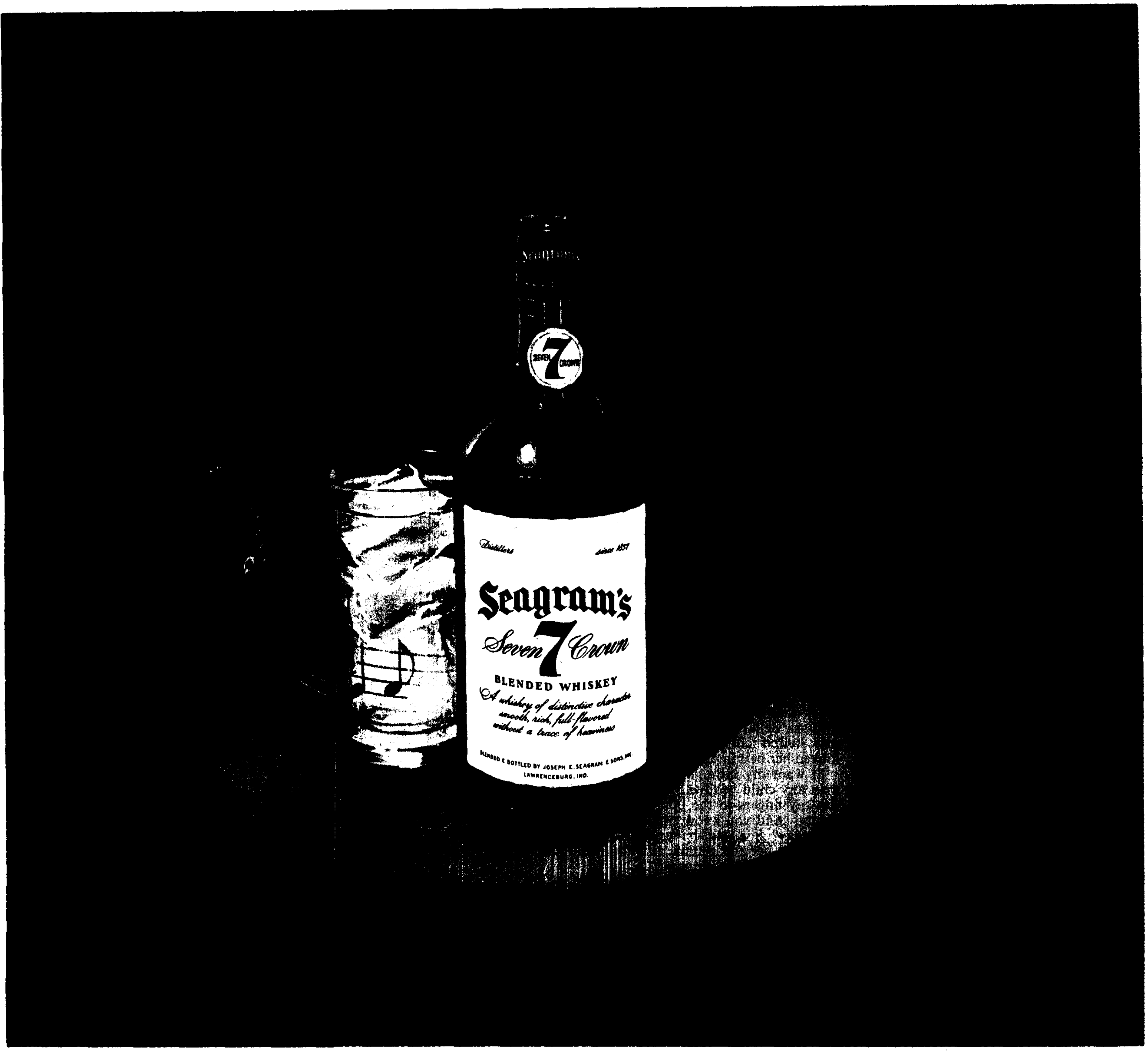
The baby was rather thin and fretful, and not at all pretty. But Ev felt that Belle took care of the baby in a remote way that was unnatural, as though she herself had gone away and left this other Belle in charge. Nothing was close to her, not even her own child. Ev loved the baby. The hope of his life centered in her, now, for he was aware that somehow his

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I'll ast ya nice just oncet more, what's th' combination?"

COLLIER'S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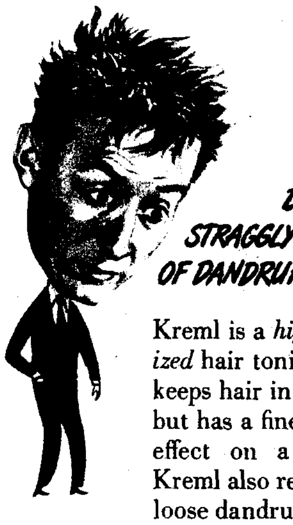

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own life was disappointing. He was married, yes, but still lonely. They had a big house that seemed too big. Long before Belle told him, he suspected that they would not have any more children. He suspected, now, that she knew that she was rather immature herself, and did not want to change; she wanted the privileges of smallness, delicacy, irresponsibility.

"Isn't this sweet, Ev?" she would say, turning to show him a new negligee. But it always seemed to be pale blue or pale pink. She looked about eleven, with her hair tied up in ribbon that way. She would be pleased, he thought, to be taken for Carey's big sister.

"Yes," he said. "Makes you look about as big as a minute." She liked that. She turned alluringly but when he took her into his arms, she seemed to crouch and make herself even smaller than she was, as if to make him treat her like a child, too, and not a woman to be loved.

TIME did seem to last indefinitely but Ev hardly knew he was unhappy. Carey was his darling, and he cherished like breath and hope the sweetness of Belle's occasional kindness. No matter what the world thought of her, there were times at night, or when they were alone, when Belle turned to him and wept and begged forgiveness. She would say, "What's wrong with me, Ev. You give me everything, and you're sweet to me, and still I'm so hateful to you! Don't give me up! Don't leave me, Ev! No matter what I do, don't leave me—because I love you, as much as I can!"

That was the bitter truth. She loved him but she was too small to hold much love. But he loved her. And they had a life, perfectly acceptable and routine, together. And there was Carey for them to love and raise who did not seem to thrive like other children.

"Is that the kind of dress for her?" he'd ask Belle, wondering if such a small dark-haired child, straight-haired, too, looked her best in pale pink ruffles.

"I want my little girl to look prettier than any child in town!" Belle cried. "I sew my fingers to the bone to keep her dainty. And you know what she said to me today? She said she wanted overalls! I scolded her for getting dirty but honestly, Ev, it is discouraging."

Ev tried to kid her out of it. He said, "You didn't get a boy. Maybe you've got a sort of tomboy. But she's a darling."

"I know you think so," said Belle, and he knew that she was jealous of her own child and of his love for her. He loved Carey as if nobody else in the world did and he knew he was right to do so.

Later, as Carey grew up a little, Belle gave in about the overalls and Carey was almost always dressed in them. She had big dark eyes and thick hair like Ev's; her father thought that when she was grown, she would be handsome but she was not a pretty child.

"She stands out," said Belle, and she didn't mean it kindly. Where was the dainty little daughter who would stand beside her in a twin dress? Where was the little girl who would burst into tears when her mother scolded or fling her arms wide for joy when her mother praised? Carey was silent and stubborn. She stared at her mother sometimes. She no longer clung for kisses, except to Ev; she usually met Ev in the outside hall where Belle could not see.

Besides, Carey was a trouble. She had asthma—sometimes severe attacks of it—and the doctor had told them long ago they ought to move away from New England where it was so often cold and damp. Belle wouldn't hear of it. She seemed terrified at the thought of moving, as if all her safety lay in the house and the town around it.

Ev fought with her about that. He had not fought about the dismemberment of his own life but this was serious.

"I can make a living for us any place," he said. "I'd like to move, in a way. We could start in differently, just a little place, not so much work for you, so we could be together more—"

He broke off, awkwardly.

Belle said, "You know what Carey's latest is? She wants violin lessons! She takes piano lessons now but that doesn't please Miss Fanciful! She wants something new all the time. First a dog—"

There was a bitter silence for a moment. Carey had begged for a dog. She dreamed of a dog, as only a lonely child will, and it was plain that she wanted a dog for its warm, physical presence, that she was emotion-starved. Belle wouldn't let her have one. When Carey was older, she said. There was not enough room. Dogs were—awful.

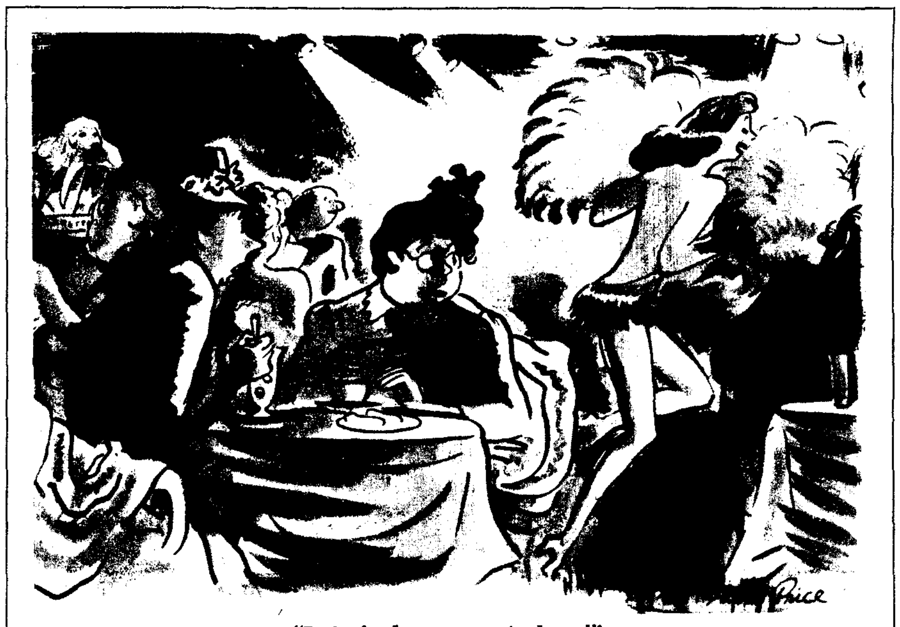
"Now violin lessons!" said Belle.

Everything characterful in Carey she especially hated. It was as if she sensed, without understanding, that her child was more mature than she could ever be.

"Why not?" said Ev.

Belle said, "Oh, you two! You always stick together! I'm talking to a wall to talk to either of you!"

Ev said nothing. He was used to it. But what about Carey? Could she grow up this way? She was so evidently miserable, he sometimes felt ashamed for Belle and for himself that they could provide Carey only with things she didn't want, while her health suffered and she sobbed at night for lack of what she did want. He was in love with Belle and he could not give up hope. A child, whose world was this place and whose time was this hour, had no such hope. Sometimes when Carey fought for breath in an asthma attack, he was afraid she might stop fighting.



COLLIER'S "It isn't that warm in here!" GARRETT PRICE

THERE was no reason why that particular evening should have decided him, except that it was like so many others. Ev came in, hung up his things in the hall closet, put the evening paper down on the coffee table, checked the thermostat and glanced at his watch.

Belle came out of the kitchen, smiling, in a dainty print dress, a ruffled apron and gray snakeskin shoes. She gave him a kiss, glanced to see that the paper was on the coffee table where it belonged, pushed the closet door to make sure it was tightly closed, checked the thermostat and looked at her small gold watch. When all these things were done, a faint line marked her forehead. She looked, not annoyed, as other women might have looked, but apprehensive. Belle rarely got angry but she was often afraid, and the results were much the same.

She said, "Goodness, it's 6:05 and Carey isn't home yet! Honestly, Ev, that child! She's sloppy in every way. I try so hard. Why isn't she here? She knows she's supposed to be home at six!"

"It's not much later," Ev said.

"But it is after six; it doesn't matter how little after," Belle said. Apprehension began at the fraction of a second past the time when something was supposed to be done.

They sipped sherry before the fire. It should have been cozy but somehow it wasn't. She sipped her sherry; she didn't really like anything to drink but she compromised on sherry, rather than take tomato juice.

"I wouldn't want anyone to think I'm a reformed alcoholic, only taking tomato juice," she said. "Ha-ha."

THAT was another thing about Belle. There were very few things she thought funny and when she tried to make a little joke like that, it was uncomfortable. People laughed, because Belle's little "ha-ha" told them to, and people had a way of trying to toe the line with Belle so as to get along with her.

Carey came in. She was scared, Ev saw. She knew she was late. He felt impatient with her. She knew how her mother was. Why couldn't she try harder?

"Hello, Mother," she said.

"Where have you been?" Belle asked.

"Taking a violin lesson at the settlement house," said Carey. Her face was expressionless. "With my own allowance. That's all right, isn't it?"

"You disobeyed me!" Belle cried, and burst into tears, like a child who has been playing mother, until suddenly the game breaks up and she is only another child. Carey was almost grown, her father saw. She was a big girl now, awkward and shy, with tumbling dark locks. She wore corduroy slacks and a thick sweater but she was more than evidently an adolescent girl, with springing breasts and rounding hips. He saw Belle look at her and realize this, too. Carey was nearer to being a woman, with all the passions and needs of a woman, than Belle would ever be. Carey had friends. She played with their dogs and went on walks with them. Carey sneaked out for the violin lessons she felt she had to have.

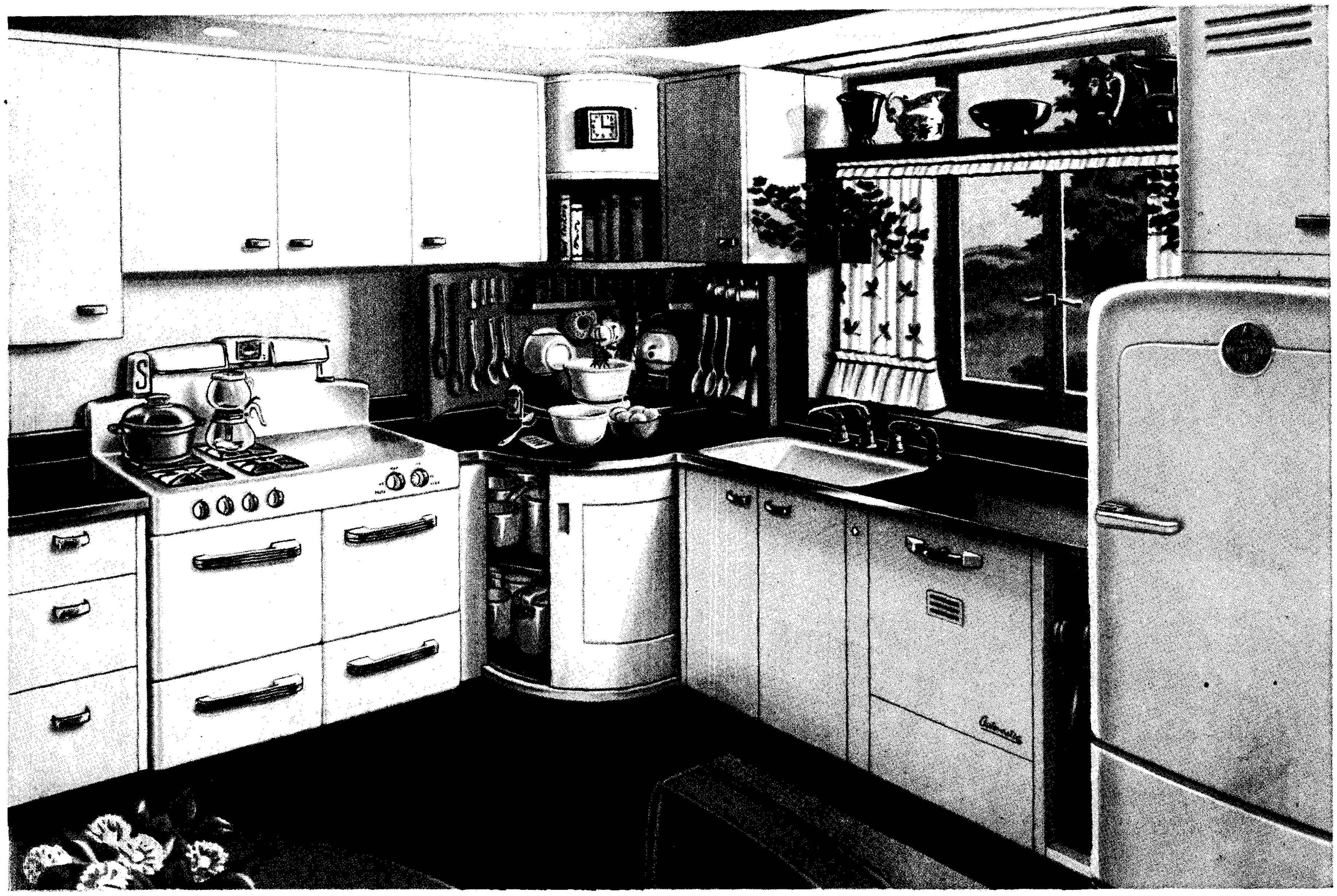
"You'll have to discipline her!" Belle cried. "She's beyond me! And I'm going to a sewing circle, right after supper! I'll be late unless we have supper this minute!"

"All right," said Ev. "I'll speak to you downstairs later," he said to Carey, and Belle was satisfied. She knew he hated punishing Carey.

"I want to take a trip to New York," Carey said, making ready for another scene. "My whole class is supposed to go and Mother won't let me. Will you take me, Daddy? We never take trips like other people."

"We'll see, honey," said Ev.

They ate the meal in silence. And after-



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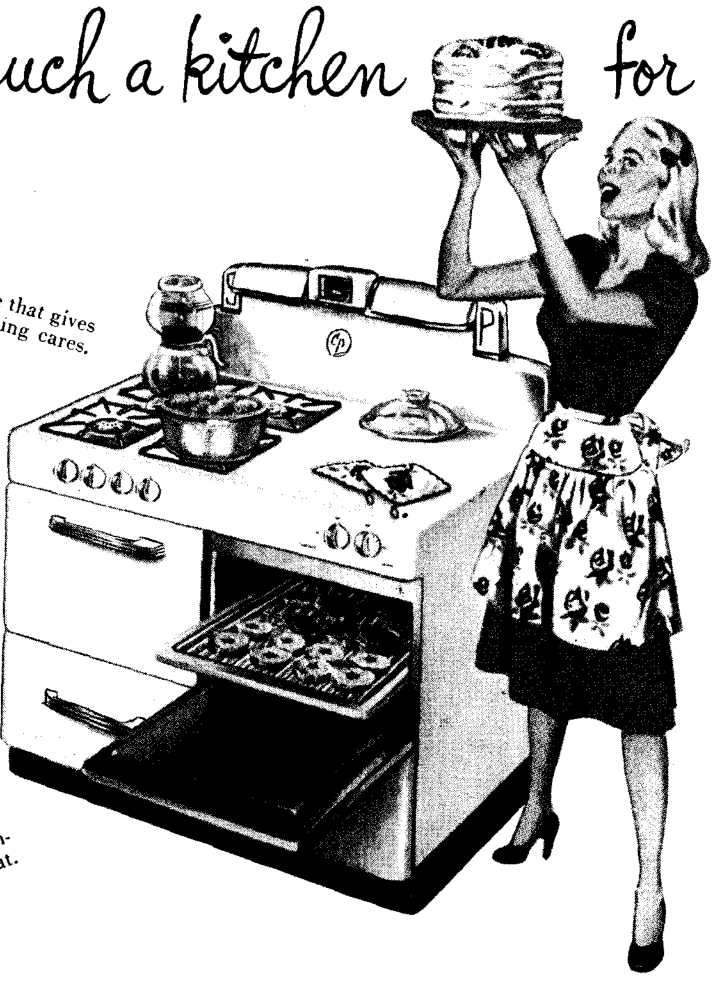

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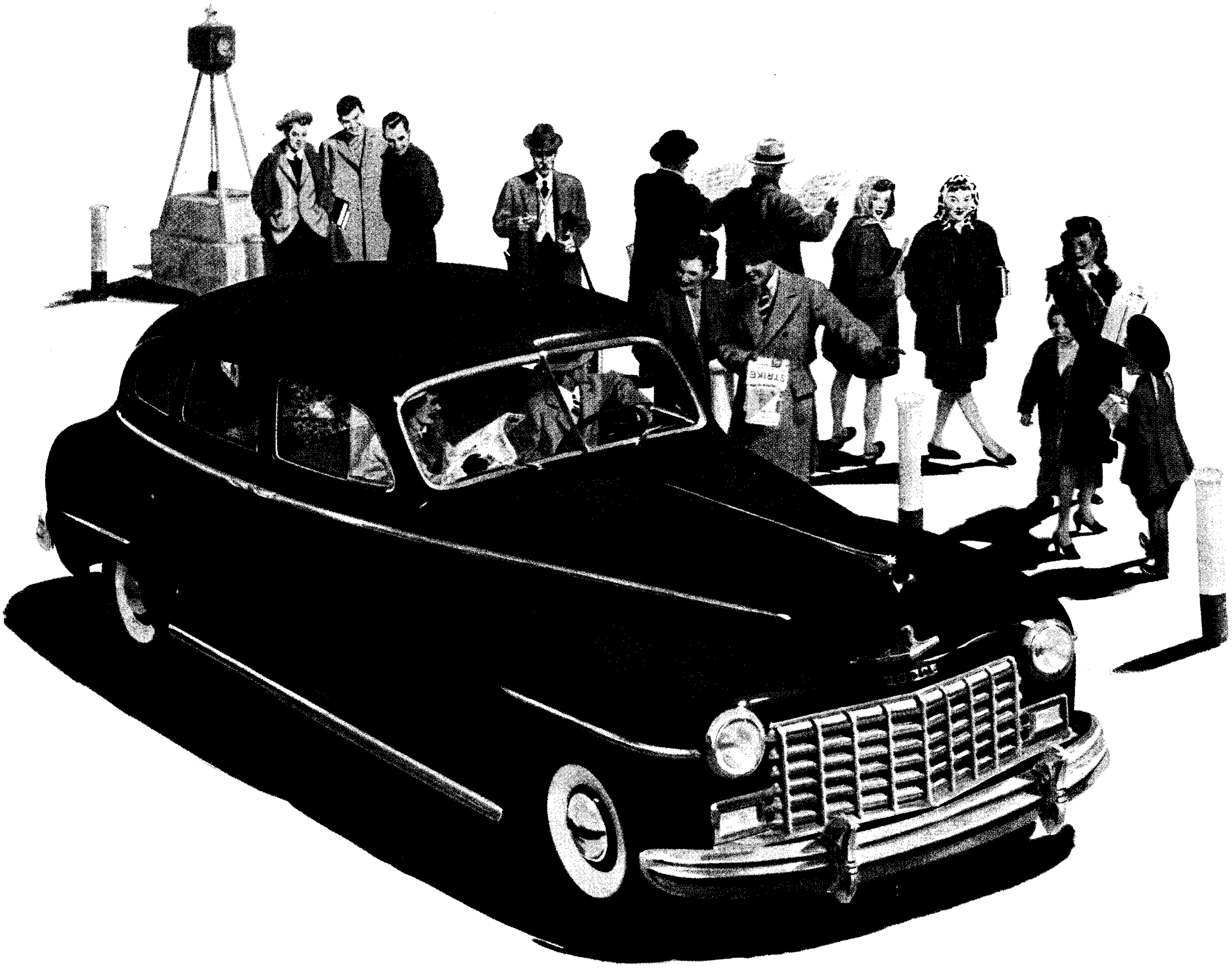

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ward, when they had done the dishes in silence, as if they thought Belle might still come back from her gathering and find them in talk, they went down to the locked cellar room. Almost every evening they went down there and took turns reading to each other the serial stories in the paper. These were immensely involved; there were dukes working incognito in garages, and girls having babies out of wedlock, and murders. Ev and Carey found them soothing. The cellar was their refuge; Belle censored Carey's reading upstairs.

Carey leaned against him, and knew he wasn't going to scold her. And suddenly it was all too much for Ev. He knew he could not go on.

"You're thin," he said. "Carey, what are we going to do?"

"Nothing, I guess," said Carey, without hope. "I'll never have a dog and I'll go on having asthma and nobody'll like me."

"I love you," said Ev. It seemed to him he rarely had an opportunity to say these words now.

"Look," he said. "I love your mother but sometimes mothers and their little girls can't get along, even though they—"

"My mother hates me," Carey said calmly. "You know she does, too."

HE COULDN'T deny it. The words jammed in his throat. He looked at his shoes and thought of Belle, unchanging with the years, and of Carey whose life was being bent out of shape.

"Suppose we do go to New York, just you and I, and have a blowout," said Ev. Carey's eyes lighted up; she flung herself against him.

"Oh, please, please!" she cried. "If we could just get out of here for even a little while, Daddy! I can't breathe in this house, even when I haven't got asthma! New York would be so wonderful!"

She went to bed, at last, happy, and Ev stayed up and told Belle they were having a week end in New York.

"Like to come?"

"No," said Belle, icily. "I don't approve of your going, either. You'll spoil that girl."

"She needs a little spoiling," said Ev.

That night Belle slept far away from him. He knew then, and he lay awake a long time, facing it.

The next day was Saturday. Belle had many concerns for the week end. She went off early, without forgiving them, to market. Carey packed, happily, and Ev promised her new clothes when they got to New York. "We'll stay over Monday," he said recklessly. "I'm sick of my job. I need a day off."

As if he didn't know what he was doing, he went to the bank and drew out half the money in the account. He packed an old leather jacket he hadn't worn for years, some old sweaters. He packed up his tools and when he put them in the luggage compartment of the car, he knew his plans.

He and Carey set off for New York City at noon. He stopped and found Belle at a neighbor's where she was talking gardening.

"Pretty little thing," he murmured, and then he kissed her goodby. "I'll send you a present from a big store, shall I? Something that smells nice and has pink ribbons."

"That would be nice," said Belle. She wouldn't kiss Carey. She turned her cheek.

"We'll see you," said Ev, and they were off. Carey must know, he thought, for she had piled on the seat some of her treasures—books and things—which she might have left behind for only a week end. But he was cold with fear when he said:

"Carey, what about New Mexico instead of New York? What about a whole warm winter, and no asthma?"

Once, long ago, when he had traveled across the country looking out for work to do, he had been in New Mexico. He remembered the clear air, the adobe buildings, the sunshine poured out over empty land, the pleasant grayish buildings of the university in the hoarded green of lawns and trees. Carey could go there in a year or two. His hands tightened on the wheel. Carey was slow answering.

"Can I have a dog now?" she said.

"We'll buy one at the first kennel we come to," said Ev, and they did. Carey shook with the dog's shudders of delight. She fed it the first hamburger, before she ate her own.

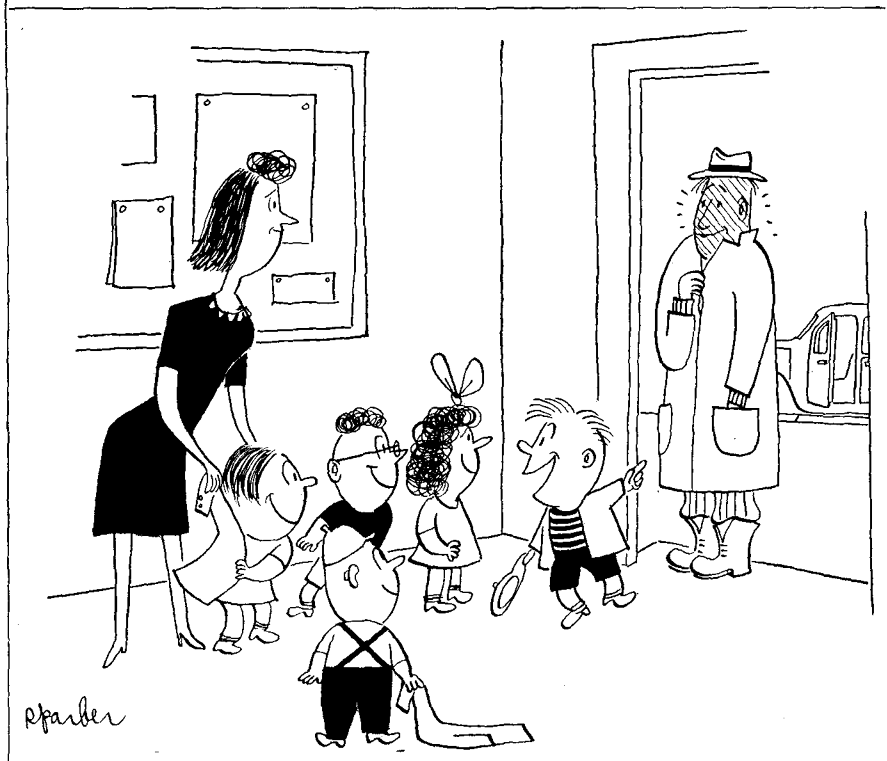
Later, when it was dark, Carey said, small and homesick, "Do you think Mother will come and be with us sometime, Daddy?"

He hardly knew how to answer, but truth spoke for itself, using his reluctant voice. "No," he said. "She's happier where she is."

THE END

TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



"Hey, everybody—my daddy has his pajamas on under his overcoat!"

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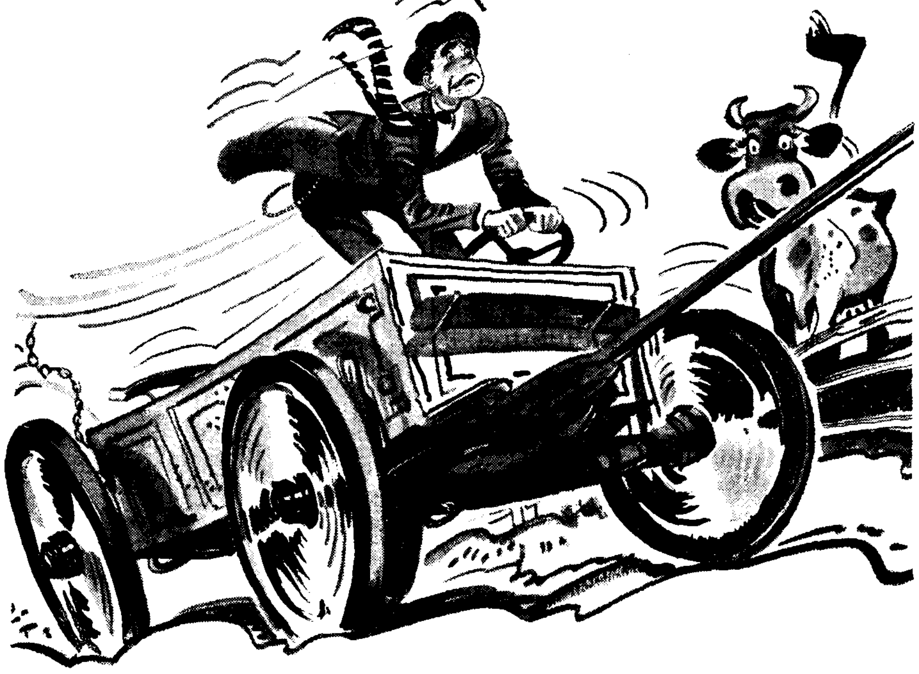

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HIS EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY

Continued from page 13

Martha directed her surplus energy into community causes. As her husband's political career developed, Martha threw all her vigor into pushing it along.

Some people find her more charming than Bob; and certainly hers is the type of charm which goes over better at political barbecues. Strong pacifist emotions made her a member of the America First Committee, and as late as December, 1943, she appeared on the platform of a highly dubious Anti-War Conference in Philadelphia. This vociferousness in the isolationist camp may well have embarrassed her husband, for in recent years she has taken a much less active political role and is notably more cagey in her interviews with the press.

Bob's political career began with three terms in the Ohio House of Representatives in the 1920s. His main interest was in revising the antiquated Ohio tax system, a job he got under way with great efficiency and then finished up in 1931-32 as chairman of the tax committee in the state senate.

Cincinnati in the early twenties was governed by the Cox-Hynicka machine, one of the most notorious political gangs in the country. Rud Hynicka, the boss, added insult to injury by issuing his orders imperially from New York, where he devoted himself to his main interest, a chain of burlesque theaters. By 1923 the city was near a state of breakdown.

Taft was unhappy over municipal misrule on such a gaudy scale but he soon began to feel that political necessity required him to come to terms with the machine. His first election to the legislature sealed the pact. He has worked with the machine ever since, even when it meant opposing the Charter movement which for a few years in the thirties gained Cincinnati the reputation of being the best governed city in America. Though Taft now admits the value of most of the Charter reforms, Cincinnatians say that he has always hindered and ridiculed the good-government group. "My theory was to work within the organization," Bob says today.

Bob Taft has observed the resurgence of the Cincinnati machine with a detachment notable for a man so eloquent concerning bosses when they belong to the New Deal party. In the case of Cincinnati, he just feels that practical politics involves being "regular" and that city government involves an irreducible minimum of bossism. When he can, he has thrown his weight on the side of the better elements in the machine. But through the years he has given the machine the sanction of his prestige and character, even though his father denounced it and his brother joined the Charter group.

When he went to Washington in 1938, Taft was a man of almost fifty who had been living steadily in Cincinnati for twenty years. His reflexes had been formed by the business community of that secure city. Washington was way over the horizon, and Europe, in spite of occasional summer tours, was outside all imaginings.

Slow to Adopt New Policies

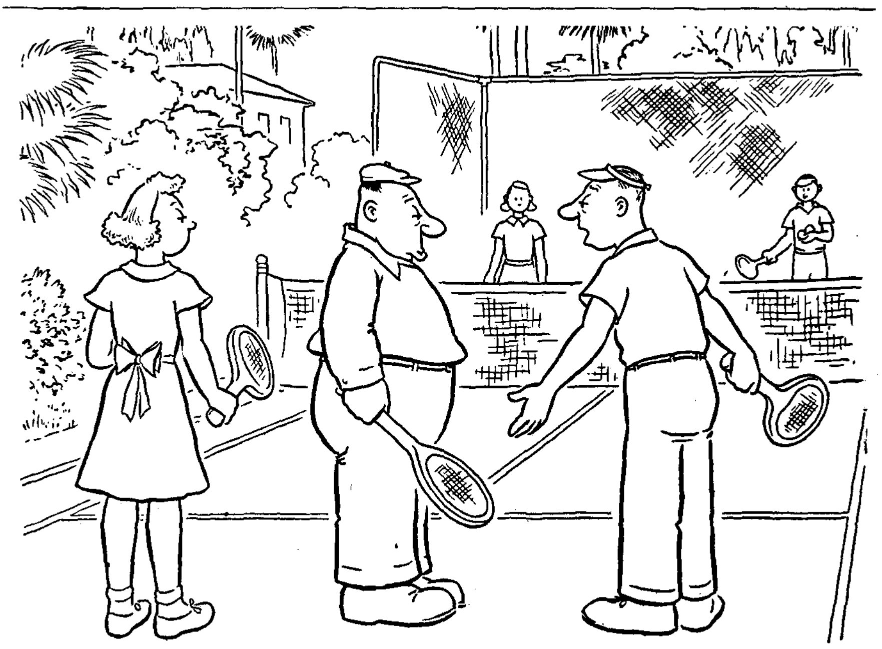
Eight years of fighting the New Deal have shown Taft's habits of mind. He has a Donald Duck reaction to new ideas. He recoils automatically and noisily when someone proposes to appropriate a large sum of money to carry out a broad and inclusive plan, broached, as Taft sees it, with reckless disregard for the facts, the budget, the Constitution, and, if he gets excited enough, God, home and mother. "Outrageous," he will cry. "Nonsense. It can't be done." Then, when subjected over a long-enough period to detailed-enough information, he begins to see that a problem exists, and he is likely to offer something constructive.

"Get him tied up in subcommittee and rub his nose in the facts," says one liberal colleague in the Senate, "then his automatic negative reaction starts melting away under pressure of evidence."

The most drastic result of this process is the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill, where Taft joined with two Democratic senators to call for public housing. He had long been concerned with the general problem of housing; and, when the facts were spread out before him, he decided that they called for more vigorous federal action than he had earlier believed. "You don't get decent housing from the free-enterprise system," he declared in testifying before the House Banking Committee. "The free-enterprise system provides food and clothing, but it doesn't provide the greatest necessity, housing." The federal government must therefore step in and do the job.

This was tough language in archreac-

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"But we can't have more than two people on one side, Alfred! If you'll just wait until this set's over, you can be Josephine's partner"

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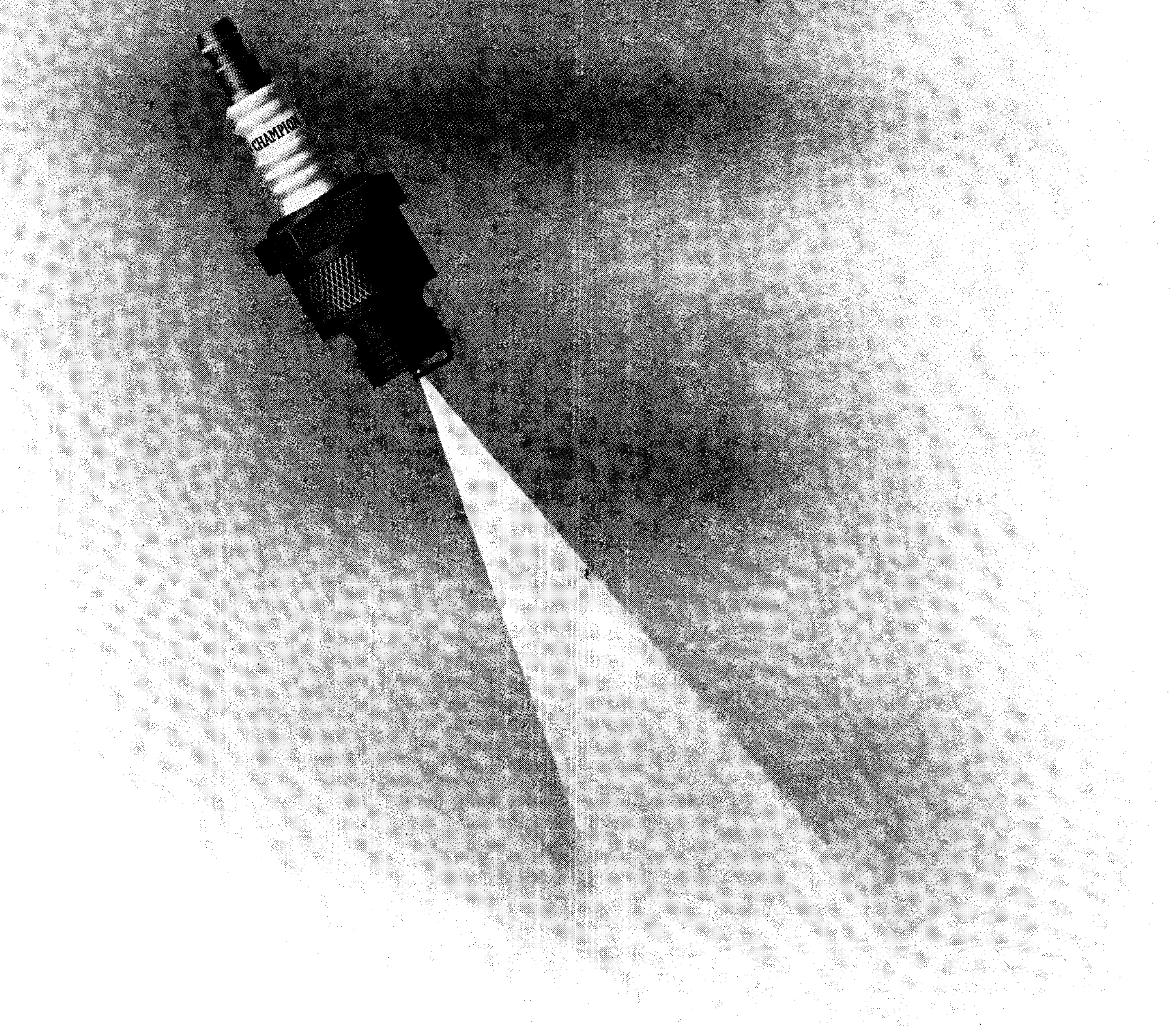

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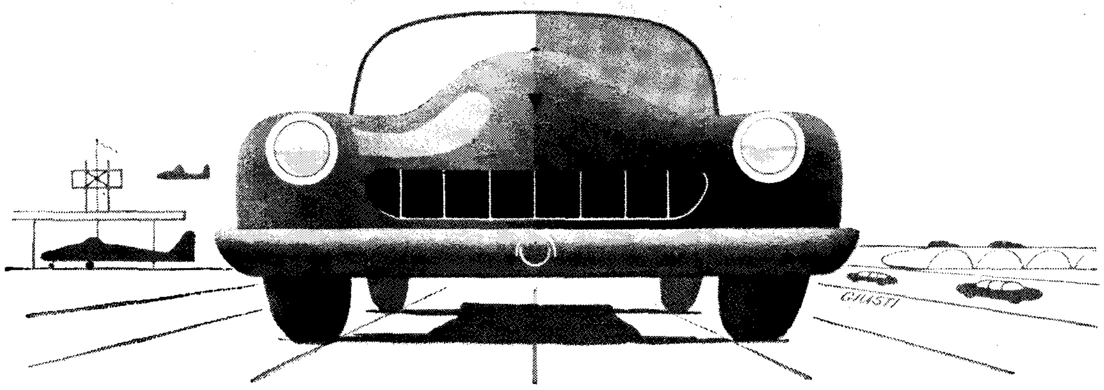

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tionary ears. The Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill not only calls for public housing. It also attacks interest rates and financing methods in private housing in order to benefit the long-term investor rather than the speculative builder; and it provides for federal aid in the acquisition of land for slum-clearance purposes. But Taft went down the line for it and got it through the Senate over the squeals of the Republican die-hards. It finally bogged down in Republican opposition in the House.

The education bill supplies another example of the Taft double-take. In 1943, after thirteen years of promotion by nonpartisan groups like the National Education Association, a bill providing for federal aid to education came up for vote in the Senate. It was defeated by one man—Bob Taft.

But in the process of licking it, Taft took a square look at the problem. As he studied it harder, he developed a growing certainty that he had been wrong. He realized that many states simply could not support an adequate school program, and he became convinced that the federal government must underwrite the school system, so that every child in the United States can be guaranteed an indispensable minimum of education.

Taft approached Lister Hill and Elbert Thomas, the sponsors of the bill he had beaten, and offered to help work out a new bill. The result was introduced in the last session of Congress. Many experts regard it as an improvement over the original Hill-Thomas bill. It did not come up for vote because of the press of more urgent business, but Taft planned to reintroduce it this session.

It is getting to be a familiar pattern in Washington. Taft hit the ceiling when the Full Employment Bill was first proposed. Yet he pitched in and voted for the final bill, which actually gives the Council of Economic Advisers a broader mandate than the original. "Certainly we should have a unified thinking apparatus in our government," Taft wrote in a review of Henry Wallace's Sixty Million Jobs, "to determine whether various proposed measures really work toward a stable economic prosperity."

When Local Government Fails

Taft has always feared that the federal government would blot out state and local freedoms. Yet he finds himself in situation after situation where, on the facts, state and local action is inadequate. His concern recently has been, not to repudiate New Deal objectives, but to try to achieve them at less cost and through federal aid to states. "If the free-enterprise system does not do its best to prevent hardship and poverty," he has said, ". . . it will find itself superseded by a less progressive system which does. Our policy is to maintain a minimum standard floor under subsistence, education, medical care, and housing . . . to give to all a minimum standard of decent living, and to all children a fair opportunity to get a start in life."

New Dealers, while acknowledging Taft's sincerity, feel that his social-welfare program will be a matter of too little and too late. The test will come with the next depression, and Taft is profoundly impressed with the importance of stabilizing the business cycle. "If we don't, the next crash may well destroy our whole system. No one is going to be persuaded by arguments about the long-run average achievements of capitalism in raising standards of living if it is all at the expense of periodic plunges into mass misery."

But how to prevent a depression? "The answer," Taft says with characteristic frankness, "is: Nobody knows. We know a lot more about economic forces; we have more reliable statistics; but, in the last analysis, prevention of a depression depends on the intelligence and judgment of the people in office." He does not altogether reject the Keynes-Hansen doctrines of public spending. "Government spending, applied properly and in reasonable amounts, will help; but it is just one element, it is no cure-all." He is pretty vague about the other elements, however.

Taft would like to see the restoration of genuine competitive enterprise. He points with pride to his father's record as a trust-buster and implies that he would do the same, though his estimate of the extent to which the economy is noncompetitive is fairly sanguine. In the case of natural monopolies he sees no objection in principle to public ownership. "Once you remove the competitive factor," he says, "it doesn't matter much who owns an enterprise: the government or a corporation. Public ownership in this case is no infringement on basic economic principles."

TVA, he feels, is established, like the post-office system. "It does not necessarily damn a program to call it socialization. We have long socialized primary and secondary education."

Strikes Essential to Freedom

Taft's labor policy is definitely conservative. He believes that the unions have too much power and that action should be taken to redress the balance. He supports the Case bill. But, if antilabor hysteria should overtake the Republican majority, Taft will probably be a moderating influence, as he was during his fleeting alliance with Claude Pepper last winter in opposition to Truman's draft-labor bill. "Strikes cannot be prohibited," he has said, "without interfering with the basic freedom essential to our form of government."

An honest belief in civil liberties will keep him out of the extreme labor-baiting camp. It is characteristic of Taft's emotional antipathy toward liberals, though, that his loudest civil liberty outcries have been on behalf of crypto-Fascists whom he believes to have been persecuted by the New Deal. Where Wendell Willkie would pick the Communist Schneiderman to defend on civil-rights grounds, Taft got excited over characters like Gerald Winrod, the Kansas anti-Semite, the defendants in the mass sedition trial, and Goering and his amiable colleagues at Nuremberg. There is no reason to suppose, however, that he will not be consistent in applying his principles.

Many commentators relate Taft's solicitude on the question of Fascists and Nazis to his views on foreign policy. Though he took care to avoid identification with the America First Committee and spoke only once under its auspices, he was an implacable opponent of American entry into the war. "War," he once said, "is even worse than a German victory."

He voted against Selective Service, Lend-Lease, the transfer of Axis ships to Britain, draft extension, revision of the Neutrality Act, and virtually every other interventionist measure. "An invasion of the United States by the German army," he remarked in 1941, "is as fantastic as would be the invasion of Germany today by the American Army, and as unlikely to be undertaken." Later that year he advocated a negotiated peace even "with Hitler domination on the Continent." "It is England's war," he said. "They began it."

There is no evidence that he has changed these views. A few weeks ago he said over the radio, "The Republicans voted for every measure for the preparation of war . . . which had any relation whatever to the arming of the United States"—a statement that throws a curious light on what Taft considers essential for national defense. In 1943 he called the question of whether entrance into the war with Germany was justified "de-

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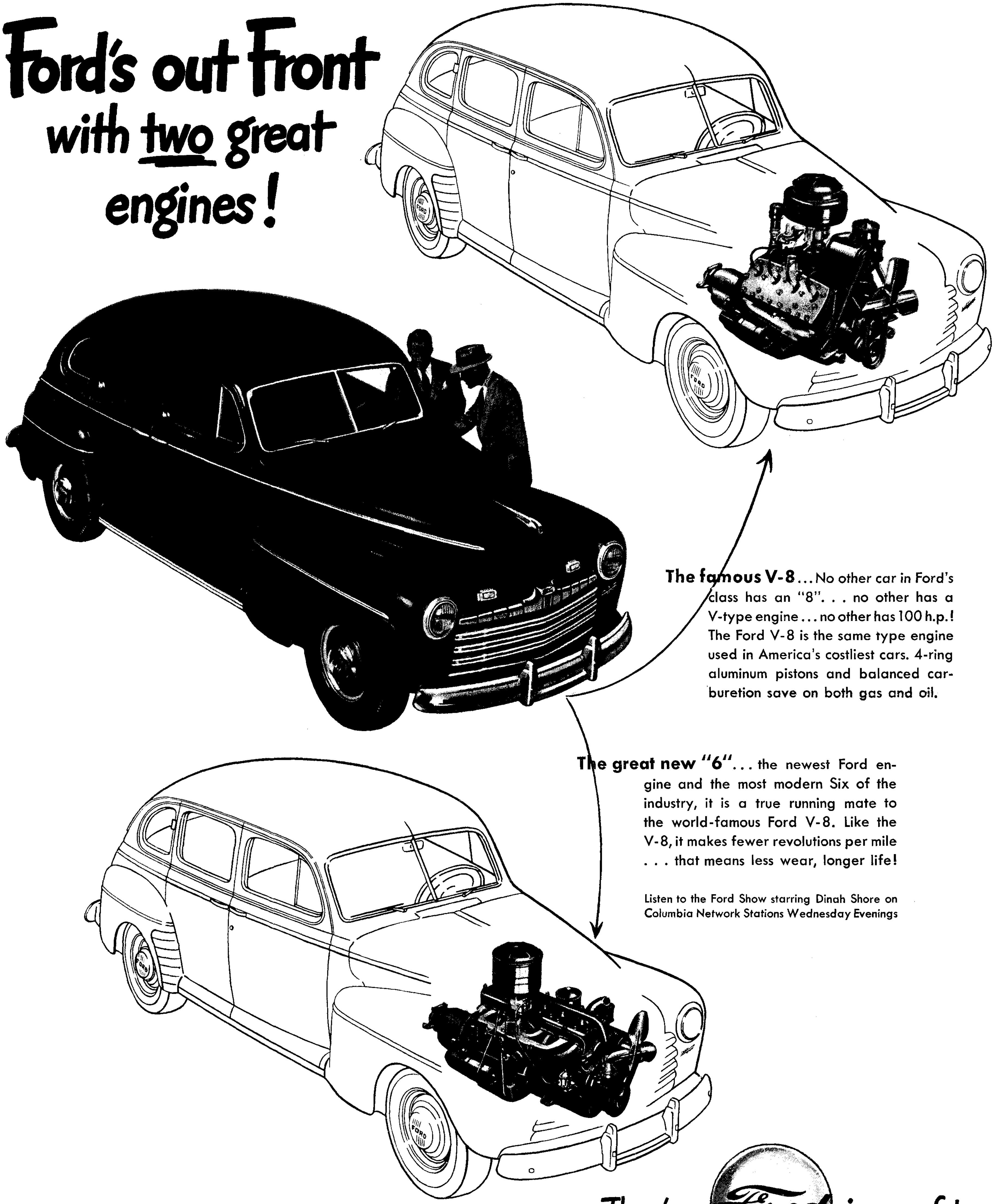

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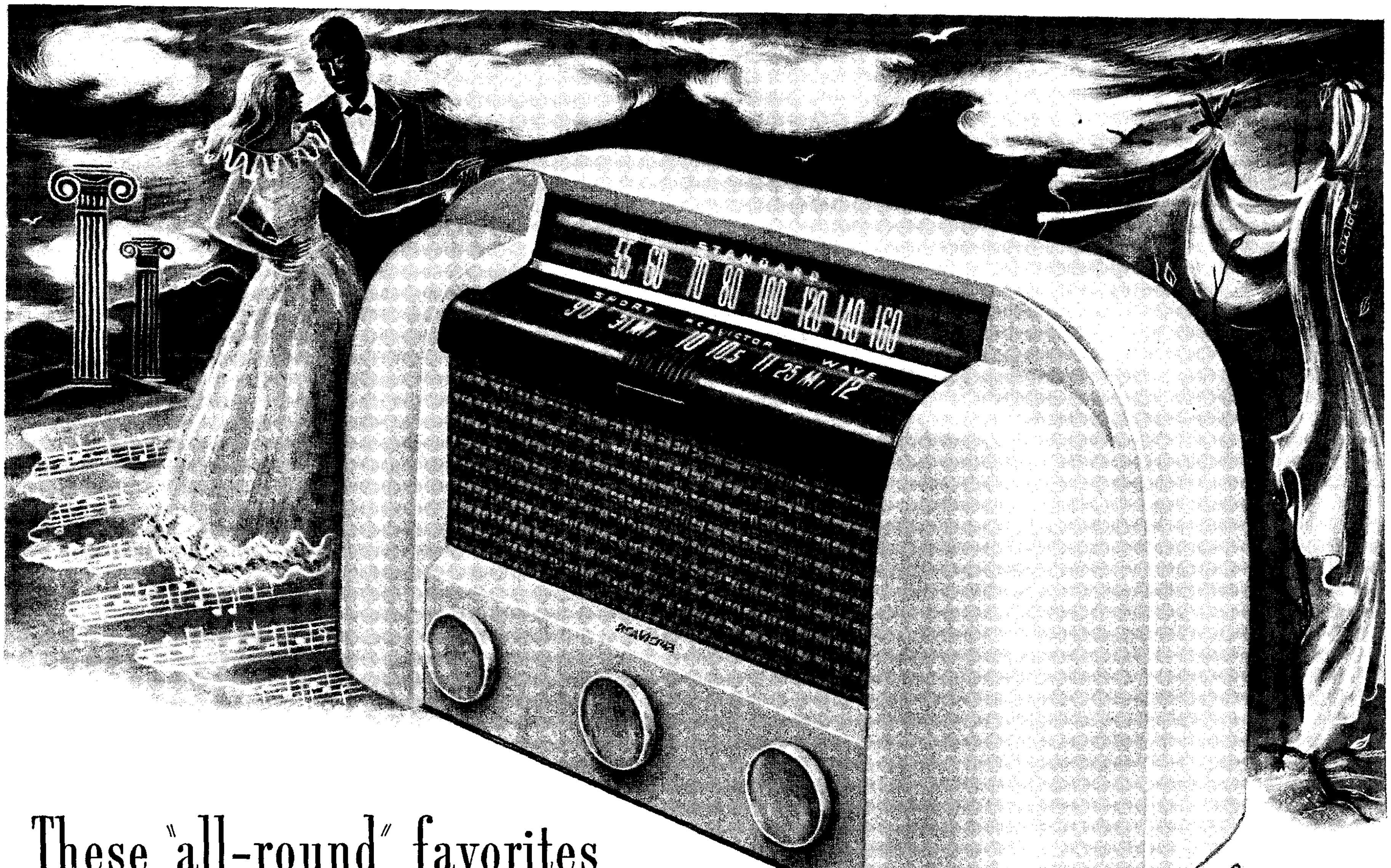

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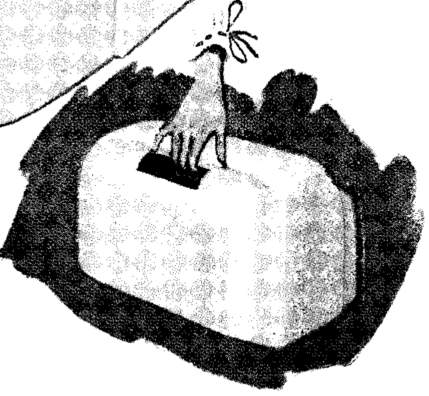

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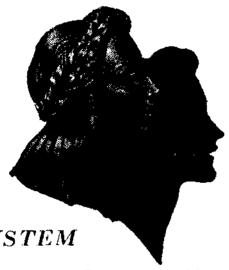

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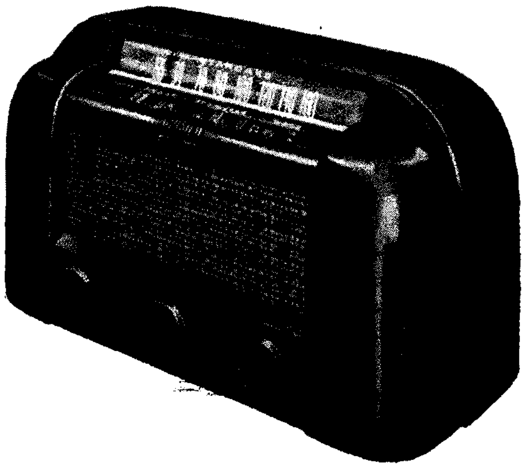

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Division of RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA batable." In 1946 he was still not certain whether we would be any worse off if we had stayed out.

Certainly he is still dominated by the conviction that America can get along with limited world commitments. He nominally supports the "rather futile" U.N. and favors the development of world law, leading toward the establishment of an impartial tribunal to which all nations will submit. But as soon as generalities require the backing of political, economic or military action, Taft becomes unhappy.

"Europe," he says, "is too far away; it has too many diverse peoples, too many traditional problems for us to have much influence there." Though he has spent more time denouncing Soviet delinquencies than he ever spent denouncing the Nazis, his attitude toward Russia is one of essential detachment, not much different from his old attitude toward Germany. The idea of fighting a war with Russia seems to him fantastic, and he sees no reason, so long as we show that we are not going to be pushed around, why we cannot do business with Russia.

Opposed to Foreign Loans

A foreign loan strikes people in the State Department as a means of checking Communism by helping non-Communist governments to solve their economic problems. It strikes Taft as just another drain on the domestic budget, and he does not like it. He voted against Bretton Woods and the British loan and thinks we have now reached the limits of our foreign spending. He is opposed to the Administration program for tariff reductions and relaxation of trade restrictions.

Taft has long yearned to be President. His campaign for the nomination in 1940 was a professional's dream. Everything was organized up to the last gasp, and Taft had the air of a man whose untiring labors were to be crowned with deserved success. He had a professional's disdain for the Willkie boom. Then the convention blew up in his face. Taft was left with a miscellany of irritations—against Hoover, for not supporting him actively enough; against Thomas E. Dewey, for not releasing his delegates soon enough; against Eastern Republicans in general.

In 1944 Taft threw his support to his fellow Ohioan, handsome, pudgy John Bricker. When asked a few months ago about 1948, Taft said he had never heard of "anyone running away from the nomination if it were offered to him." His chief political manager is a Washington lawyer named John Marshall. A West Virginian, and former assistant attorney general in the Coolidge Administration, Marshall is a cunning and experienced operator whose lines stretch out across the country.

Taft's first objective in his campaign for the 1948 nomination, is to persuade the Republican party to unite on a positive program. He would like to see it adopt his social-welfare plans as a starting point; and, as a good team man, he will dilute these plans to get them accepted. He will leave it to Wayne Morse to become the Republicans' Claude Pepper.

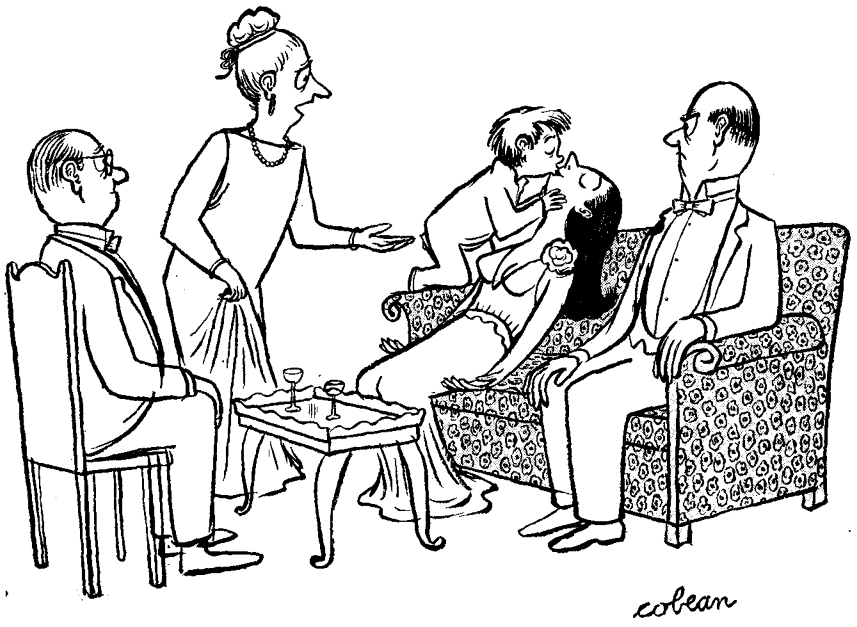
Taft never wanted the majority leadership, now to be occupied by Wallace White of Maine. The man in front, he hopes, a bit wistfully, will get the dead cats. For himself he prefers the less conspicuous but equally powerful role of chairman of the Republican steering committee. The problem, as Taft sees it, is to steer his party between the two extremes—New Dealism, as represented by Stassen and Morse, and reaction, as represented by Wherry, the men around Bricker and the probable Republican leadership in the House.

Right-wingers regard him with increasing suspicion. His course on housing antagonized the real-estate interests; his position on OPA, which can hardly be described as cordial support, nevertheless upset many Ohio businessmen. His social-welfare legislation puzzles many Republicans. Bricker remarked the other day, "I hear that the Socialists have gotten to Bob Taft."

Taft himself has probably not decided finally whether he wants to be President himself or to dominate a Bricker Administration. While fully aware of Bricker's limitations, he also has a shy man's respect for Bricker's popular appeal. But the men around Taft are confident that Bricker will efficiently eliminate himself. Bricker is the evangelist in politics. No one can surpass him when, with a prepared speech before a prepared audience, he invites his fellow Republicans to hit the sawdust trail.

But he is not much good on his feet. He dodges radio round tables and other forms of political torture and is a sitting duck at press conferences. "Just let Bricker open his big mouth, and Barkley and Pepper will wipe the floor with him," said one Republican. "Taft won't have to lift a hand." There will be no public squabble. Taft and Bricker will resolve their rivalry like two businessmen bidding for the same contract, and Ohio will send a united delegation to the 1948 convention.

Except for the Stassen states, Taft can count on general support from the Middle West. Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune, who regards Dewey as a kind of foreigner, recently handed down the pontifical statement, "Taft



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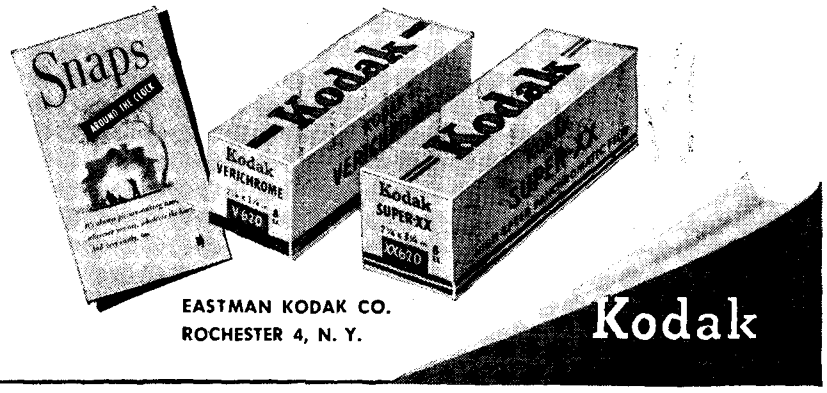

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For parched palates, pour mountain-distilled Ron Merito—in a cool cuba libre, a thirst-quenching collins, a frost covered daiquiri. Remember—the better the rum, the better the drink. Better ask for Ron Merito!

WHITE LABEL
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RUM

Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

GOLD AND WHITE LABEL. 86 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

seems to be a good man." Taft will also do well in the Mountain States and in the Southwest. The most reliable part of his strength rests in his control over the Southern delegates, who can help nominate the Republican candidate even if they practically never help elect him. In 1944 the "kept" delegations cast 187 out of 1,057 votes.

His big trouble will come in the East, though his managers claim he can win without Eastern support. In 1940 Mrs. Helen Reid of the New York Herald Tribune gave a dinner for Lord Lothian, the British ambassador, attended by the Tafts, Willkie and several prominent New York Republicans. Taft, baited by Willkie over foreign policy, lost his temper and made a scene. After dinner the Tafts swept out "as if they were leaving a house of prostitution," according to one eyewitness report.

Blights on a Candidacy

Most Eastern Republicans regard Taft's foreign policy as impossible. The professionals are further convinced that the faculty for political boners exhibited in such incidents as the Nuremberg blast and the defense of the seditionists rules Taft out as a candidate. In the absence of regular Republican support, a group of unsavory characters with isolationist and semi-Coughlinite trimmings, like William J. Goodwin, an ex-Democratic leader in Queens, New York, are trying hard to clamber on the Taft band wagon and are further compromising his cause.

Taft will be completely hardheaded and purposeful in his pursuit of the nomination. He is a well-organized person and runs a well-organized office. His staff relieves him of the office-boy chores which shorten the lives of most senators, leaving him free to study legislation and work out political strategy. He is an indefatigable worker, who keeps long hours and goes home with a full brief case.

His occasional moods of relaxation are as purposeful as his work. Taft and John Marshall shoot golf together at the Burning Tree course near Washington. When Taft flubs a stroke, he blows up as if he were being confronted by a New Deal law. After the game he sits around the locker room with a sociable highball. The Tafts have bought a large Victorian house in Georgetown, a section of Washington made fashionable by the New Dealers; and in the summer they go to Murray Bay on the St. Lawrence.

Bob sometimes goes off to his camp in the woods for what he and his friends call the Eternity Fish and Game Club. In the evening the family sits around eating nickel candy and playing hearts. Both Bob and Martha are inveterate tourists and gogglers. As soon as they could get away after the Congressional elections last fall, they set out for a few weeks in Central America.

Though he likes speaking and traveling, much of the byplay of running for office leaves Taft cold. He is too bashful and awkward a person to fall easily into the pomp and handshaking of a candidate's life. He has no front and will travel in the open Pullman as happily as in a private car or a compartment. He feels silly and embarrassed when his picture is taken—and too often looks it. These are all good private virtues, but they don't add up necessarily to a colorful and magnetic candidate.

Still Bob Taft has had the habit of victory. Up to now only one father-son team has occupied the White House; but the Tafts do not see where they need take second place to the Adamses.

THE END

HANDLE-BAR DERBY

Continued from page 15

Young Ed listened respectfully for five minutes, then spoke up. "Personally," said the boy, "I don't care what kind of paint is on it. All I want is a job that moans when you wind it up in low gear and blows you off the seat when you throw it in high."

From the record it would seem that Ed has stuck with this philosophy. For years he has rolled in practically every major competition in the nation and if Kretz didn't win the race it was because of one of two things: Either the motorcycle came apart or Ed fell off.

Mr. Kretz does not figure races the way most people would. He does not, for example, gauge his speed by the sharpness of the turns. He gauges it by the speed of the man beside him. Ed's simple rule is: Keep the throttle open longest! If he and a competitor are zooming up on a hairpin corner, Kretz holds his machine open until his companion shuts his off. Then Ed grabs the lead and sees if he can get around the corner someway. Often as not he actually gets around.

Ed Kretz will be in the 1947 Daytona 200. Ed, by the way, won this race back in 1937, the first time it was held on the beach track. Blazing Benny Campanale copped the honors for the two following years, Babe Tancrede won in '40, and Bill Mathews, from Canada, took first place in 1941 before the Office of Defense Transportation put an end to motorcycle racing for the duration. Most of these boys are entered this year, plus some 300 other throttle-happy madmen such as Johnny Speigelhof, Herman Dahlke, Slidin' Sam Arena, Stan Witinski, Teddy Edwards, Wally Akins, Jimmy Chann, Ted Evans and Billy Anderson.

The American Motorcycle Association, which sanctions and regulates the big race, has sent personal invitations to its 45,000 members. The city of Daytona Beach and local promoter Bill France have spent five months and $5,000 in billboard advertising, direct mail, newspaper publicity and radio. The most popular rider of the year will be announced at a big prerace barbecue, and riding clubs all over America have pressed their silk tunics, shined up their gem-studded belts and arranged to send their best-looking motorcycle maiden to vie for the title of Queen of the Roaring Road.

Broadly speaking, racing riders fall into three categories: the Glamor Guys, the Wait-and-Hopers, and the Hot Shoe Boys.

The Glamor Guys are usually local cowboys who'll show you some mighty sharp riding out on the concrete. They love nothing better than playing hide-and-seek in Sunday traffic, or dusting off the skirts of a beauteous country miss as they tool their chrome-plated thunderbikes over a rural byway.

The Glamor Guys go big for atmosphere. Nothing but the bushiest fox tail will do for their handle bars, and their motorcycles are not complete without three spotlights, two horns (one of which plays Hey Ba Ba Re Bop), saddlebags from the super de luxe section of the catalogue, and a picture of Lana Turner in decal on both fenders.

But the Glamor Guys don't enjoy the corners. They develop a case of throttle-finger fatigue early in the game, their motors are apt to run mysteriously out of oil pressure, and, after a terrific bid (on the straightaway) they drop out and roll into the pits where they complain bitterly about their luck and mutter that next time it's gonna be different.

Meanwhile the Wait-and Hopers are riding a good dependable race. They are

His genius gave wings to words

Alexander Graham Bell

This year marks the 100th Anniversary of Bell's birth in Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 3, 1847. From early youth, he was keenly interested in aiding the hard of hearing. He became a teacher of "visible speech" when 18 years old.

This work led to experiments with "telegraphing" sound, out of which, in 1876, came his greatest invention—the telephone.

Dr. Bell was a great humanitarian as well as a great scientist. His accomplishments—in aiding the deaf, in communications, in aviation and other fields—were outstanding. His rich life—which had an incalculably great influence on the world—came to an end on August 2, 1922.

It was an historic moment. Alexander Graham Bell's telephone had just spoken its first words—*"Mr. Watson, come here, I want you!"*

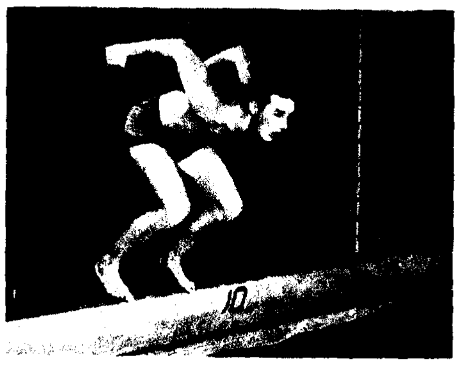
That evening in Boston—March 10, 1876—Dr. Bell's crude instrument transmitted his voice only to the next room. But out of it was destined to come a whole new era—the era of quick, easy nation-wide telephony, of radio telephony in all its varied forms, of talking pictures, voice and music reproduction systems and electrical aids for the hard of hearing. Few inventions have played a greater part in shaping the world we live in!

Since 1877—just one year after Bell's long experimentation was crowned with success—it has been Western Electric's privilege to help carry forward his great idea which gave wings to words. In that year Western Electric made its first telephone. More than 45,000,000 have followed it—over 4,000,000 of them in 1946 alone.

Today, from coast to coast, in factories, offices, distributing houses and central office installation crews, there are more than 110,000 Western Electric workers. Imbued with the Bell System spirit of service, they are helping to provide equipment in record quantities to meet telephone needs far beyond any envisioned by the inventor.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



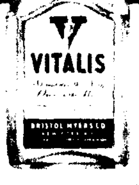
Exercise can put more red corpuscles in your looks than a blood bank. Just as the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" gives a virile, alive look to your *hair.* Watch the way this wonder workout wakes up dull, lifeless-looking hair... gives your scalp a refreshing tingle! If the looks of your hair could stand a new lease on life, here's your option.

for Virile-looking hair

Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Sure, that tingle's *good.* Even better is the way you prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, help retard excessive falling hair. Now, 10 seconds to comb. Surprise! Not only is your hair handsomer than Hollywood but it's taken on a vigorous, "meet-a-live-wire" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

Handsome, vigorous-looking hair can be as good as a raise in pay. It's just that bosses like guys who look well-groomed, vital. Gals are funny that way, too. Interested in a partnership, junior or matrimonial? Let vital-looking hair help you... use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."



Product of Bristol-Myers

rolling a respectable 95 on the stretches and lobbing sedately into the turns. They have good machines. Maybe they have a wife and kiddies back in Ubanks, Iowa. It is not of the essence that they cause people to faint as they come booming into the coffin corner. They are really more concerned about returning to Ubanks with a full set of teeth and all their arms and legs functioning normally—and perhaps with a fat little fifth or sixth prize tucked in their pockets.

However, it is not the Glamor Guys and not the Wait-and-Hopers that 25,000 people come to see. They come to see the Hot Shoe Boys: Kretz, Huber, Tancrede, *et al.* The Hot Shoe Boys, so named because of their habit of rounding corners with the aid of their steel-shod soles, are not interested in becoming the oldest living motorcycle riders. They just want to win the race.

A typical Hot Shoe is usually a mechanical wizard mounted in a spring-steel chassis and upholstered with raw-hide. He has the endurance of a whippet tank, the nerves of a hunk of concrete.

Fashions for Hot Shoe Boys

Knowing that they are probably going to perform a cartwheel or two on the corners, men like Huber and Kretz dress for the occasion in leather jodhpurs, leather jacket zipped tight to the throat, heavy boots, a football helmet lined with sponge rubber, and gloves.

But since they realize that no amount of rugged riding will get them in the money without a package of triple-distilled mechanical dynamite between their knees, they spend weeks, months, grooming their cycles for a big race. They polish the inside with fine-gauge emery cloth and jeweler's rouge—con rods, crankcase, exhaust and intake ports, flywheels—until the metal is so slick that flies slip off when they alight. This super-sheen on the motor's innards reduces oil-drag to a minimum and eliminates microscopic cracks that might cause structural failure during the race.

Next the speed-hungry mechanics fiddle with the valve timing and bench-test the motor with a dynamometer to find out which setting delivers maximum horsepower. From the outside of the machine they strip every item the regulations allow—to reduce air resistance.

The Hot Shoe Boys have a few special riding tricks that cause the Old Gentleman with the Scythe to rub his bony knuckles in glee. On the straightaway they roll up so close behind a competitor that their front tire is practically polishing his rear fender and they hang there as if fastened by chains. The vacuum of the leading machine tends to tow them along and also keeps their engine cool. This is known as "riding suction."

When a curve approaches, the part-time parasite hauls over into the breeze and makes a bid to pass. It's neat—to watch—but could have disturbing consequences if the leader had a chain lock, a frozen motor, or just happened to hit the brakes unexpectedly.

Then there's the human-bullet technique. Not content with wiggling back onto the fender pad and flattening their torsos against the frame, the human bullets demand the ultimate in streamlining and get it by stretching out full-length on top of the machine with legs trailing straight out behind. As can be seen, this gives little control over the clutch, foot brakes and other devices that come in handy in an emergency.

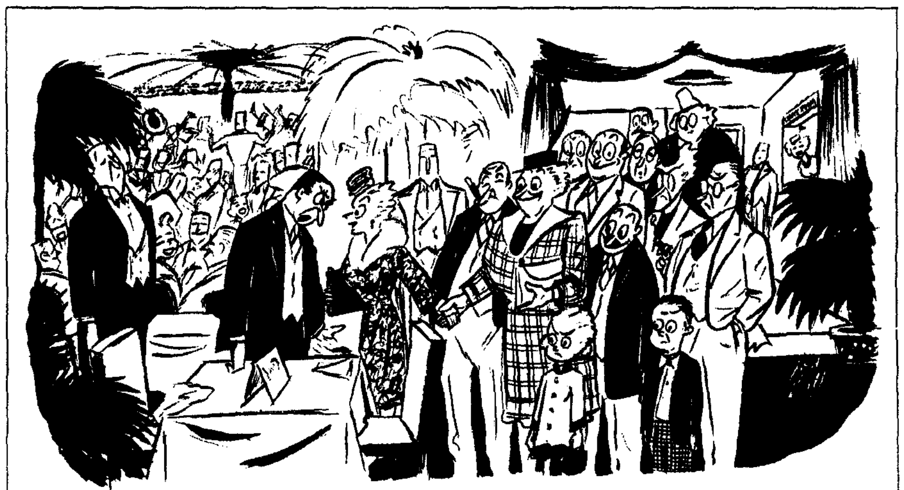
Regardles of what machine you ride—Harley-Davidson, Indian, Norton, Velocette, Ariel, B.S.A., Triumph or what not—your compression ratio must not be higher than 7½ to 1 for Class C competition. This is an AMA rule which was passed to keep the whiz kids from souping up their engines to the point where the Daytona 200 would cease to be simply dangerous and would drift over into the suicidal category. It is quite possible, using a smaller compression chamber and overhead valves, to jazz up a machine to where it will roll along at 130 miles an hour. This is not considered healthy by the officials.

So far the Daytona 200 has been free of fatal accidents, but the boys have their fingers crossed against a repetition of the ghastly wreck that occurred at Oakland, California, in 1941. Five of the hottest riders in the nation—Tommy Hayes, June McCall (a boy), Benny Campanale, Jimmy Kelly and Sam Arena—were going into a corner in a terrific broadslide, jammed so tight together you could have dropped a blanket over the lot. McCall, who was in the lead, lost a wheel and went down. The next instant all five riders tangled in a crunching, rending, flopping mass of flesh and machinery—and when the dust cleared away, Hayes and McCall were dying, Benny Campanale and Jimmy Kelly were critically injured, and Sam Arena was so badly shaken he did not ride for months.

The American Motorcycle Association makes a serious effort to prevent accidents, both on the track and in highway traffic. No rider under 21 may enter a sanctioned race without the written consent of his parents. Greenhorn riders are not permitted to tangle with veterans the first trip out, but must work up gradually through novice and amateur competitions before gaining the coveted designation of expert. Also, a benevolent fund has been set up to cover any expenses a rider might incur in a bad spill.

The AMA trusts you to abide by the rules, but if you should happen to win a prize at Daytona Beach they dismantle your machine and examine it carefully, just to make sure. If they find any extracurricular doodads inside the engine, or get a whiff of doped fuel from your gas tank, they ban you from official racing for one year and take away your bag of peanuts in the bargain.

THE END



"Yes, I did say I'd like to meet your family, Dotty, but I didn't mean here!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

In the limelight

...and liking it!

A BEAUTIFUL AUTOMOBILE, like a lovely woman, never need fear the spotlight. They have reason to welcome it.

Today, the new Hudsons are in the limelight of a popular approval that is winning—in record numbers—"habit buyers" of other makes. And frankly, we're *liking it.*

The reason isn't merely the praise we hear on every hand for Hudson's smart new styling—the luxury of wholly new interiors—the richness of the unusual leather-fabric combination in which they are upholstered.

The important thing is that the deeper the light of public attention probes, the more it reveals of those hidden qualities that make Hudson a truly fine automobile and a gilt-edged investment *on every count.*

You will revel in the smoothness of powerful Super-Six and Super-Eight motors that have won for Hudson more *official* performance and endurance records than are held by any other stock car. You will discover a new kind of comfort—exceptional ease of handling—remarkable economy—and exclusive features that make Hudson *America's safest car!*

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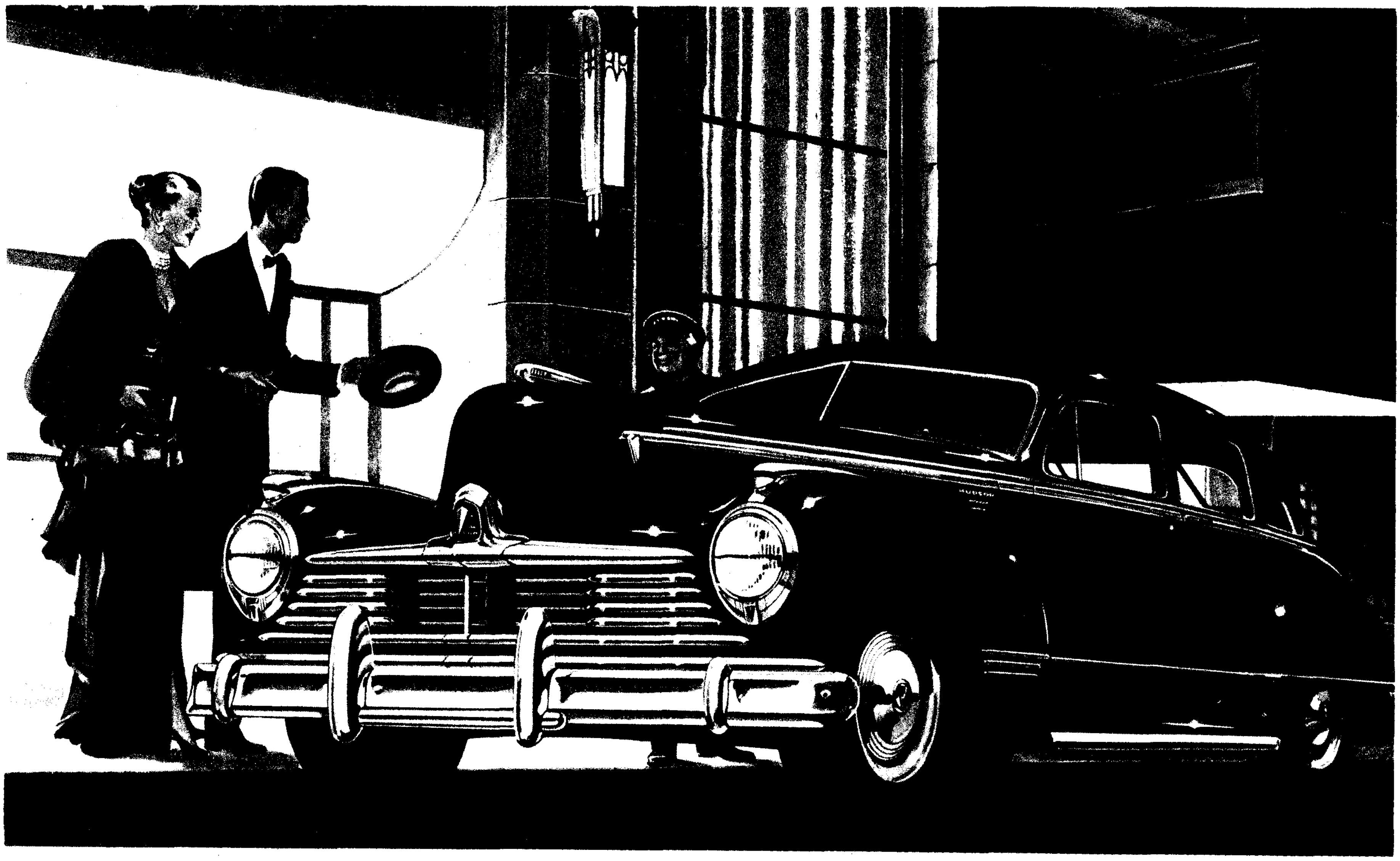

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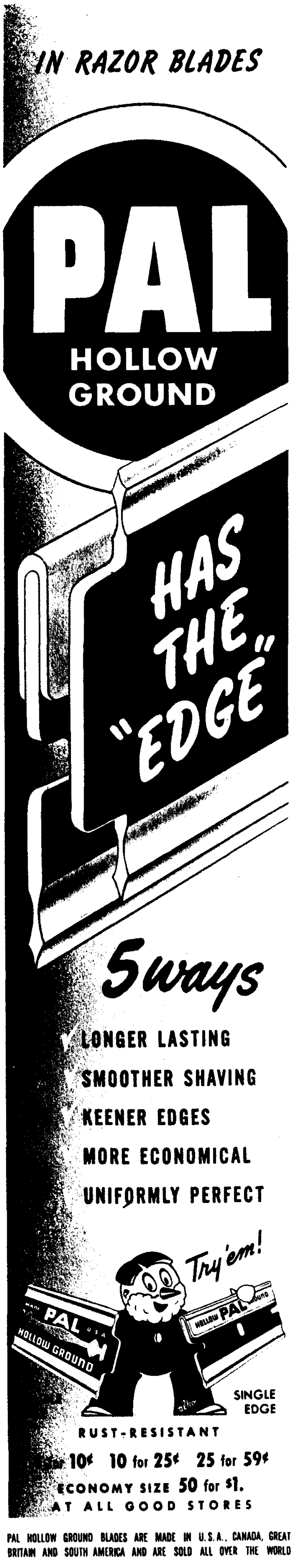

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PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES ARE MADE IN U.S.A., CANADA, GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH AMERICA AND ARE SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

THE DARK DEVICE

Continued from page 21

shoulders, her fingers digging into his flesh, her eyes still staring wildly into his. "I can push back," she repeated.

Her fingers hurt but it was nothing, he thought, to the hurt that would come when he landed. It really didn't matter when you died, he found himself thinking, only it would be too bad to die because you trusted your own judgment too far. He saw the headlines: INSANE PATIENT PUSHES ANALYST FROM WINDOW. They would never know that, in a way, he had committed suicide and destroyed his patient in the bargain. *Too bad he couldn't dictate a note.* He should have asked Mammy . . .

BUT while he was thinking these things he was looking quietly back at her, not moving, smiling a slow, friendly smile. He could feel it on his face and wondered where it came from.

"Sure you can, Tina," he said quietly. "You can push like hell, but it isn't what you want. This is what you want." He put his arms gently about her. "Try trusting me. You see I trust you."

Her staring eyes blinked, and slowly blinked again. Her mouth trembled and her whole face crumpled like a baby's. "I can't stand it," she gasped. "I'm so frightened I want to die."

Her digging fingers now were pulling him to one side, straining her own body toward the wide opening.

He held her. "Better wait," he said, "till you find out what it's like to live."

Her body was stiff for a moment longer, then she slumped down on the floor by the window and began to cry in great shattering gasps.

He let her cry. He dropped onto the little chair by the window and drew a deep breath and let it out slowly. After a while he put his hand on her shoulder, and when she groped toward him he put his arms around her once more.

She cried for a long time, leaning against him as impersonally as if she had thrown herself on the grass. When he began to feel cramped he slipped to the floor beside her. Taking the material of melodrama and spinning it so thin you could blow it away with words. It looked as if they'd done it this time. He felt desperately tired and dozed off.

He woke up when he felt her pulling away. She was looking up at him and her swollen eyes were bewildered, and pleading. "I nearly pushed you out that window," she whispered.

"Do you know why?"

"Not really—now. I felt that everywhere I turned you were blocking me. I thought I hated you and could only escape by destroying you."

"What do you suppose made you think that?"

"I don't know."

"It was that death wish in you, Tina. It was a repetition of that time you nearly landed with your skates in your father's face. You felt there was no other escape."

"But this time was worse. This time I thought about it. I wanted to kill you. I thought of your body falling out the window and down, and I was glad."

"Not my body, Tina."

"Yes, yes, I thought I hated you. I thought you were cruel, and you are the kindest person I know."

"You haven't known many kind people."

"Berg tries to be. Berg . . ."

"Think, Tina." His voice was grim. "This is the most important thing that ever happened to you. You almost killed an innocent man. You thought you wanted to. There has to be a reason. Remember, you must remember what you said right at the end there by the window. You said, 'You would beat us and tie us and starve us and tell us it was because you loved us.' You said, 'You made me kill my mother because I loved you.' Earlier you talked about being driven across fields by your braids. 'How cruelly you would jerk,' you said. Do you remember?

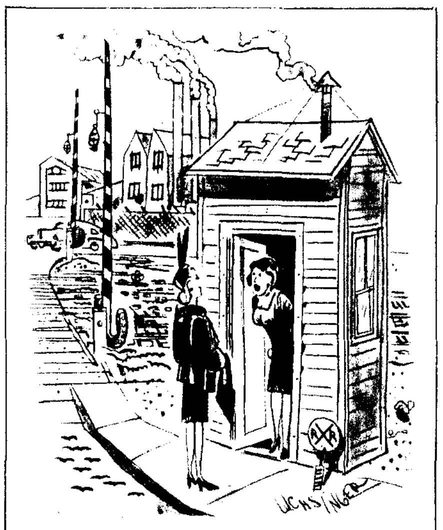
"I've never beaten or tied or starved you, Tina Linger. I've never driven you by your braids. I never knew your mother. Whom do you think you were talking to? Who is it that has done all those terrible things to you? You remember saying those things, don't you?"

"Yes." The word was almost a cry.

"You weren't talking to me, Tina. You were talking to your father and you were telling the truth as you've never dared remember it before."

"Don't," she gasped. "It's true, I know it's true, but don't, don't." She hid her face in her hands.

He sat looking down at her for a moment, feeling drained and empty. Then he got wearily to his feet. "Cry if you can. It's going to take a lot of crying to wash out those memories. But I guess that's enough for tonight."



"Harry had to take a job he didn't exactly care for, but at least we have a place to live!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES LUCHSINGER

He stood at the window looking out at the ground beneath where he might so easily have been this minute. He had known he wouldn't, he told himself; he wouldn't have done it otherwise, but he wondered how he had dared to be so sure.

"We've got to talk some more before you see your father, Tina. You'd better spend the night with my secretary. I'll phone Berg and then take you over. But first I'll order some coffee and sandwiches. I guess we both need it."

He went out to Mammy's desk to find the number of the drugstore. She was sitting at the typewriter as if she had never left it two hours earlier. The window of the waiting room was partly open.

She looked up from the shorthand notebook she was pretending to study, and two tears rolled down her cheek. "Simon," she said, in a cracked voice, "if you ever do anything like that again I swear I'll jump out this window myself."

TINA woke the next morning clinging desperately to sleep. There was a beautiful light, floating feeling in her, yet all around it was a haze of apprehension. She didn't know why, she couldn't remember yet, but she knew when she woke she would sink at once. This floating lightness was like a dream.

When she opened her eyes Mrs. Potts was standing beside the bed. "Simon's coming around to have breakfast with you. He'll be here in about fifteen minutes."

Tina suddenly remembered. She had almost killed Simon Sword last night. She had said frightful things to him. And he hadn't hated her for it or struck back. Instead, he had comforted and soothed her. He had brought her here, to Mrs. Potts' apartment. They had both been very kind. Last night, all the last terrible week, was beginning to be an incredible and fast-fading nightmare.

Did Mrs. Potts know all about last night, Tina wondered, and didn't she hate her either? This was all very strange. She leaned forward to step out of bed and her hair fell around her face. "I'll never have time to do my hair."

"Let it hang, it's pretty stuff. I'll brush it while you're washing your face."

"I couldn't let you bother . . ."

"Simon says it's good for me. He's usually right."

"It must be nice to know him well enough to call him Simon," Tina said sentimentally.

"I should think you might know him well enough by now."

Mrs. Potts' voice was a little drier at this, but still warm. She had brought coffee and sandwiches in the office at one point last night, but she hadn't been there earlier, or had she? Tina stopped wondering. It was too much trouble. "You are very kind to me. I don't deserve all this."

"You must. Simon likes you."

Simon likes you. Tina kept repeating the words to herself while she dressed, but when the doorbell rang, her heart stopped for an unbearable moment. He had been kind, understanding even, but inside he must scorn if not actually hate her for the past week.

SHE braced herself to meet his eyes when she came into the living room, but found only the warmth of shared experience in his smile. Mammy was putting on an imposing hat and saying, "The coffee and bacon are on the stove and rolls in the oven. I'm going to market and then to the office, Simon. Don't bother the poor girl till she's had her coffee." She gave Sword a smile and Tina a pat as she went out.

"I'll get the coffee," Tina said nervously, as soon as they were alone.

Sword followed her out to the kitchen. "Your hair's pretty that way," he said as she bent to open the oven door.

He picked up a strand and examined it as if it were a swatch of fine silk, then put it back on her shoulder. *Simon likes you.* The words danced in her mind.

"I called Berg," he said, when they were seated at the drop-leaf table in the living room.

Something fell sickeningly inside of her. She had forgotten Berg. "What did he say?"

"A good deal." He shrugged. "He didn't like it much, your not coming home to Papa. But we aren't going to let that worry us, are we?"

"I guess not," she said slowly. Soon she was going to have to go home, knowing how she really felt, knowing what she knew. Berg was going to be furious, and what could she tell him?

"Thought about last night?" She could feel Sword looking at her.

"I haven't thought about anything else, but it's all mixed up. You were wonderful. I don't see how you could be so wonderful, when I—I'm so ashamed and yet not really ashamed. I just feel free and light, and happy, as if it had never happened. I don't understand."

"It's often like that when you break down the walls you've built around some

C'm'on now—what other coffee ever gave you all this?

1. More delicious-or your money back!

We could write you a book about that heavenly Borden flavor! But it's quicker like this: If you don't like Borden's better than any coffee you ever tasted—ground or instant—we'll give you your money back!*

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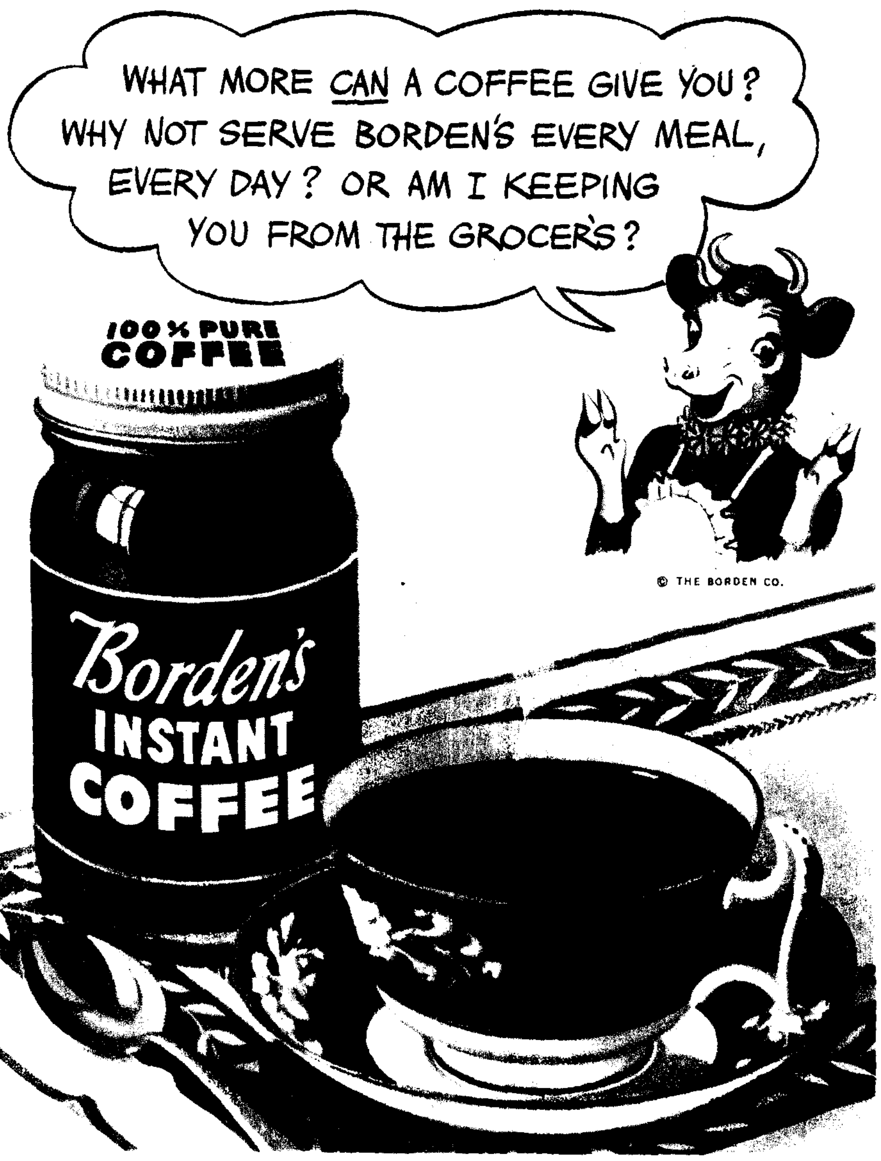
Most users tell us they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a full pound of ground coffee. Think how much that will save every week! Remember, Borden's isn't *half* coffee. It's *all* coffee — no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.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* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

If he's cold to you like this...

And you wish he'd warm up like this...

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MORAL: *For a sweet close-up after eating, drinking, or smoking, let Life Savers freshen your breath. Always good taste.*

WINT O GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

The candy with a hole—only 5¢

terrifying pain," he said impersonally. "Only you've got to remember what happened, Tina. That's why I came around this morning."

"I know I must, I know," she said, hurriedly. "It was so horribly close." She shuddered. "What if some other time . . ."

"You'll never want to kill anybody again, not seriously," he said. "You've worked through that. That murder impulse—and it was a murder impulse all right, my girl, I never saw a prettier—was so strong only because it had been buried deep and with that terrific charge of hate underneath it.

"Looking at Berg the way he really was and how you really felt about him hurt more than you could bear. You'd opened a channel to that hate. It had to go somewhere so you turned it all on me. And then the lid blew off. The lid doesn't always have to blow off like that, but it had to with you. As long as you were holding it down you couldn't see."

TINA had felt so wonderful before he began talking about all this. She didn't want to think about it. But she must try to do what he wanted. "See that it was really Berg I wanted to kill—that it was really Berg I hated." She felt an unexpected pleasure in saying that.

"That's right. Got it straight just what made a nice girl like you desperate enough to want to kill her father?"

"I think so."

"All right, what?"

"Something—something about feeling trapped. I always wanted to be free, yet my love for Berg made me a slave to him, made me cause my mother's death out of jealousy."

She saw that he was frowning. "Then," she said hurriedly, "because I felt he was responsible for what I had done and because that tied me to him more than ever I began to hate loving him and ended by thinking I could only get free by killing him, too."

"No." He threw down his fork and got to his feet. "No. You're still taking the blame and you've got to stop. You're blameless, Tina, totally blameless. Berg has systematically sold you a bill of goods for twenty years and I've got to unsell it in a few weeks." He began to walk restlessly around the room. "You don't know what I'm talking about, do you?"

She shook her head.

"Listen." He sat down again and leaned toward her, pushing his cup aside so abruptly the coffee spilled.

"Let's start over, Tina," Sword said. "Berg was always pretty cruel to all of you whenever you didn't do just what he wanted."

"Yes," she said.

"He has to dominate anyone who is around him."

"Yes."

"And inside, you were always fighting that domination."

"Yes."

"And yet you loved him so terribly you could want to kill your mother to have him all to yourself?"

She began to feel confused. She didn't answer.

"Skip it," he said after a moment. "Can you believe that he used your mother's accident as a way of dominating his rebellious daughter—you—by keeping your guilt before your eyes?"

"Yes," she said, unwillingly.

"Now, what if it was really an accident, and he just made you feel to blame—used your love and fear of him to make you think you had wanted your mother to die. You don't remember what happened; you just remember what he told you. Could you believe that?"

Something stirred in her, there was a whispering in her ears, and she could feel herself shrinking.

"Yes," she whispered, "almost."

"Now what if it was really Berg who caused your mother's death, what if he was frantically jealous of that neighboring farmer, what if your mother had fallen in love with him? Could you believe that Berg would arrange the accident rather than lose her, and then pin it on you to escape the blame himself and also tie you to him forever?"

"No," she cried, "no, he couldn't do that. Why should you think it?"

"Your brother Larsen thinks it."

"Only since he's been away. Only since he's been under battle stress. Larsen and Berg always were antagonistic."

"While you and Berg loved each other so much that he deliberately put sugar where you were going to jump to make you fall," he said ironically.

"No," she repeated, "he wouldn't do that."

"Dooner and I both saw it. We felt it and tasted it."

"Then someone else did it, not Berg."

"Of course it was Berg. You have said yourself he can't bear to be crossed and you have been crossing him ever since you started seeing me. You have said he punished you every time you disobeyed him. You have said he was cruel, so cruel that you wanted to kill him, but you don't think he is capable of that?"

She couldn't listen. "Simon, you've been so wonderful and I love you. You're wise, but how can you think you know what happened ten years ago better than I who was there?"

"I only know what you've been telling me for the past weeks; what you know inside, but can't see yet. Your father is a dangerous man, Tina. He killed your mother rather than lose her; he risked a serious injury to you rather than see you on your own; he may kill you rather than risk this new freedom that is growing in you. That makes sense; that adds up; that gives you a reasonable background for your urge to kill him. But all the business of perverted love trapping you and driving you to murder is phony psychological melodrama—the sort of thing an amateur psychologist like Berg would dream up. It just doesn't ring true."

She put her head down on the table. "If what you said were true," she said, "if half of it were true, it would mean Berg is insane."

"He is insane. It is a sort that doesn't show in ordinary daily life, but it is insanity and a very dangerous kind. You must face that."

"If he is insane," she said, stubbornly, "then we must take care of him."

"He may kill you while you are trying to."

SHE got up from the table and looked out the window. She found she was shaking. "He wouldn't do that," she said. "He is twisted and sometimes very cruel. He has tied us all to him all his life to satisfy his sense of power, but he couldn't help it. He loves us too. He would never do anything to really hurt us."

She waited a long time for him to speak. She heard him get up and move over to her. A vague hope crossed her mind that perhaps he would put his arms around her and tell her to forget all that had been said. She was so tired.

Instead he said, "Last night, Tina, you kept talking about a rope, about being tied to your father with a rope. Was that the rope you were holding when your mother fell? Can you remember? Can you remember letting it go? Can you remember how it felt?"

The rope. She was reaching for it, she was holding it, she was falling and calling to her mother—then she heard her mother scream. Was the rope still in her hand? There was something she should remember, but she didn't know what. Her mind went blank. "I can't remember," she said. "Let me alone, Simon."

"The cage door is wide open," he said. "You won't see it; you won't come out, will you? If I had any sense I'd let you stay there. I've gone too far already, much too far. But I haven't any sense, Tina Linger. I'm going to smash that cage somehow. Be careful for a day or so. Very careful. You mustn't get hurt when it breaks."

She could feel him close behind her, very close, but he didn't touch her and she heard the door close after him as he went out.

Sword was painfully exhausted, partly from the frustrating struggle with Tina, but also from the still more frustrating struggle with himself to preserve professional detachment. He wanted that slender streak of silver back by the window. He wanted Tina, but he didn't want to want her at all. It was quite a struggle. All the same, he could grin a little as he thought of the night Berg must have spent.

As Sword had told Tina, Berg had a lot to say over the phone. He had said he would call the police; he would come around and choke from Sword where Tina was; he would go out and find her himself. But he couldn't find Sword, who had long ago learned that an anonymous residence was valuable with artistic patients. He couldn't find where Mammy lived—even if he knew her name, there were a lot of Pottses in the phone book—and the New York police weren't likely to be very helpful about a daughter staying out overnight. Until Sword went to his office there wasn't a thing Berg could do but seethe. And that was all right. If Berg was feeling desperate to begin with, it would save a certain amount of trouble.

Sword didn't like what he was about to do. It was unethical and, what's more, dangerous. But when you had to choose between dangers—and you did here—take the one you could do something about.

He entered his office through the waiting room. He greeted Mammy, and then spoke to the man who was standing belligerently by the door: "Mr. Linger, this is a coincidence. I was going to phone and ask you to come in today."

Berg didn't speak until they were in the consulting room with both doors shut.

"Where is my daughter, Dr. Sword?"

"Tina?" Sword looked casually at his watch. "She must be nearly home by now. I stopped in to see her on my way over and she seemed quite herself again. A little tired, but she slept well. You understand she stayed with my secretary. A fine woman, Mrs. Potts."

"You've trained her well for your purposes. 'You'd better wait and see Dr. Sword, Mr. Linger,'" Berg mimicked viciously. "I have been insane with anxiety since last night and all I have had for an hour is, 'You'd better wait and see Dr. Sword.'"

"That's too bad. She could have told you. Tina had rather a bad time last evening. It was something of a crisis. I wanted her to have time to digest it before she came home. I hoped you would understand. It was a very serious neurosis, Mr. Linger, but she has made great progress in the past weeks. I think she's practically cured. Sit down, won't you?"

"I consider you a dangerous quack, Dr. Sword. I shall report you to the authorities." Berg hadn't moved.

"I'm sorry you feel like that. There is hidden hostility, of course, in all psychiatric patients, and the relatives often feel as you do now when it first comes out, but I'd hoped with your knowledge of psychiatry you'd understand. Sit down and let's discuss this."

BERG'S face didn't change. He sat down, his body taut, Sword thought, like a coiled spring.

"Tina," Sword said, "has spent the last ten years with the terrifying delusion that she killed her mother and that you know she did but are trying to protect her from that knowledge."

Berg's face was sad. "In a way, Dr. Sword, that is unhappily true; Tina was responsible for her mother's death."

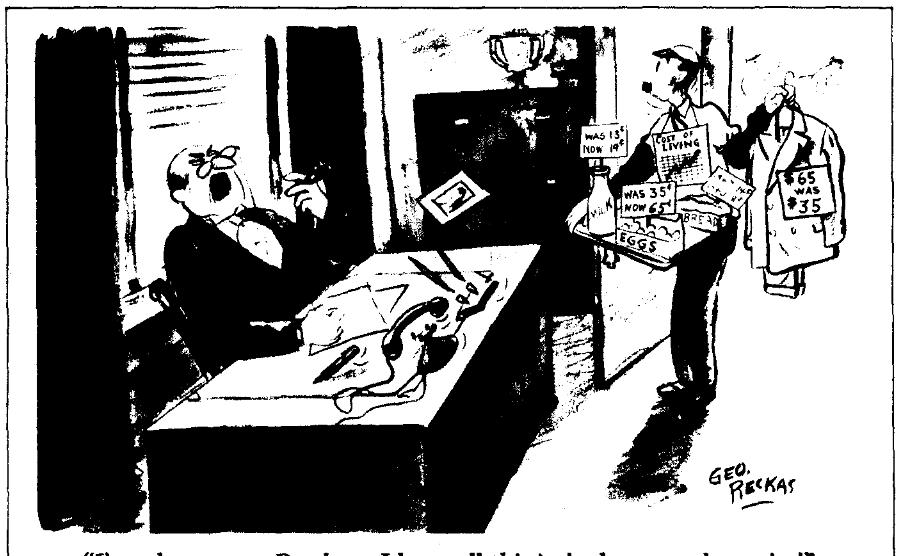
"I quite understand that," Sword agreed blandly, "but the whole incident has been very cloudy in her mind. Psychic trauma, you know. Our job has been to get her to go back and relive this incident and remember it exactly as it happened. It's all there somewhere in her mind, you know, down to the smallest detail. She simply hasn't been able to remember it because of her sense of guilt. But she's making great progress. Every day she remembers the incident more clearly. She is convinced by now that she didn't want her mother to die; that it was nothing but a tragic accident. All that remains is for her to remember enough more to be convinced that she could not have prevented it. You understand, I'm sure?" He looked inquiringly at Berg.

"It is curious about these memory blocks," Sword went on. "There is always a reason behind them, but you usually only find the reason when you get rid of the block. I think we're very near with Tina. There seems to be something about a rope—the rope, I suppose, that held the trap door her mother fell through. It keeps coming up in irrational ways. You can't help me there, can you?"

Berg shook his head. "It happened so quickly," he said, in a voice of controlled grief, "that I am not very clear, myself."

"Of course—the shock. It doesn't matter. Much better for her to remember it herself anyway. And she will. Any day it may come to her, like a photograph, and we'll know exactly what did happen. Then I think she will be well, and free, Mr. Linger."

He glanced at Berg again. The spring,



"I'm a busy man, Breslaw. I hope all this isn't about another raise!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

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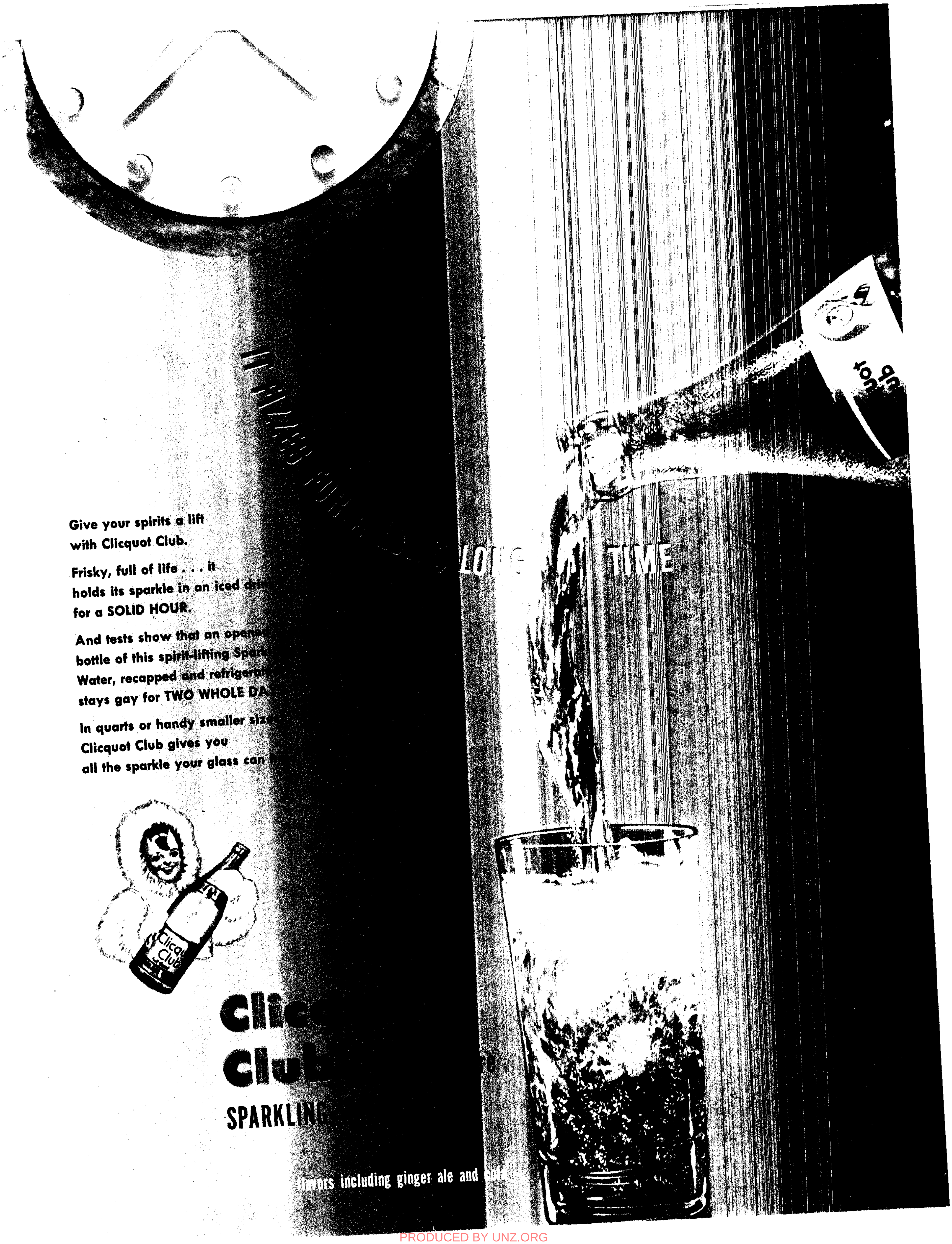

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he thought, seemed to be coiled a little tighter.

"There's another interesting angle to all this," he went on. "I wouldn't ordinarily expect a layman to understand but with you it is different. Tina has had a very serious father fixation. That is one of the reasons, of course, why she has been able to believe she desired her mother's death. The Oedipus complex, you know." He gestured airily. "Perfectly normal, but it can play strange tricks on a child mind. You are a strong personality, Mr. Linger. It was inevitable that you would dominate your children. You wouldn't mean to, of course, but with Tina it amounted to psychological slavery. The first month we worked together she couldn't criticize you in even the smallest way.

"She was unable to skate, incidentally, because that feeling of responsibility for her mother's death made her fear she might kill you, too."

SWORD looked at Berg and chuckled. "It wasn't so impossible, as a matter of fact. There was a while when you might have been in real danger if she had you near an open window, but that's all past. She is beginning to be free and whole. Soon she will no longer need you at all, and like any normal girl, she will branch out to love and a life of her own."

He stood up. "I wanted you to know this, Mr. Linger, because I knew it would make you very happy, and proud of her. There is just that little elusive detail of the rope. But we'll get that. We'll get it tomorrow or the next day, I shouldn't wonder. When we do I'll let you know. Good of you to come in."

"Thank you for telling me all this, Doctor," Berg said carefully. "I'm sure you have done all you could." He slowly pulled on his gloves, and left the office without looking at Sword.

When he had gone Sword put two sticks of gum in his mouth and chewed rapidly for a few minutes. Had it worked? He felt pretty sure it had. There had been a moment there at the end when he was glad he had not been between Berg and an open window.

He picked up the phone and called the Lavish Hotel.

"Miss Linger—Alma? This is Simon Sword. Tina has told you about me? Fine. Alma, Tina will need your help in the next day or so. She's been through a bad time and is in rather a critical state. I wouldn't leave her alone any more than you can help. If she comes through this all right, you won't have to worry about her ever again. But just for a day or so, keep your eye on her, Alma. No, I wouldn't mention it to your father. He's just been here and I think he has enough on his mind. Tina says you're a wonderful sister, and I know you can manage this. Sure. Goodby."

A second call brought Dill Dooner to Sword's office just before noon.

"Hello, Dill."

"Hi, Si." Dill looked tired.

Sword grinned. "I think this is it, my friend. I think wonderful Papa is going to strike."

"How do you know?" Dill mocked. "Pipe line from God?"

"Pipe line from Freud, call it. I've just been pushing Papa, and I hope I've pushed him too far. Dill, Tina just won't believe Papa can be a menace. I can't convince her with words. We've got to show her, and I've a hunch we're going to have a chance." He frowned. "Have you got a gun?"

"I've got a gun." Dill waited.

"Can you shoot it?"

"I have." Dill was still waiting.

"I've a feeling someone ought to keep an eye on Tina for the next day or so—all the time. I've even thought of borrowing a key from the chambermaid and hiding in her closet or on the balcony. It sounds hammy, I know, but I'm that serious about the danger. The thing is, I don't want to do it myself. If the affair should get any publicity, and it could if anything happens, psychoanalysis would get a black eye it can't afford. The thing looks like your dish, anyway. You're small, you have a way with chambermaids, and a gun. And you've seemed anxious all along for some action. If anything should happen I could be over there in five minutes. I'll keep near a phone. My idea is not only to catch Berg with the goods but make him tell where all the other bodies are hidden."

Dill had been watching him carefully. Looking down at the tip of his cigarette, he said slowly, "Is this all in the line of professional duty, Doc, or do you love that girl?"

Sword blinked, and looked at Dill. "If I do," he said, "I don't plan to do anything about it."

"I had an idea that fateful Friday that you'd already begun to do something about it. She sure had a loved look. It sure was beautiful."

"That look," said Sword, "came from discovering she could love. That's as important as being loved, you know. But she's going to need love very badly from here on. Something gave me the idea you wanted the job."

"Think she'd make a good wife for me, but not for you?" Dooner asked gently.

"No," Sword said calmly. "I think she'd make an absolute hell of a wife for anyone. She's a beautiful neurotic prima donna who has been raised on cruelty. She's going to go a long way and give the world a lot of beauty, but probably more beauty than children. I think anybody who loves her is going to get hurt, maybe hurt bad, but I had sized you up as a man who might not care."

"Maybe you sized me up," Dill said, looking up at him, "as a man who found he couldn't afford to care."

"Maybe I just sized you up." Sword looked back at him with a small smile.

Dill grinned. "My mother, who was a perfect lady, would have said that any man who discussed a girl like this was a cad."

"My mother would never have suspected there was this to discuss about a girl," said Sword. "Your mother's probably right, on the whole. It's a question of motives, I guess. Mine are no better than most, but they could be worse, a lot worse. Anyway, will you take over?"

"Sure." Dill's smile became broader with a new warmth.

"Think you can get in and find a place to stand guard?"

"I guess so. I've been doing it for a week. The balcony behind the shrubbery makes fine camouflage—but it was never built for comfort."

WALKING back to the Lavish from Sword's office, Berg tried to think at what point things had begun to go wrong this time. Destruction seemed imminent, that was clear, but it also seemed neither reasonable nor justified. He had planned so carefully, so well. Had he, after all, managed things badly? And just when had it started?

Larsen's going away looked like the beginning. Certainly it was after that that Tina had not seemed like herself. And then the problem of Larsen's letters. Larsen had done too much thinking when he got overseas, and too much thinking was bad. Berg had kept the letters away, but Tina obviously had wondered. Thor had been no trouble. Thor's sleepwalking had been simple to manage, and he had always stuttered. Thor was safe, and Alma no problem. But Tina—who was the one most precious to him—Tina had changed disturbingly since Larsen went away. Larsen had not been handled well, and this was the judgment, no doubt. But this was also a challenge to his power and one he would meet and conquer.

There had been other challenges. As

"...and then the Colonel yells "NO WHAT?"
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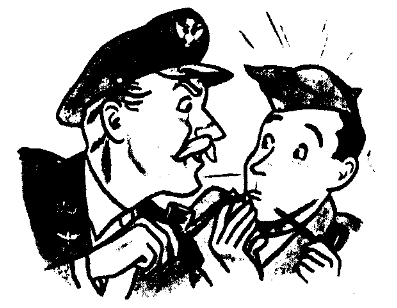
"THAT TOBACCO—fragrant, aromatic—who mixes it for you, Sergeant?" "Philip Morris, sir—they call it Bond Street. Try some, sir?"

THE COLONEL inhaled deeply "Hmmm . . . nice full body, a real man's smoke. I suppose it'll bite your tongue like other tobaccos?"



"NO," said honest Tom, forgetting the "sir." The Colonel's ears burned at the omission. "NO WHAT?" he roared. "No bite*", said Tom.

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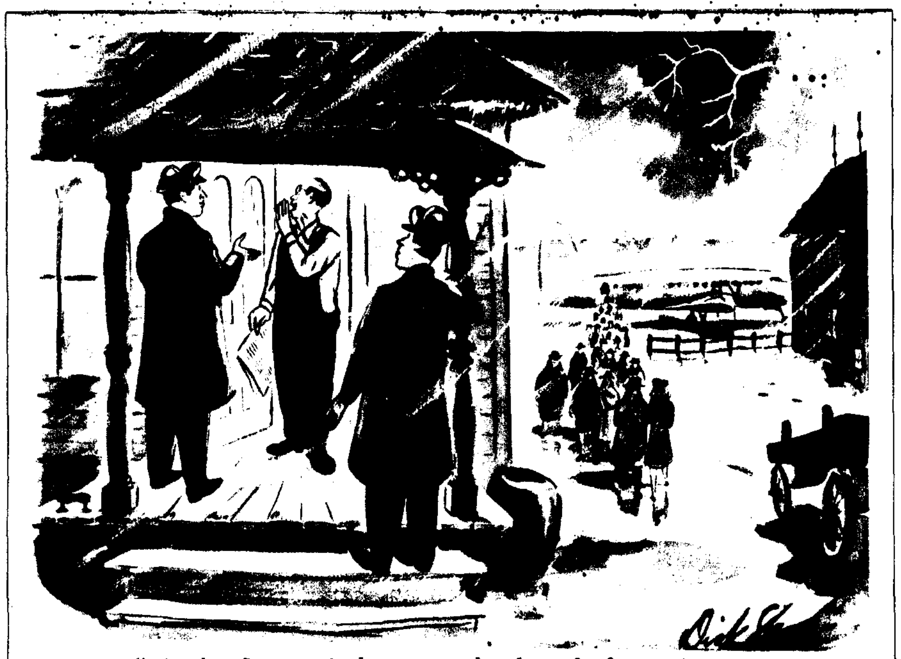
SOLE UNITED STATES IMPORTERS: R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 90.4 PROOF he looked back over his life he saw it as a great sweeping plain with occasional high peaks that had been put there entirely to see if he could climb them. He had climbed them. Johanna had found it hard to realize that she must not let the babies take her away from him, even a little. The mother obviously must never be more important than the father. She had learned slowly but she had learned—just as the children had learned the price of disobedience. Tina, sweet, rebellious Tina, had learned hard—she was too much like him—but she, too, had learned, or had seemed to.

There was that winter when he was away on tour so long. It had seemed necessary. There were six mouths to feed and he was to be featured on tour. It had never crossed his mind when he made the arrangement with Tim Perth about the chores that he could become a menace. A soft thing like that, calling himself a man. Yet he came home to find that Perth had made Johanna believe that softness was good, and what she wanted.

When she couldn't see the wrongness of this there was only one thing to do. She couldn't ever belong to anyone else.



"Maw! Some airplane people forced down in our pasture—make some dinner, and fix up the spare room!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

That had looked like disaster. He had loved the pretty soft thing that she was. Unloving took time, and at the end it had been hard to see her softness broken on the plow below the hay chute.

But strength had its reward always, because the loss of Johanna had become a way to mold Tina. Her growing sense of guilt had held her to him as no fear could have. That had been well done. And the Skating Lingers, the creation of Berg Linger, the living, growing, infinitely skillful creation of Berg, had been the reward for his power and strength.

It was stupid perhaps not to have foreseen that another challenge would come after Larsen went overseas. Because that, clearly, was Berg's fate. But when the accident happened he had thought only that Tina was overtired. He hadn't thought of Sword as another dangerous influence. The show needed her, and Holland had said that Sword could soon get Tina back on her skates. Stupidly, he hadn't thought beyond that.

Well, now it had come. If Tina should think back and begin to wonder too much about Johanna's death she might even accuse him. The law was no danger after all these years. But what if she should leave him and poison Thor's and Alma's minds until they, too, should leave him?

That was unthinkable. He would test Tina tonight, give her one more chance, and if she should struggle any further for freedom, clearly she would have to go like Johanna.

The thing had sounded very close, as Sword talked. He must think now, plan how would be best, and not only how but how it must also look. What a pity! His lovely Tina, his oldest, dearest daughter! His throat filled. How he would miss her, yet not so much this way, not nearly so intolerably as if she were gone—and still alive. He began to walk faster.

AFTER Sword left Mammy's, Tina hurriedly washed the breakfast dishes and braided her hair. In a cab on the way to the Lavish, she kept wondering what Berg would say about her staying out all night. When she opened the apartment door, Thor was practicing a spread eagle in the middle of the room, and Alma was mending a pair of tights. It was all comfortingly familiar.

She told them about Mrs. Potts and her apartment and her monstrous nightgown, but finally she had to ask, "Where is Berg?" She found she was trembling as she asked it.

"Papa has gone out," Alma said. "He's furious, Tina, but more at Dr. Sword than at you. What happened, Tina? It must have been awful. None of us has ever stayed out all night before."

"Awful? Oh, Alma, it was." The emotions of the past hours swept over her and Tina did something she had never done in her life. She threw herself into Alma's arms and began to cry. "I am so frightened, Alma, so upset. I can't explain. You couldn't understand. Alma, when will Berg be back? I don't want to see him! I can't—not while I feel like this."

"He won't be that angry, Tina." Alma patted her soothingly. "You know Papa. He always ends by being gentle with you. He'll forgive you. You'll see."

"It isn't that." Tina was still trembling. "I'm not really afraid of—Berg, not of what he might do to me. It is more as if something terrible might happen. I can't explain; I think I'll go lie down. Tell Berg I'm asleep. I'll be all right in an hour or so. Oh, of course, I can skate tonight. I have to skate tonight. I'm a big baby, but I'm so afraid—I don't know—afraid I might lose both of you somehow."

"You see," Alma said to Thor after Tina had gone to her room, "she isn't herself. We've got to be terribly careful. I've hidden those capsules Dr. Sword gave her, under my best stockings. In a minute I'll go in and look around. I'm sure she wouldn't do anything right now but we mustn't leave her alone for long. You know, Thor, I keep feeling that without Tina you and I would be lost, absolutely lost. That's funny, isn't it? For we'd still have Papa and he's so strong and wonderful."

Thor nodded understandingly. "B-b-berg would be lost t-too," he said. "He's not so s-s-strong as h-he thinks, I sometimes th-think."

"Thor!" Alma gave him a shocked look and slipped into Tina's room.

"There's nothing dangerous under her pillow for I plumped it up, or in her bag," she whispered, when she came out. "Thor, you keep your ears open and if Papa comes in tell him Tina is sleeping. I'm going to slide out and have a sundae. I simply have to have it. Tell Papa I've gone to get Tina some aspirin."

Thor mechanically went back to his leg exercises, his ear strained toward Tina's room. Did all families have all this, he wondered: Tina with her skating and sleeping trouble, almost wanting to die even; Alma worrying all the time about getting fat and eating more every time she thought about it; he always stuttering and now walking in his sleep; Larsen never writing. He didn't know, but he didn't like it. Why, for instance, should he walk in his sleep when he wanted so bad to get into the Army like Larsen? Maybe he ought to see Dr. Sword or someone, too.

His face twitched when Berg came in. "A-alma went to g-get Tina some a-a-aspirin," he said, before Berg could speak. "Tina's r-resting. She just c-came in."

"Good." Berg started toward Tina's room.

"Sh-she wanted to s-s-sleep. Sh-she's tired," Thor insisted unhappily.

"All right, all right." Berg was irritable. He went into Tina's and Alma's bathroom. "Where's that sedative of Tina's?" he asked. "This thing has upset me."

"I—I don't know."

Berg sat down and stared into space, scowling.

"I'll l-look for it," Thor said anxiously. He went into the bathroom and from there to Alma's room. Papa might be angry if he knew Alma had hidden it without talking to him. He found it under the stockings and brought it to his father who slipped it in his pocket without comment. Then he went back to his exercises. Papa couldn't say he had been loafing. He stretched his long legs until his feet were all but turned backward; his face contracted in misery. It was difficult belonging to a family who all loved one another so much.

Tina woke to find Berg standing quietly by her door. He was watching her, and for a moment terror seized her. Insane? And ready to hurt her—to kill her?

Then he smiled and everything seemed normal again. It was just those awful things she remembered: all that early discipline, his wanting to dominate everybody and her rebellion, just her worry and misery over Mama's accident.

He came and sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked her cheek. "Alma said you wanted to sleep, little Sea Gull, but it's time for lunch."

"I'm sorry about last night, Berg." She had meant to say Papa, but it wouldn't come. "I felt too ill to come home. I couldn't help it."

"I know." He was perfectly understanding, and it made her ashamed. "I have just come from talking to Dr. Sword. If it were not the end I might be angry because I have been so worried. But he says you are cured. Now we can just forget about it." His eyes studied her tenderly as he talked.

"Did Simon say that?" she asked, surprised.

"As I understood it."

"I'll phone him later." She dismissed the question; there were so many others.

"Don't phone him, Tina." Berg's hand pressed hers compellingly. "Let's forget Dr. Sword right now and start over as we were. He's caused enough trouble be-

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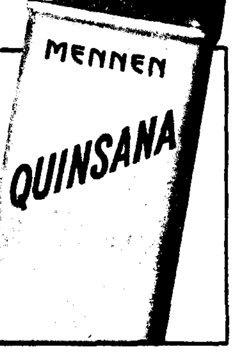
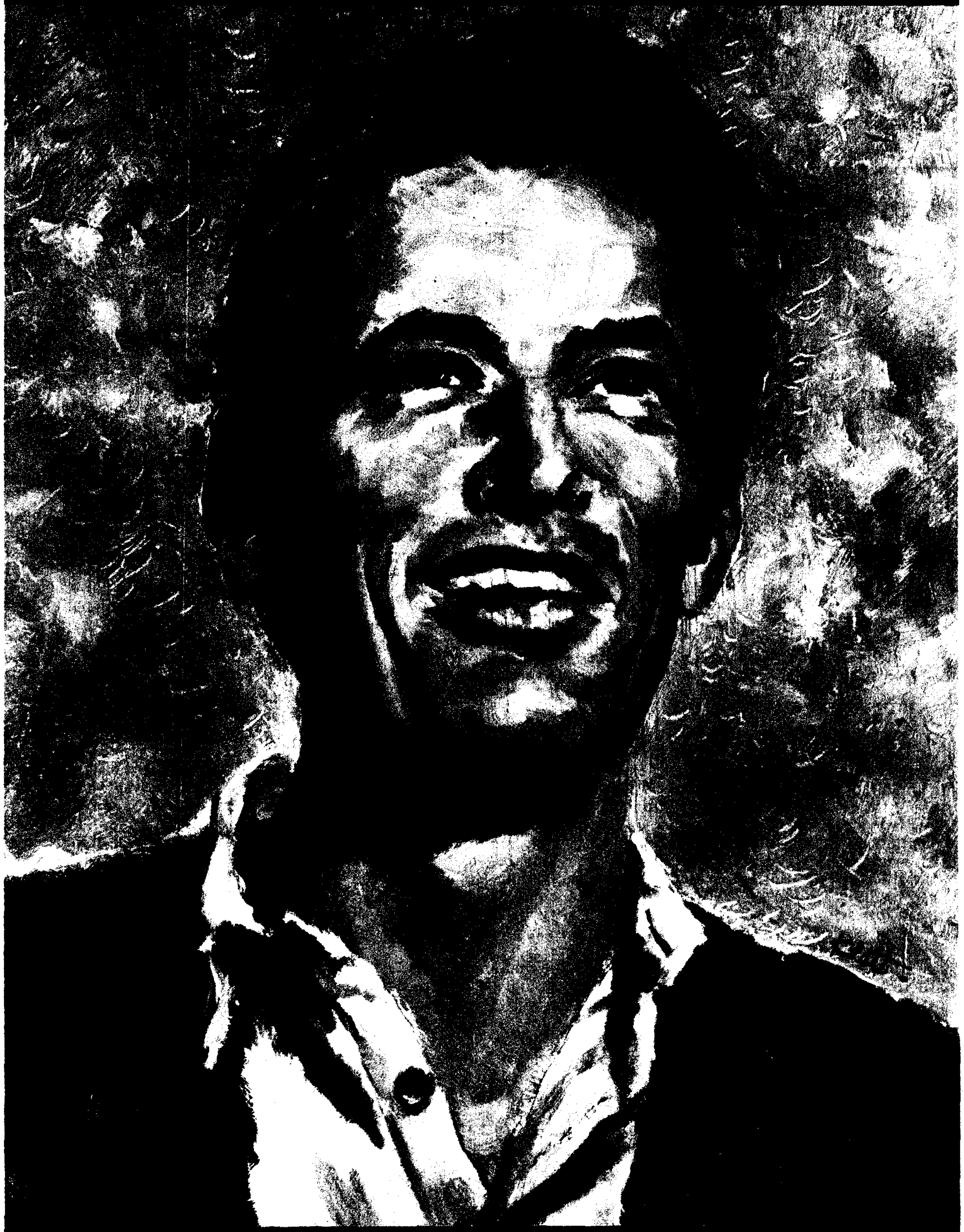


THIS IS THE YEAR OF "The Yearling"



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

reports on an important film event for COLLIER'S Readers

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KLETT

Pictorially beautiful, authentic in detail, and sincerely presented, "The Yearling" is destined to be received by the public as one of the great pictures of the year. It emphasizes the human quality of simple folk, and for that reason alone should carry broad appeal.

The outstanding feature of "The Yearling" is (to my way of thinking) the superlative performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter. She plays an exacting and difficult role with superb restraint and dynamic power.

Gregory Peck is warmly human in the sympathetic part of Penny Baxter, Florida pioneer. He gives an understanding, well-rounded performance.

Picture audiences will rave over Jody Baxter, as played by Claude Jarman, Jr. His part is a long and important one. The burden of the picture falls on his youthful shoulders. He acquits himself well.

But, second only to the acting of Jane Wyman, major credit should go to the photographic department. From beginning to end, the Technicolor shots are magnificent, and some of them have breath-taking beauty.

The entire cast is good. Don Gift's performance as Fodderwing Forrester is particularly to be praised.

And for a long, long time people will be enthusing about the histrionic ability of Flag, the deer.

Yes, indeed, "The Yearling" is The Picture Of The Year. Its stars, Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, are Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' characters come to life.

The supporting cast headed by Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", includes Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly and Forrest Tucker. The screen play by Paul Osborn is superb. Director-producer Clarence Brown and producer Sidney Franklin have created a Technicolor film of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer can be proud.

Advertisement

tween us, but maybe not too much, no?"

She hardly heard him. Her mind was so full of questions. Was it true that she hated him? She didn't feel it now; it seemed very far away. Perhaps if she could get it straight about Mama's accident she would lose this sense of strangeness.

She sat up, unthinkingly brushing off his hand as she did. "Tell me about Mama's accident. I have let you shield me from that too long, and it's done no good. It has haunted and haunted me. Tell me what happened. Perhaps I was less to blame than I have thought all these years, but if I was to blame I want to face it. I'm tired of being so weak."

Berg was silent for a long time. She could feel the tenseness of his body. "My Tina is feeling brave today," he said softly, "maybe too brave. Some things are better not looked at."

"I must look," she said. "I must know, Berg. I must."

"It is very terrible what happened to Mama, Tina. Are you sure you can stand the knowledge?"

"I have to try, Berg."

"You didn't know you wanted your mother's death," he said in his soft hypnotic voice after another long pause. "You must know I have always realized that. You were too young to be blamed for letting go of the rope to the trap door when she was right on top of it. But you did do it, my Tina. I don't blame you, for I know your real emotion was love for me. But it is a terrible thing not to be able to control emotions like that. I have had to protect you from yourself. I have tried and I will keep on trying. Because, little Tina, Papa loves you, too. He loves you the most of all his children because you are the weakest."

His eyes were bright and steady on her face as he talked. His words echoed through her mind, back, back as far as she could remember. Like everything else today they had a curious ring of unreality. Why was this? Why didn't what he was saying fill her with unbearable shame and horror?

"I'm getting less weak every day," she said, slowly. "I can think about it now. I can think about Mama who was so lovely, and when I do I cannot believe I wanted her to die, however much I loved you. You must have been upset, too, Berg—too upset to know just what happened. I keep thinking there is something, I don't know what it is, but if I could remember it I would know just how the accident happened."

"You see, you only think you are strong," he said patiently. "You can't bear to contemplate the truth. Let neither of us ever think about it again, and just be happy with each other."

"I have to think about it. I can't be happy until I remember. You have been a wonderful father and I have often been a bad daughter. I know that, but also I have been a baby too long. Never mind, Berg, I have to work it out for myself, I guess."

"You are mistaken about this, Tina," he said, standing up. "Perhaps things will look different by evening. If not— You won't feel this way tomorrow," he said, as if reassuring himself. "Come, it's lunchtime."

"I think I'll just lie here and rest," she said. "Will you send me some coffee and toast?"

Her voice was remote and he could see her mind had run away from him. His face tensed and he went out in the living room. Alma also refused to go down to lunch, insisting almost hysterically that Tina might need her. He joked and said in that case he and Thor would be able for once to lunch in the men's grill, but the spring that Sword had noticed in him was coiled tighter than ever.

ALMA had been alone only a few minutes when the door to the apartment opened quietly and Dill came in. "How goes it, dumpling?" he whispered. "Everything under control?"

"I think so. Tina's resting but she was awfully upset when she came in. I've hidden her sedative."

"Good girl. How was Papa?"

"Sort of sad and sweet and resigned."

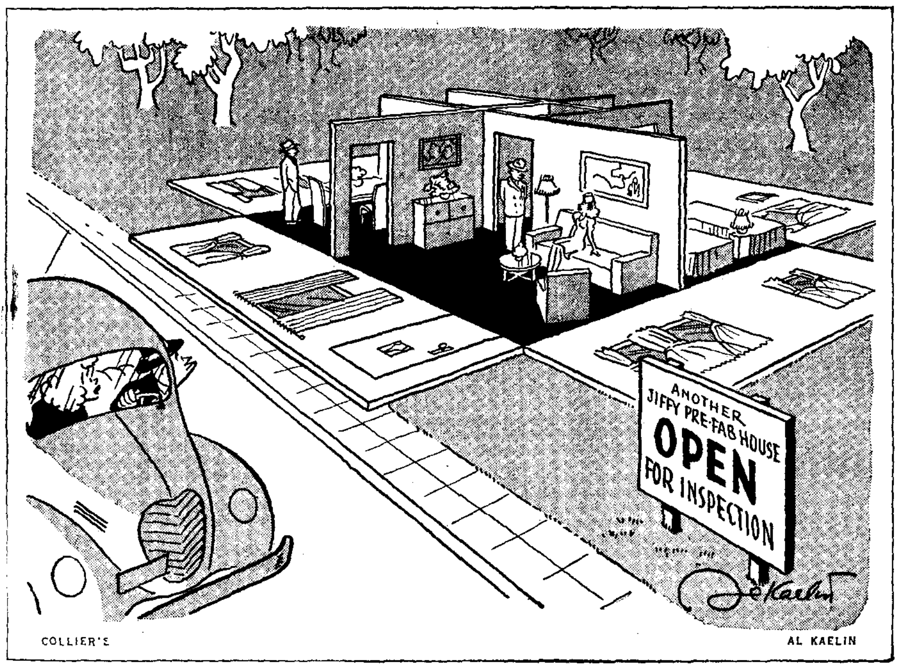
"Well, maybe in a day or so we can all relax again." He grinned at her, and went out to the balcony.

Alma watched him settle down behind the potted evergreens. He really was quite well hidden, she thought, but he must get cold and stiff. She wondered what had made him decide to keep watch in the daytime, too. Had he seen Dr. Sword? Was Tina really in so critical a state?

She went into the bathroom to get a drink of water and opened the cabinet to find a glass. That was funny. Tina's box of capsules was back on the shelf. Had she only thought she had hidden it or had Dr. Sword given Tina another prescription? Better not leave it around anyway. If Tina asked for it she'd think of something. She took the box into her room and slipped it under her stockings, feeling around to see if the other one was there. It didn't seem to be, which was very confusing. But then everything had been confusing lately, much too confusing even to try to figure out. She gave it up. . . .

As Tina lay in her darkened room Simon's words kept dancing in the back of her mind. Simon had said Berg was insane and Simon had been right about so many things. But all the time she had been talking to Berg, he was gentle and normal.

Perhaps Simon was so anxious to re-



COLLIER'S AL KAELIN

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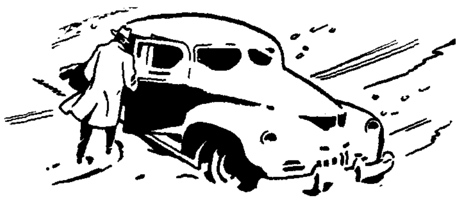

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lieve her of any guilt that he had made himself believe this about Berg to exonerate her. But there was that business of the ice when she stumbled. Had it really been sticky? And if so, how could it have got that way? She dozed off again.

She was awake and having her coffee and toast when Berg and Thor came back from lunch.

"Much better," she said in answer to Berg's question. "I keep thinking about the Flower Garden, Berg. One of the things that has upset me most, I think, was my failure then. You helped me wonderfully in that, but you didn't want me to fail, did you, Berg? You weren't happy that I failed?"

He laughed. "Is this another idea of your doctor's? That I made you fail that night? How? By witchcraft, my Tina?"

"Forgive me," she said, "but then humor me, too. I want to try the Flower Garden again alone. I am sure it was the ice that other time. Let me, Berg, and if I fumble I'll never ask again."

"Of course, if you are sure you want to. Have I ever really stood in your way? Only I'd wait till tomorrow, little Sea Gull. It is too soon after your upset, whatever caused that." He sat down in a chair and sighed. "I wish I could take you back to where you were before all this started. We could be so happy again. But what is, is—I suppose. It only seems a pity—a pity I can do nothing for you. I am sadder than you will ever know, little one."

"Don't be sad." She smiled. "You will love me better this way."

Berg was restless that afternoon. He wandered from room to room, in and out of the bathrooms, asking for aspirin and bicarbonate of soda, going out on the balcony and looking into space. He even went down to the lobby once or twice. But whenever he looked at Tina his face was soft and affectionate. He was concerned about her, and just before the dinner show, he brought her some coffee and watched her drink it.

"You need it," he said. "You look tired."

She was desperately tired, but on the ice her edges had never been surer or her figures more exact. She gave a brilliant performance.

Berg brought her more coffee before the midnight show and again before the late show. "You need it, little one," he said each time, "if you are to get through the shows."

"I won't sleep a wink," she protested with a laugh, but she drank it each time to humor him. The remoteness persisted, in spite of her feeling Simon must be wrong. Berg had been cruel in his discipline and she had hated him for it, perhaps still did in some ways. But he would not be cruel now that he saw she was grown up, and perhaps they could achieve a new kind of relationship.

He laughed, too, when she protested and said, "A Norwegian kept awake by coffee?"

It did keep her awake. After she was in bed there was no sleep in her. After a while she began to wonder if perhaps she should take one of those capsules Simon had given her.

DILL spent an uncomfortable afternoon and evening behind the potted evergreens. Till today he had only played his game of hide-and-seek after midnight, hiding himself during the late show, and dozing fitfully with one ear cocked toward Tina's window. It had been a tiring week's vigil, but not dull. Tina had been out on the balcony almost every night and sometimes twice a night, looking like a beautiful ghost in her long, white quilted bathrobe. Once she had almost scared the hair off his chest when she leaned over the iron railing, peering down at God alone knew what. She had been near enough so that he could have caught her with a flying tackle if she leaned too far, but the waking nightmare she seemed to be living had been no fun to watch.

Thor had been out on the balcony on two nights; his eyes wide open, his clown's face vacant as he walked from one end to the other and looked unseeingly down at the street. Both times Berg had stood watching Thor and talking to him.

"You are restless, Thor," he had murmured, "yet you can't rest. You think you would like life in the Army or somewhere away from home, yet even thinking about it makes you afraid and gives you nightmares. You are not like other boys, Thor. You need your father. The Army could never use you. There is no place in life for you except here with Berg. Walk, Thor, walk! Try to find a way out, but there is no way out, none."

After a while he had come out and shaken the boy gently by the arm. "At it again, Thor," he said, his voice sadly resigned. "Never mind. I caught you in time once more. Come back to bed."

Dill began to understand why Larsen had been afraid to come home.

ALL this balcony traffic had made Dill grateful for the Lavish touch in landscape gardening. It would have been awkward telling this devoted family that you were sticking around to make sure they didn't bump one another off. Today he had been even more grateful for the Lavish landscaping and, for once, for his lack of inches. Sword had put it pretty strong and he believed him, but a guy felt like a fool lurking behind shrubbery with an Army revolver in broad daylight. He had slipped out during the dinner show to grab himself a cup of coffee, but the rest of the time he had lurked and fretted.

There had been a couple of moderately tense moments when Berg had wandered out on the balcony, apparently to inspect the railing. And he had felt a twitch of fear when Berg had pressed those cups of coffee on Tina. Something about the insistence with which they were offered still worried Dill. As the evening wore on, he became more tense. Something was going to happen, not just because Sword had said so.

With the last performance over and all the Lingers in bed, Dill stood outside Tina's window, and watched her try to sleep. She had turned out her light several times, but each time she had switched it on again to look at her clock. Lord, she was beautiful! It was as if a flame were burning in her tonight, but a warm, still flame—the nightmare was gone.

Watching her wander restlessly around the room, looking at the picture of her mother on the bedside table and again and again at the clock, his body ached with tenderness. The hell with whatever knots she was tied up in! This was his girl, this was the girl for him. What's more, he, not Simon Sword, was the guy for her. You don't need a handsome fellow or a big shot, Sea Gull, he whispered. You've got enough of both for two. What you need is a little intelligent altruism—enlightened self-interest, some professor at college used to say—that and someone who loves you as much as I do. I don't want to dominate you, Sea Gull. If a gal like you would love me, that'd be enough. And that doesn't make me any wet nurse either. I just like to take care of people, some people. I wonder, if I should save your lovely neck tonight, or tomorrow, would that make me look heroic long enough to sell you the idea?

His sentimental stream of consciousness snapped abruptly as Berg came into Tina's room.

"Can't you sleep, little one?" he said. "I've been hearing you move around. Don't you feel well?"

She smiled. "I feel awfully well, really. I just can't sleep. All that coffee, I think."

"Maybe not so much the coffee," Berg

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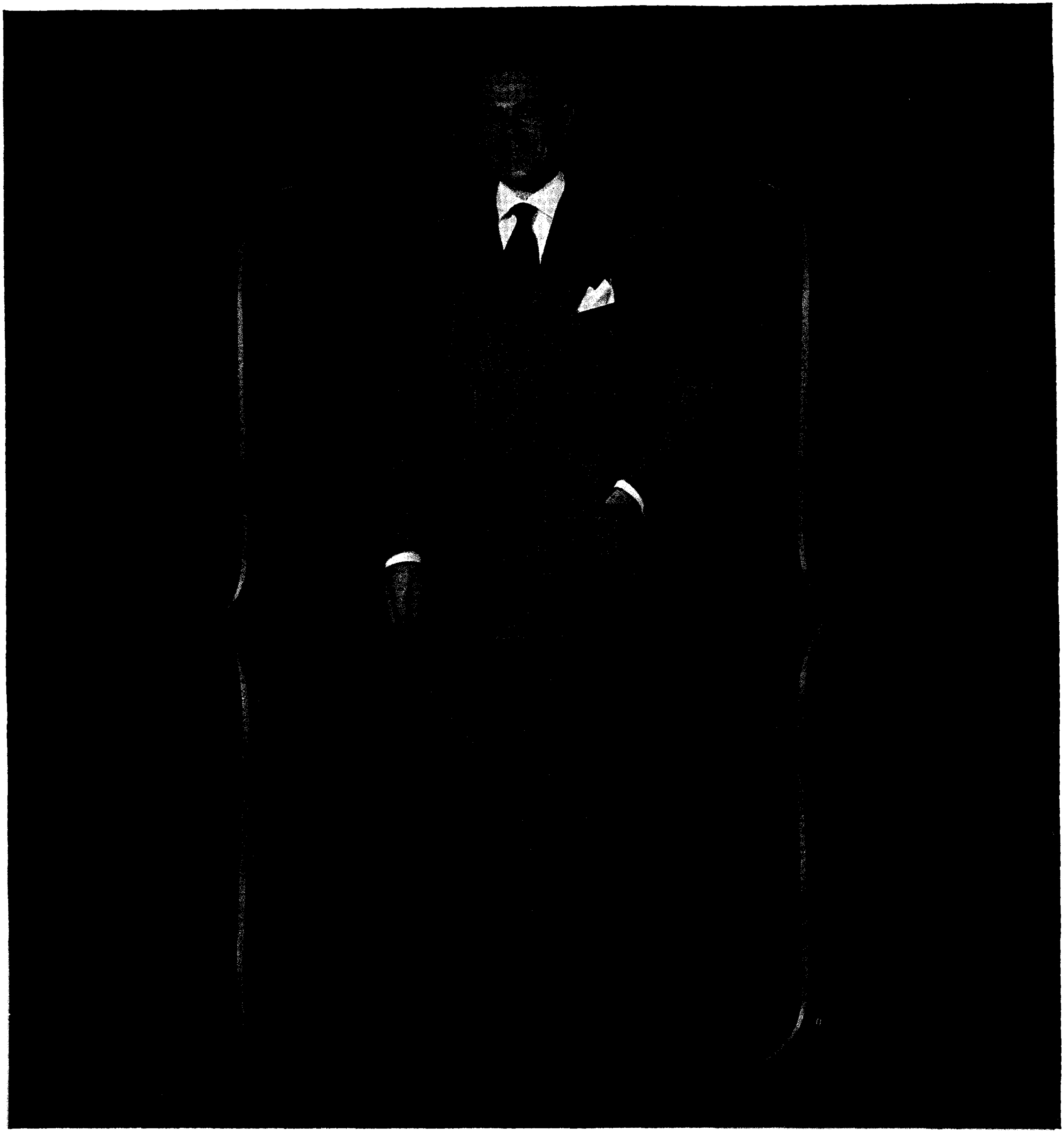

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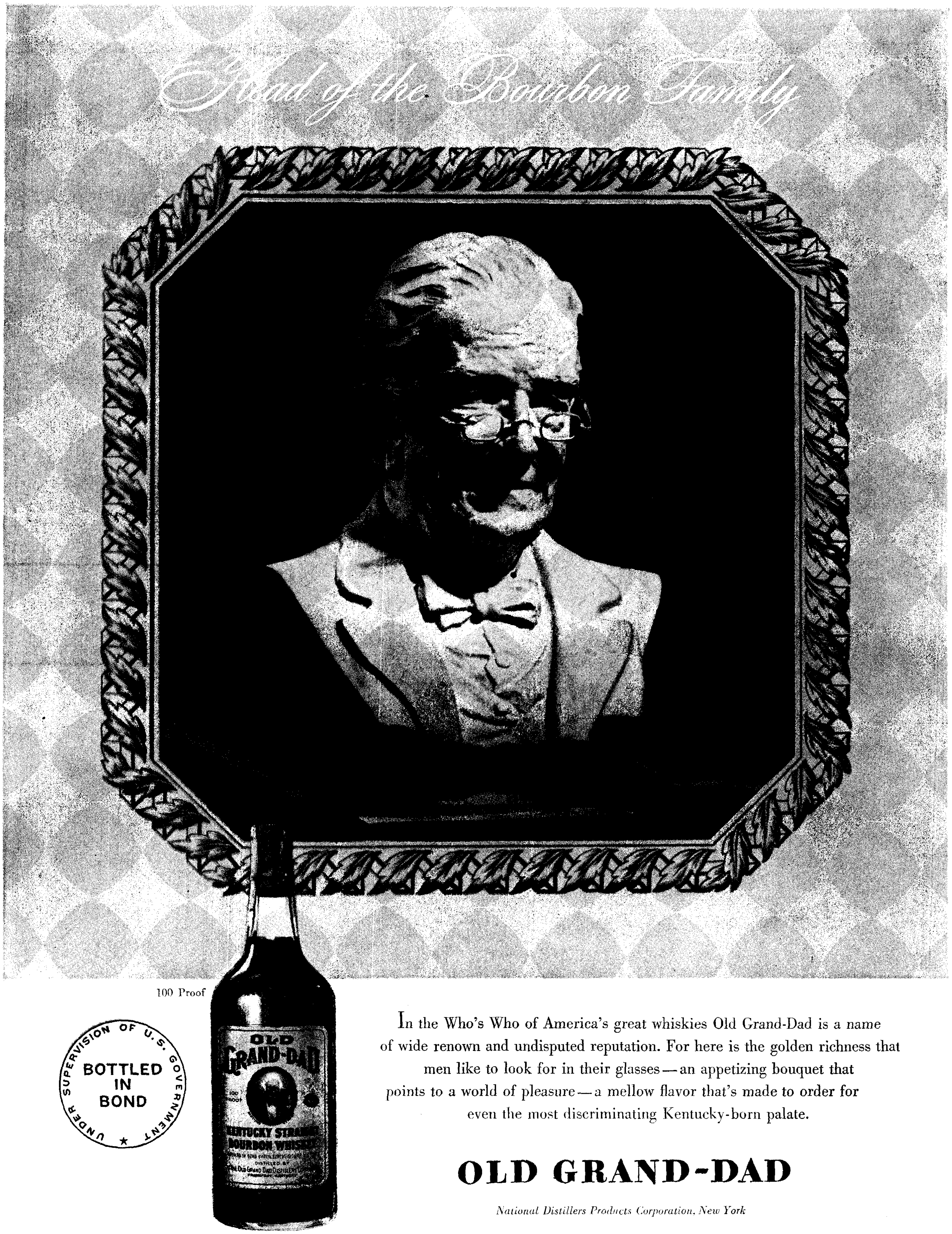
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OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York said, softly, "as all this trying to be independent, all this thinking and worrying Dr. Sword has set you to. If you could only go back to letting me worry for you, Tina, you would be happier, and I should be so much happier. I wish . . ."

"Perhaps," she said, frowning, "when I have worked out what is bothering me about Mama. Perhaps then I can go back to being your little girl again. Don't worry about me, Berg."

" 'Don't worry,' she says, as if it were that easy. Loving one's children as I love you is not easy, my Tina, nor the tasks that love tells one must be done. You have grown so strong, my Tina, I must be strong to keep up with you. It is not a kind of strength I welcome, but what must be, must be."

He looked at her as if memorizing each line of her face, then suddenly looked away. "You are tired," he said, softly. "Take some of that medicine Dr. Sword gave you. You need sleep, a long sleep."

"I couldn't find it, Berg. I looked in the medicine cabinet just now."

"I'll look, shall I?" He disappeared into the bathroom and almost immediately reappeared.

"It was there," Berg said with a smile, "but on the top shelf. Two, don't you think, after all you've been through?"

"Dr. Sword said one was enough."

"You've taken two before when you were upset, and I think you need a long sleep after last night." Berg was opening the box, holding out two capsules.

DILL'S hand brought the gun level with the open window. This would be the way. She'd take them, and Berg could always say she'd taken whatever poison it might be herself. She'd tried once before, he could say in his heartbroken voice. Maybe they weren't poisoned, but Dill grew tight with fear. He couldn't let her take those capsules.

She took them in her hand. "I am desperately tired. Perhaps."

"I'll get you a glass of water." Berg disappeared into the bathroom again.

"Don't take them. Don't take them," Dill's lips noiselessly formed the words. She was looking after her father with a puzzled expression.

All Dill had to do was stick his head in the window and say, "Drop those capsules." She'd be startled enough to do it. As for Berg, there was the gun. If Dill was wrong, well, he was wrong, but it was worth the chance. He waited.

Berg came back with the glass of water, a look of tender concern on his thin face. "Here you are, my Tina, my little Sea Gull. I can sleep tonight, knowing you are sleeping soundly, too."

Tina took the glass in her hand. The capsules lay in the flat of her other hand. She started to lift them to her mouth; then something flickered across her face, and she smiled nervously.

"Perhaps I won't take them quite yet. I'll try reading a little first."

"It's late, Tina. You'd better take them now and drop right off to sleep. You need it." Berg said gently.

"I know I do, but somehow I don't want to go to sleep this way. Maybe," she said with a laugh, "I'm afraid I'll miss something. I'll just put them by the bed."

"Take them now, Tina." Berg's voice was suddenly commanding. "Right now. I know what's best."

"Of course, you do." She put the capsules and water down by the bed, and looked up at him apologetically as she reached for her bathrobe. "I just think I'll have a breath of fresh air first. It's a heavenly night."

Dill barely had time to dodge back behind the evergreens before the French doors opened and Tina came out with Berg close behind her.

"We'll both have a little air," Berg said, indulgently. "Then I'll tuck you back in bed."

But Tina was looking up at the sky and when she spoke it was with dreamy vagueness: "Don't wait for me, Berg. The stars seem so close I think I'll just stand and look at them for a while and try to talk to Mama. I know I sound silly, but I feel so close to . . ."

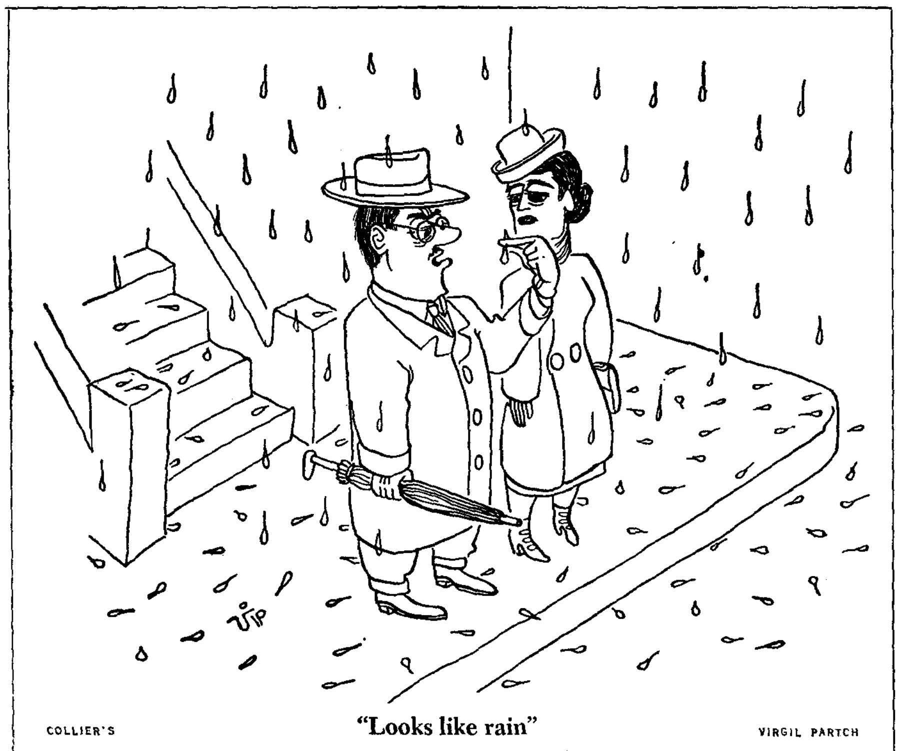
"Close to what?" Berg's voice was soft but some overtone kept Dill's muscles tensed.

"I don't know. The answer to—to everything that has been bothering me."

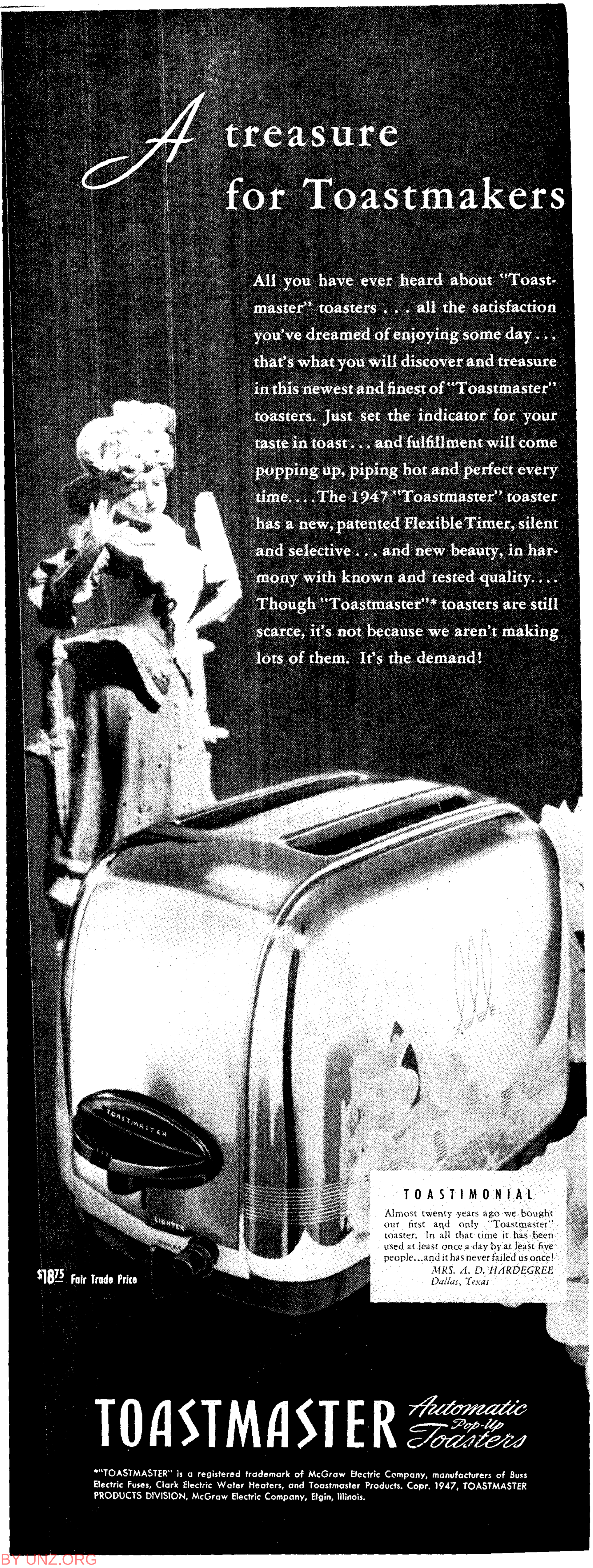
"Too many things have been bothering you, my Tina; too many things for everyone's good." Berg walked with her to the edge of the balcony and stood behind her at the low, wrought-iron railing. "I have tried to make you see it wasn't wise. But if you feel you must talk to Mama, little Sea Gull, don't look up, look down." His hands, which had been resting lightly on her shoulders, dropped to her waist. "There is where you will find Mama," he said softly, "down, down where she fell and broke because she, too, wanted to leave Berg."

He was lifting Tina slowly and steadily as he so often did in their skating routines. Dill could see Tina's feet leave the ground, and her shoulders stiffen in protest. Her face was suddenly contorted with terror. "No! Berg, no!" she cried. As she cried it, she was swaying out into emptiness.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "Looks like rain" VIRGIL PARTCH



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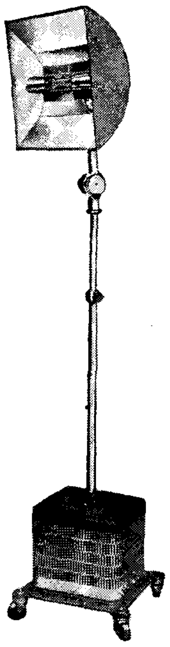

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THE HORSE THAT MADE RAIN

Continued from page 24

soldiers until you die. Or you can remain here in the country of The God Horse. And no one will harm you."

The young Negro stayed in Yellowhouse Canyon. He went to work cooking for John Renfro, whom he had known in south Texas before he was kidnaped by the Indians. King Solomon told my granduncle about The God Horse.

"Mr. John," said King Solomon, "it was you who named me because I was smart when I was a little boy. You know I ain't no more superstitious than you, Mr. John. I have remained a good Baptist, too, even after living for two years among the heathen Comanches. But them Comanches convinced me of one thing: that The God Horse ain't just an ordinary wild stallion. It was a big drought on in this country. The grass was drying up and desodding and the game was dying or going away. Then this red horse came galloping on the plains, out of nowhere. And that very same day that the Indians first saw the big horse, why, the skies puckered up. And it rained for twenty days and twenty nights. The prairie lakes have been full ever since and it has rained more than ever before and the hunting has been good. The Comanches said that when the red horse leaves these parts, it will be another terrible drought. And I believe what they say is true. Please, Mr. John, listen to me and don't mess around with that old God Horse."

John Renfro didn't take King Solomon's advice. Hunting the red horse became a game with John. After he'd been on the plains for a while, he swore he would kill the leader of the wild horses, for the stallion was luring away a lot of brood mares from our Hell-to-Catch Ranch, many of them mares with famous blood lines.

On the open range, the stallion was too much for John and the other cowmen who hunted him. Even in winter, he avoided the canyons where he might be surprised or cornered. He herded his harem onto the great flat mesas where he could see for miles in every direction.

AS FAR as King Solomon knows, John Renfro was the only man ever to get a rope on the red horse.

John and King Solomon, mounted on swift half thoroughbreds, rode up a tule draw at dawn and caught the wild horses watering at a little lake. In a tight formation, squealing their terror, the bunch took off to the eastward into the red morning light. The roan was by himself in the middle of the shallow lake, hock deep in water and mud. For once he had been surprised. John had his lariat rope ready, so he had a chance to make a long cast with the rope before the stallion reached dry turf. The throw was good. The loop settled down over the stallion's neck. John and King Solomon have different explanations for what happened after that throw.

The roan screamed as the rope stung his neck. He charged on up the bank while John's half-thoroughbred cow horse came to a halt with his four hoofs driving into the earth, readying himself for the shock when the roan hit the end of the lariat. That stout lariat rope, made to hold the heaviest of livestock, snapped as if it were a piece of twine. And the roan galloped for the horizon with the noose falling off his neck.

Sometimes, when he tells this story, King Solomon says that a bolt of purple lightning came from the sky and severed the rope and there was a burning smell after it'd happened.

John said there was a perfectly natural reason for the rope breaking. He said that the loop of his lariat was too large and it fell low on the red horse's neck and then slipped to the powerful shoulders. "And no noose around the shoulders could ever hold that animal," said John.

John chased the stallion for a few hundred yards until his cow horse stumbled on ground as level as a pool table and fell, heavily. John was dazed and one foot was crushed, and when he came to his senses, King Solomon was pouring water on his face from a desert bag. There were no wild horses in sight.

"That saddle horse of Mr. John's was as sure-footed an animal as you'd find," said King Solomon. "He'd never stumbled before. And he never stumbled again. The only time he ever stumbled was when he was chasing The God Horse."

WHEN his broken foot had mended, John started hunting the roan whenever he could get away from the ranch work. Soon he had another brush with the stallion on a big tableland along our Muleshoe Creek.

The red horse had just stolen four of our Steeldust brood mares, newly arrived from east Texas and with our Half-Circle S brand fresh on their flanks. John said he was through trying to capture the red horse. He started figuring out ways of getting within rifle shot of the wild bunch. Some of our cowpunchers reported that the wild horses often watered late in the afternoon in a little draw that led up to Muleshoe Creek. They'd sneak up the draw and drink and then head back for the high country as if the devil were after them.

John decided he'd hide in the tall tule grass at the bottom of the draw and try to ambush the red horse. He took King Solomon along.

To make his hiding place look more natural, John lured a herd of antelope into the draw. All you hear about antelope is about their shyness. They're also among the most curious of animals. Their curiosity often overwhelms their well-developed sense of self-preservation, and this was especially so in the eighties before the antelope in our country had been shot at a lot. In the early afternoon, before he expected the wild horses, John raised an arm up from the high grass and waved a bandanna handkerchief, tied on a mesquite limb. The antelope couldn't resist investigating this. Their long sleek ears twitched eagerly as they trotted into the draw with their gentle eyes fixed on the red flag. When they were near, John lowered the bandanna. The antelope, immediately, forgot why they'd come into the draw and began to graze fairly close to the men.

The scene in the draw was peaceful a couple of hours later when the red stallion appeared on a ridge to the north, just out of rifle shot. John looked at the horse through his rifle sights. The range was too great. He decided to wait. But the stallion didn't come any closer. King Solomon said they were so well concealed that it would have been impossible for the animal to have seen them at that distance. And yet he kept looking in their direction. He whistled a few times, as if warning the mares over the ridge behind him not to show themselves. Then, with a final scream of defiance and with blond tail held high, he galloped back over the ridge.

The men waited for half an hour. A grass fire, running with a strong wind from the north, flamed on the same ridge where the stallion had appeared. The head fire, about 150 yards wide and traveling with the speed of a loping horse, seemed to be moving directly toward the men.

John said: "We'll have to turn fire

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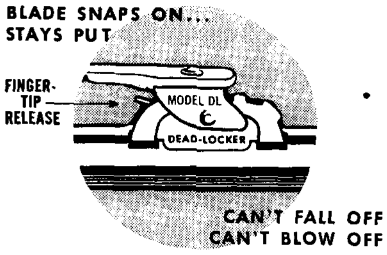

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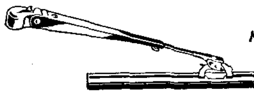

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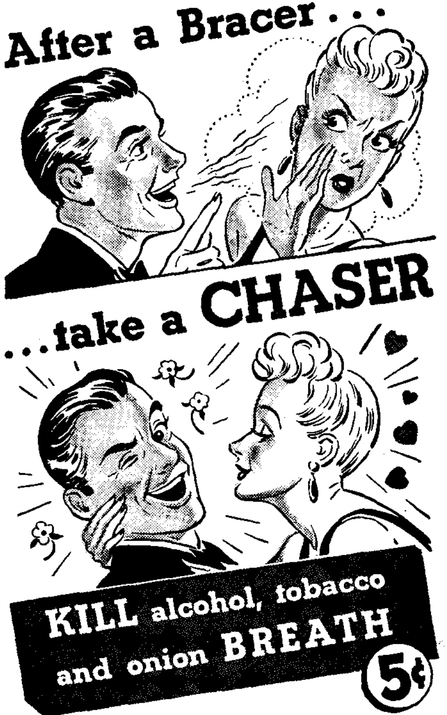
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fighters now, Will. We can stalk that holy stud horse of yours any time. But that grass fire won't wait. It might develop into something really bad and eat up a hundred thousand acres of grasslands."

The antelope were running. John arose, threw his rifle to shoulder and shot the biggest buck in the herd. The men dragged the buck into a mesquite grove in the next draw, where they'd hidden their saddle horses. Then they prepared to use a crude but effective fire-fighting device which King Solomon had learned from the Comanches.

King Solomon roped the head of the antelope carcass. John put his loop around the buck's hind legs. With their lariat ropes secured to their saddle horns, they backed their horses and stretched the carcass until it split and blood gushed. Then, dragging the antelope between them, they galloped for the fire. They dragged the bloody carcass over the long, thin line of flame that was the head fire. The flames were heavy only when the grass was first being ignited, and the soggy body of the antelope doused these flames. After twenty minutes of this, the carcass was almost barbecued and little flames were creeping up the lariat ropes, but the biggest part of the grass fire was out. They dismounted, took off their leather chaps and beat out the last tiny flames.

WHEN they were sure all the flames had died, they rode over the ridge where the stallion had appeared, to see if they could find the source of the fire. But the blackened path led to the horizon.

"Mr. John said the fire path probably went clear to New Mexico where some careless sheepherder had forgot to put out his campfire after a meal," said King Solomon. "But that didn't explain to me why this was such an unnatural sort of grass fire: all head fire with no side fires. And the head fire was traveling straight through the grasslands to our hiding place like someone was guiding it.

"Mr. John laughed and said he was hungry and it was time we headed back to the ranch before it got dark. I laughed with him, but I felt awfully spooky; I was glad when we got home. And I didn't go with Mr. John on any more trips messing around The God Horse for a long time."

Soon after this, the first barbed wire came into Deaf Jones County. John and my grandfather, Murdo Renfro, were going to fence in the south pasture of the ranch, which included more than half a million acres of The God Horse's favorite country on the mesa along Muleshoe Creek. Of course, they weren't building those miles and miles of fence just to catch a wild horse, but John said that if things worked out right, the fence was going to be the biggest trap ever laid for one creature. John talked my grandfather into making it a four-strand fence. All other fences in our country had had three strands, and that extra strand cost them thousands of dollars. I'm sure that John wanted the fourth strand only because he figured the roan might hurdle a lower barricade.

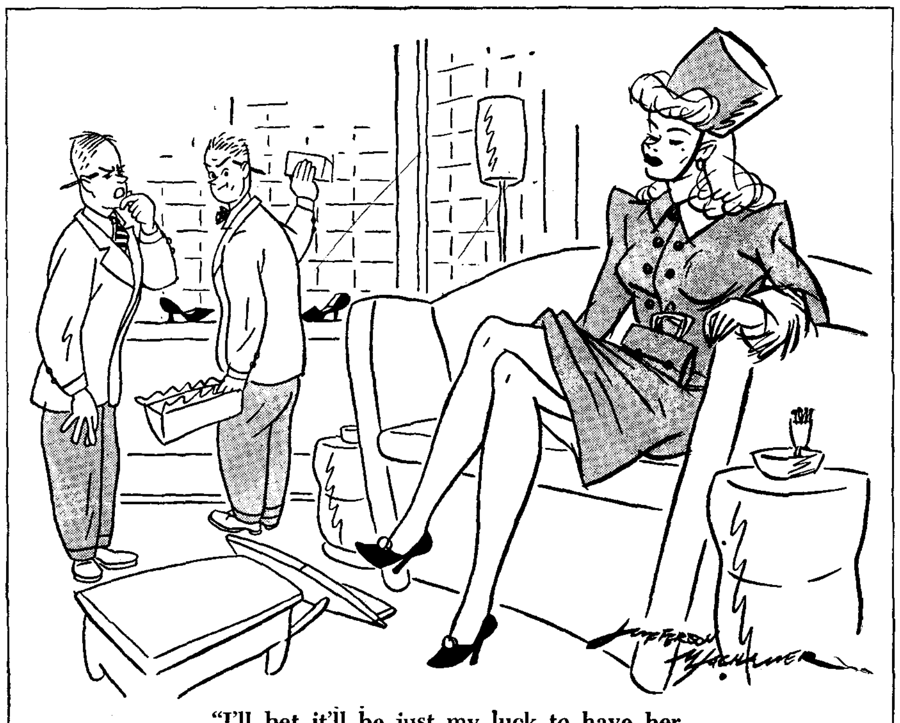
John pushed the cowhands so hard on that fence-building job that some of them quit. John would dig postholes all day, himself, handling the posthole digger like a man possessed. He saw to it that the wires were strung as tight as so many fiddle strings. A coyote couldn't slip through that four-strand fence without losing some hide on the barbs.

Our riders reported that the wild horses were very nervous and were on the move all the time. When the great fence was completed, though, the horses were still in the south pasture. John started making bets with neighboring cowmen that he'd have The God Horse in our big corrals within a week. For, now that he had him inside a fence, he'd decided that he no longer wanted to kill the red horse. Not right off, anyway.

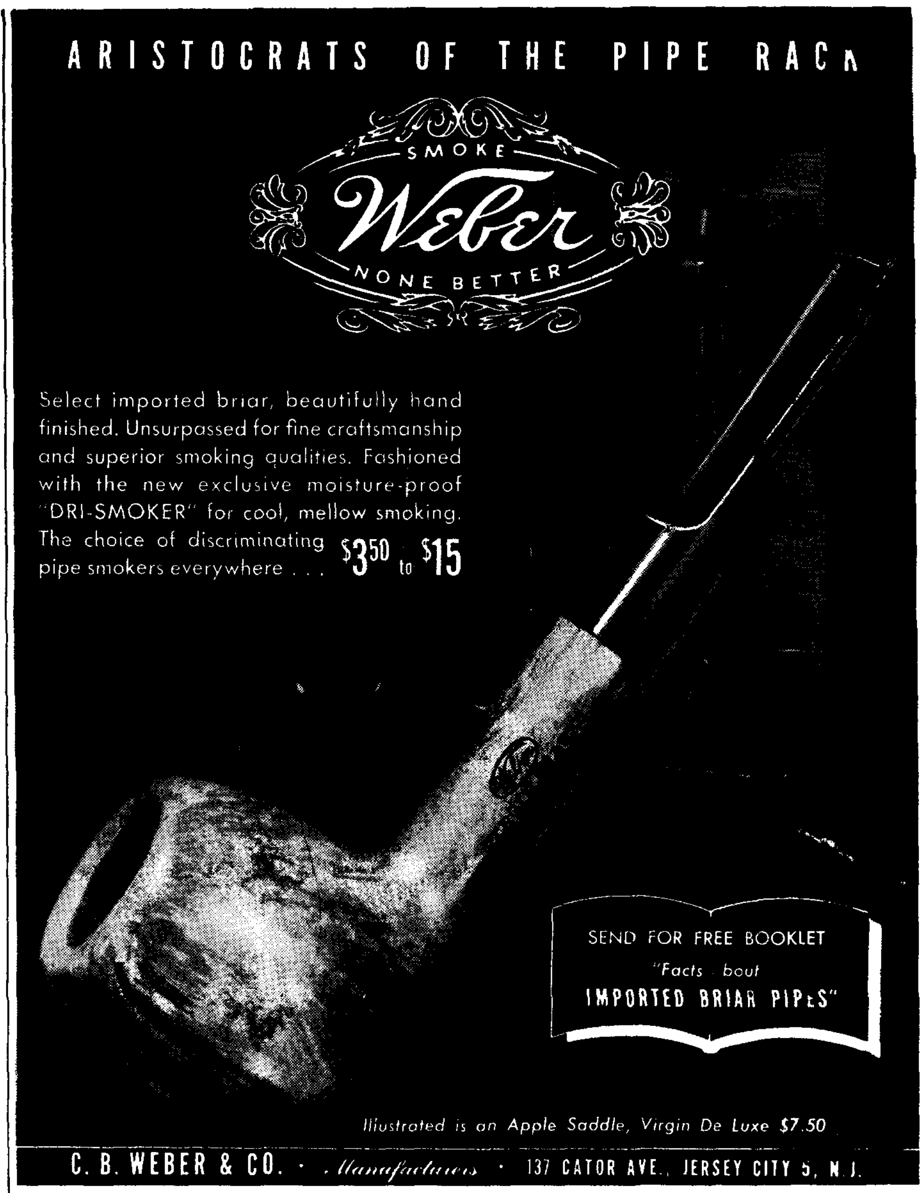
"We ought to keep that stud around and breed him to some domesticated mares," said John. "He's the greatest horse I ever saw. I'd like to get that big fellow in a corral and sit on the top rail and just try to figure out what makes him tick. And I'd like for Will to watch him, too. Maybe, after we've burned our Half-Circle S brand on that stallion's flank, King Solomon will quit calling him The God Horse."

"I'll take one of them bets that you never catch him, Mr. John," said King Solomon. "Bets you a plug of chewing tobacco."

John made his plans for catching the roan. Riders were stationed at five-mile intervals all over the south pasture. They took turns chasing the wild horses. For two days and two nights they chased them, and by midmorning of the third day all of the wild horses had been captured or killed except one—the red stallion. This leader, though he didn't seem tired, was in a desperate situation. The riders—hundreds of cowhands from all over Deaf Jones County—had come in from their five-mile stations and they were all chasing the roan at once, waving their lariat ropes and yelling and firing six-shooters into the air. They


"I'll bet it'll be just my luck to have her be satisfied with the first pair I show her!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER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penned him in a fence corner and then waited for John's instructions. John told them to move in slowly on the beast, riding almost elbow to elbow and waving their ropes and firing into the air so the wild horse wouldn't rush through their ranks. And then John and a half-dozen other ropers were to get in the lead and all make casts and entangle the red horse in so many lariats that he would be helpless.

King Solomon had been busy barbecuing a beef back at the chuck wagon. He still had his apron on when he rode out on the range, just in time to see the red horse cornered.

"I felt sick when I saw it," said King Solomon. "The God Horse seemed more like a brave man trapped by a bunch of snarling wolves. He stood very quietly about ten yards from the fence corner, with his blond mane ruffling up in the wind and with his little head held high and his eyes calm, while the cowboys, three ranks of them, moved in on him at a trot. Mr. John and the ropers were almost close enough to make their throws and the horse acted as if he realized things were hopeless. He reared and wheeled on two legs and charged straight at the fence. He was going to kill himself on the wire rather than be captured.

"I braced myself for the time when his big chest would be torn to ribbons by the barbs and the fourth strand would rip open his throat. Then the miracle happened. When The God Horse hit the wire, all of the four strands parted as if they'd been snipped by a giant pair of scissors. The God Horse, without a scratch on his red hide, galloped out on the open range toward New Mexico. And he was never seen again in this country."

King Solomon said that when he saw those wires fall before the stallion, he thought of the Lord rolling back the Red Sea for the Children of Israel. He got off his pony and fell to his knees and thanked the Lord for being permitted to witness a miracle.

John came over and told King Solomon to get up. He gave King Solomon a plug of chewing tobacco. He paid off all of his other bets. He rode into town and he was drinking a can of tomatoes in the Deaf Jones Mercantile when a Mobeetie gambler came in and challenged him to a gun battle. John must have been really preoccupied, for he didn't try to talk the gambler out of fighting.

The preacher was out of town. So, that afternoon, John took his Bible and went to the funeral services for the Mobeetie gambler. John didn't bother to keep an eye on the mourners this time and his mind seemed very far away as he recited his sermon:

"It has fallen to my lot to deliver a message today, based upon the Word of God, recommending to Him that He forgive our misguided friend from Mobeetie and expressing the blessed hope that, despite his general orneriness, our misguided friend from Mobeetie will be admitted to the Glorious Beyond . . ."

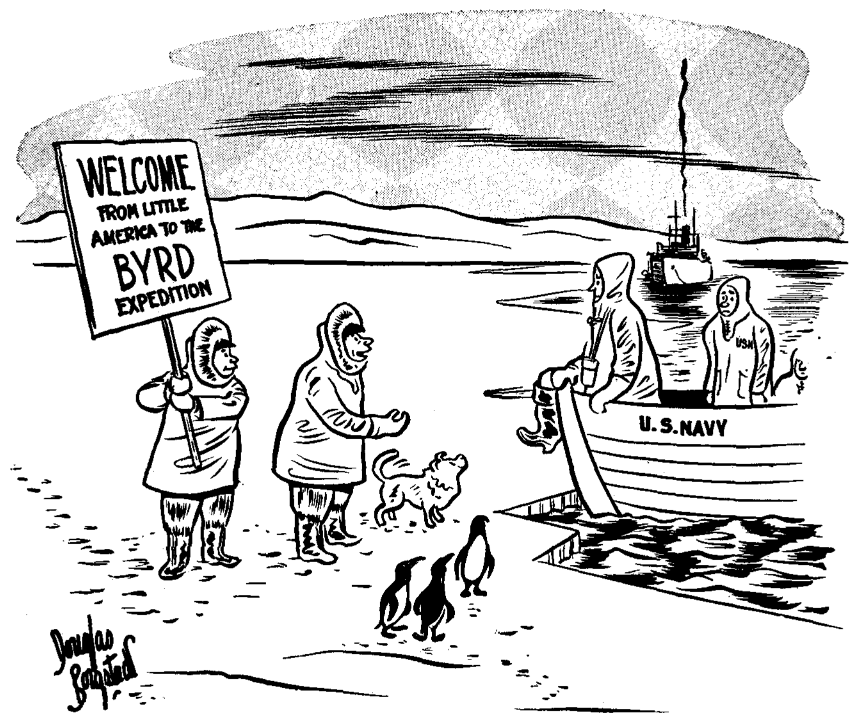
I BELIEVED and cherished all of King Solomon's stories about The God Horse until I was a big kid. Then Grandma Renfro sort of threw cold water on Will's version of the miracle in the fence corner.

"Miracle, my big foot!" said Grandma Renfro, who is a very salty old lady. She rolled a cigarette and her face mellowed a little and she said: "Well, maybe, it was *kind* of a miracle. A miracle made possible by John's good heart and good shooting. When he saw the brave, calm way that red horse acted when he was cornered and when he saw the animal was going to kill himself on the wire, John lost all desire to capture him. John whipped out his Colt .41 and fired four rounds at the wire, each round cutting one of the strands just before the horse hit the fence.

"I guess, with the men yelling and firing six-shooters in the air and swinging their lariat ropes, no one saw or heard John fire those four rounds. It was always kind of hard to see him handling a gun when he was in a hurry, anyway. John never told anyone but me about shooting a path through the fence for the stud horse. And I'd appreciate it, son, if you'd not tell Will about this. King Solomon has been happy for years, thinking he was privileged to witness a real, genuine miracle. And he's too old a man to be told different now."

Grandma Renfro said there were times back in 1886 when she was beginning to think that the Comanches weren't far wrong when they figured that the red horse was some sort of rain god. For it was in the autumn of 1885 when The God Horse went through the wire and galloped toward New Mexico and was never seen again in this country. And the drought of 1886 was the worst we ever had in Deaf Jones County.

THE END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FATHER NATURE

BY NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

Nobody would expect the top crime reporter on a New York newspaper to turn into a leading nature writer with 150,000 devotees. J. Otis Swift did it—but then, he's a Maine man

IT WAS no surprise to the rewrite men on the old New York World when the paper's ace crime reporter called in to say that a corpse had been discovered on a bed of *gaultheria procumbens.* For the reporter was Josiah Otis Swift, nature lover extraordinary, dubbed by his coworkers the "sassafras hawk," and commemorated in quip by F.P.A.: "When Swift bites dogbane news."

Swift is probably the only big-city newspaperman who has made a career out of recording the doings of the gauze-winged butterfly, the maidenhair fern, Zeus, the Ice Ages, and the brownies who cavort in the Valley of Rocky Lonesome. He is certainly the only gentleman of the press to have created an organization of 150,000 persons who, as members of the Yosian Brotherhood, have in the last 24 years devotedly followed their leader over countless woodland trails in New York and its environs.

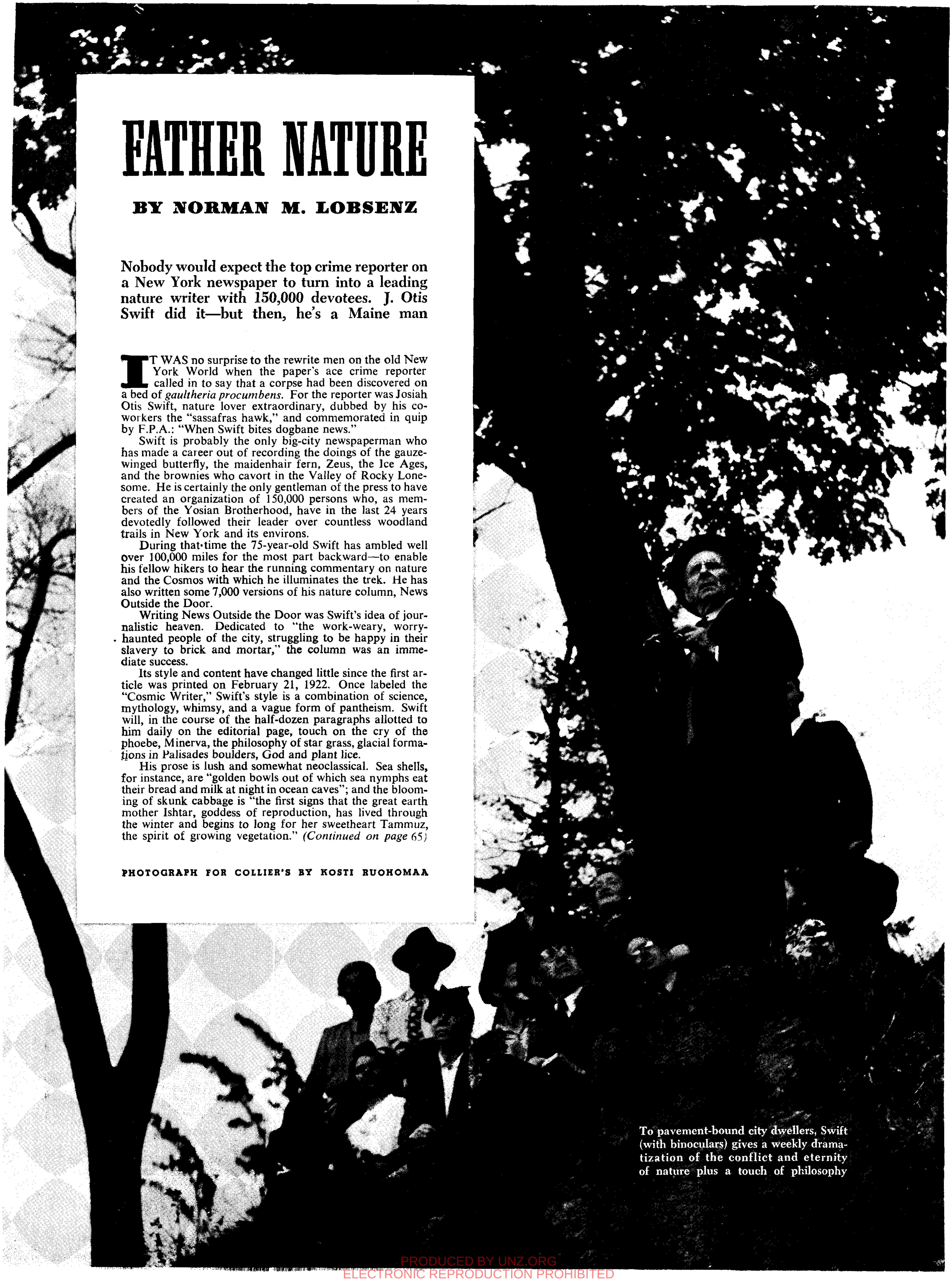
During that time the 75-year-old Swift has ambled well over 100,000 miles for the most part backward—to enable his fellow hikers to hear the running commentary on nature and the Cosmos with which he illuminates the trek. He has also written some 7,000 versions of his nature column, News Outside the Door.

Writing News Outside the Door was Swift's idea of journalistic heaven. Dedicated to "the work-weary, worry-haunted people of the city, struggling to be happy in their slavery to brick and mortar," the column was an immediate success.

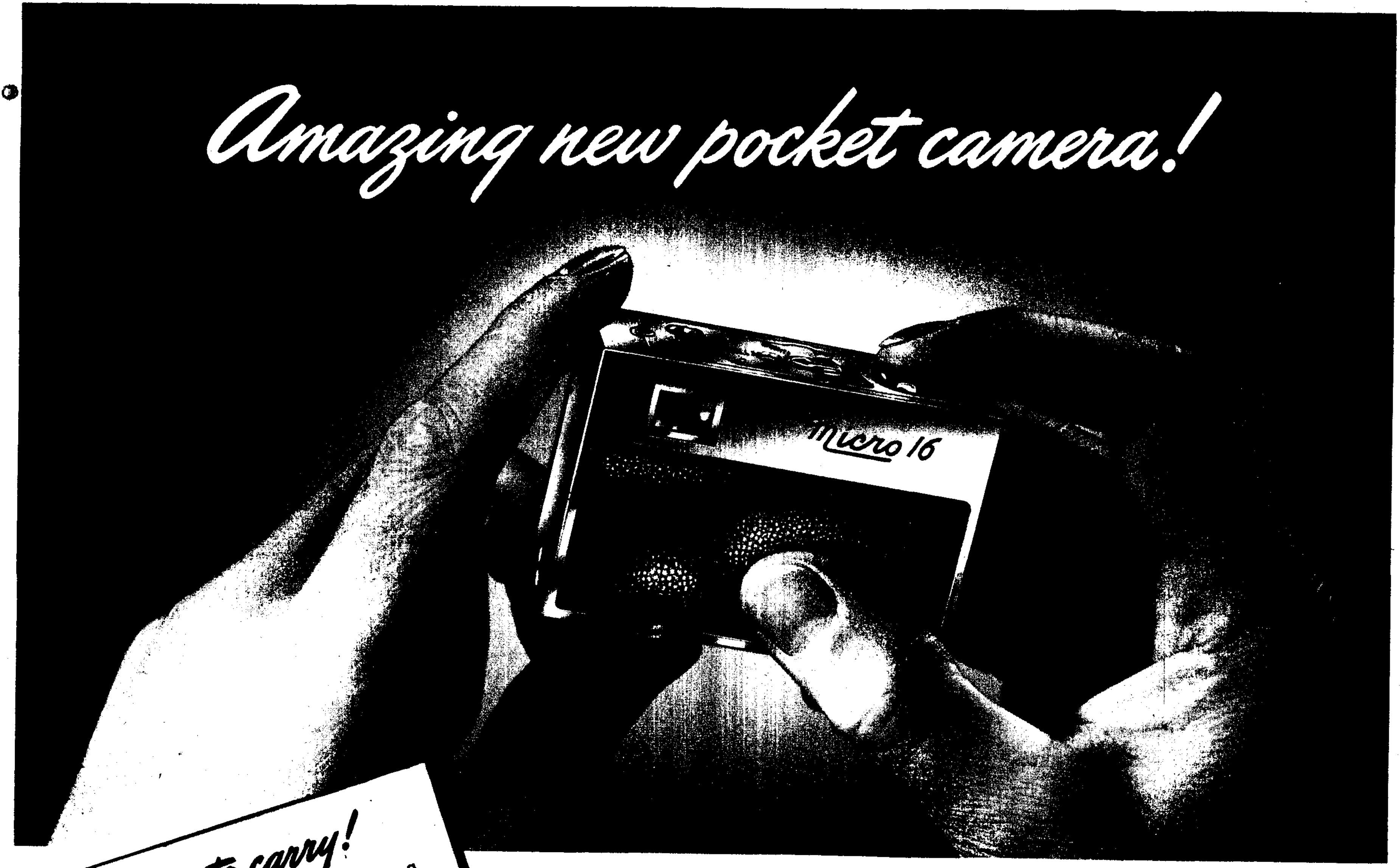
Its style and content have changed little since the first article was printed on February 21, 1922. Once labeled the "Cosmic Writer," Swift's style is a combination of science, mythology, whimsy, and a vague form of pantheism. Swift will, in the course of the half-dozen paragraphs allotted to him daily on the editorial page, touch on the cry of the phoebe, Minerva, the philosophy of star grass, glacial formations in Palisades boulders, God and plant lice.

His prose is lush and somewhat neoclassical. Sea shells, for instance, are "golden bowls out of which sea nymphs eat their bread and milk at night in ocean caves"; and the blooming of skunk cabbage is "the first signs that the great earth mother Ishtar, goddess of reproduction, has lived through the winter and begins to long for her sweetheart Tammuz, the spirit of growing vegetation." *(Continued on page 65)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA



To pavement-bound city dwellers, Swift (with binoculars) gives a weekly dramatization of the conflict and eternity of nature plus a touch of philosophy



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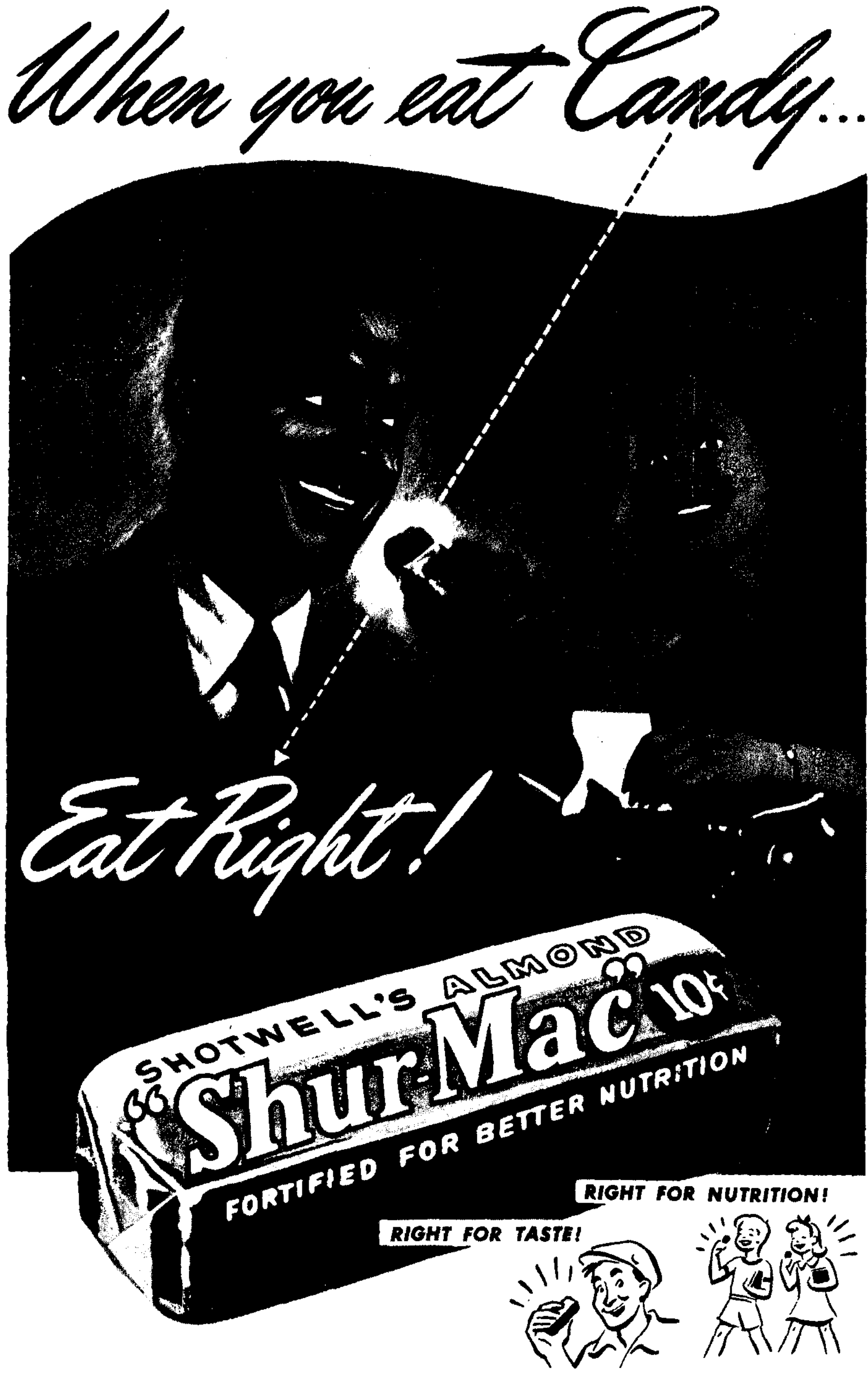

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

With the Hoe and lamented the road that he followed, always painting glowing pictures of things that might have been if he (Man) would but make one more, greater effort. The tragedy is that the very freedoms for which he fought so bitterly have finally become to appear as new and different forms of oppression.

DALE V. DAVIS, Dodge City, Kans.

. . . Congratulations on the article by Winston Churchill. It is the largest-minded and most competent view of Europe's problem I have yet seen.

H. H. HARDINGE, Chicago, Ill.

TECHNICOLOR RAMPANT

DEAR EDITOR: Strolling down Sunset Boulevard just before I left Hollywood, I saw a vision approaching. A bright yellow straw with a royal-blue band topped it, with blue glasses covering the eyes. A canary-colored sports shirt adorned with vivid frangipanis peeped out from under a jacket made from a pool-table cover (it even had six pockets). The slacks were a delicate mauve, and the sandals a basket weave of royal purple. I was about to tip my hat when a deep baritone voice emerged from this walking rainbow, saying, "Hello, Phil!" It was one of filmdom's most rugged leading men, dressed in the height of current Hollywood fashion.

Sights like that make me wonder why Sun-Suit Strip (Jan. 18th), describing colorful California wearing apparel, was confined exclusively to women. On my arrival in California, Harry Spears met me in a green suit, green socks, green shirt, green tie and green hat. He opened his mouth to say hello and I nearly dropped in a letter. I thought he was a mailbox!

When I went native, I bought a pair of slacks made out of awning material. They looked fashionable enough, but every time the sun went down my pants rolled up.

Colorfully yours,
PHIL BAKER

GOOD SCOUT

DEAR EDITOR: I read The Bowmen Get the Game (Jan. 4th) and want to inform you when you have killed a deer, the safety rule says to drag your kill, not carry it. A good many have been accidentally shot for doing the same. I am a Boy Scout, age 14, Troop 2, Corning, N. Y.

DOUGLAS MCLAUGHLIN,
Painted Post, N. Y.

COVERED GIRL

DEAR EDITOR: I think Mr. Wilson who wrote Your Move, Sheik (Jan. 4th) has seen too many movies. I spent a year on Bahrein Island, 20 miles off the Arabian coast, where I was working for an oil company. Mr. Kling shows great skill as a portrayer of female beauty and pulchritude, but I think the illustration very misleading compared to the enclosed snapshot, don't you?

JOHN N. LINCOLN, West Grove, Pa.

LIFE EXTENSION

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I read Miss Lees' article, Let's Live a Little Longer (Jan. 25th), with great interest. We must not expect too much in the immediate future in this area of life extension. Knowledge and skill are wanting to control the breakdown of tissues at the older ages. We have no evidence of an increase in the life-span during the entire historic period. The oldest attainable age seems to be about the same, namely, somewhat over 100 years. Thus, if we push forward the average age of death, we are pressing against an upper limit. As we approach this limit, we will find it more and more difficult to achieve sizable gains. This, of course, leaves out of account any spectacular discoveries.

The problem is not only one of body chemistry. I am inclined to think that Miss Lees has overstressed this factor. Mental attitude must be taken into consideration. An elderly person with an alert mind and with a sense of responsibility for family and community is in a very much more favorable position to adjust himself to the aging process. I believe that life for older people will be healthier and pleasanter as they learn to keep their hand in on interesting and profitable activities.

LOUIS I. DUBLIN, Second Vice-President,
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,
New York, N. Y.

NO PROPHETS WITHOUT DISHONOR

DEAR EDITOR: It's the "kiss of death" to be written up in your pages before the season opens . . . Refer to Oklahoma UCLA and Iowa . . . JOHN A. BJORGE,
Ellsworth, Wis.

. . . You have printed an article on UCLA's Bruins; I suggest that you print one on the team who justly deserved that space—the Fighting Illini, the *real* All-America team!

WELTON MANSFIELD, Highland Park, Ill.

We had one—an All-America team in himself: Buddy Young (Nov. 23d).

. . . My basketball article, Hoop-Happy Town (Jan. 11th), contains a sad, inexcusable, plain error: That no team in modern history has ever won the Big Nine basketball title for two consecutive years. Illinois won it in 1942 and 1943.

I suggest that Collier's have form post cards printed to send to the 384,931 citizens of Illinois who will write, wire, cable, call and carrier-pigeon you to death about this outrageous lie. WILLIAM OTTO

OUR FAR-FLUNG READER

DEAR EDITOR: Greetings from the land of Pharaohs! Your article, Headwaiter, Esq., in Collier's (Nov. 23d) burned me up. Wow! If a headwaiter in New York can make that much money, and I am trying to make just enough to visit your country, I surely would like to be one.

JERRY SETTON, Cairo, Egypt

FATHER NATURE

Continued from page 62

As a change of pace Swift often strikes a staccato note: "In southwest sky note planet Venus now glowing in azure blue like celestial diamond."

Headline writers on the old World joined in the spirit of the column, and Monday's paper would bloom with such creations as "Hepaticas Raise Their Purple Eyes to Sunday Hikers," and (when a walk was rained out) "Hikers Offend Sylvan Dryads and Suffer."

In 24 years the subject matter of the column has varied only with the seasons. In 1922, Swift wrote: "Chickadees flashed their little black caps among buttonball bushes; downy woodpeckers drilled for grubs; the brooks laughed merrily and the world was young."

Flights of Lyric Fancy

A late fall column in 1928 reported that "Boreas, the north wind, coming gustily out of the arctic to lead the way for Ragnarok, the winter sleep time, made the world white for the Yosian Brotherhood on its hike last Sunday from Rockaway Park to Neponsit Beach." And the sea shells, instead of being "golden bowls," this time were the "chests fairy sea rovers use to bring ashore the soft silky films the naked naiads use as shifts that mortals be not blinded by their beauty when they dance o' nights with sand-dune gnomes."

An allegedly firm believer in elves, gnomes, naiads, and other fay forest folk, Swift now and again refers to their activities as matter-of-factly as he discusses the healing properties of white snakeroot or the eating habits of the ruffled grouse. Swift has also invented fancy names for the prosaic springs, rocks and trails he frequents. A Yonkers valley becomes Rocky Lonesome; Pelham sprouts a Paradise Lane, Westchester a Pan's Altar; and any spring automatically becomes a Wishing Well.

High spot in the Swiftian Cosmos is "Fernlundgrot." It is a woodsy section off the Saw Mill River Parkway, in Westchester, about a quarter of a mile in back of Swift's home, Treetops, in Hastings-on-Hudson. "Fern," Swift explains, stands for "ferny," "grot" for "grotto," and "lund" is Icelandic for "mind." Fernlundgrot, thus, adds up to a "ferny grotto of the mind."

Swift himself is very like his column—unsophisticated, gentle and inclined to whimsy, yet having a respectable knowledge of the scientific side of nature. Physically he is as tough and weather-beaten as the glacial boulders he writes about. Still spry and vigorous, he can take in his stride a four-mile jaunt through rough country and rough weather. His ruddy face, hawklike profile and eyes which can spot a trillium leaf at twenty paces are incongruously topped by a fringe of straggly white hair which waves in the breeze he makes as he strides along.

Swift, one of whose ancestors was on the Mayflower, was born in Farmington Falls, Maine, in 1871. His grandfather was the community's founder, minister, carpenter and publisher. As a boy, Swift worked as a printer's devil, went to school two days a week, put out his own magazine, and walked in the woods with his grandfather. Together they would study nature and read Bulfinch's Mythology.

When he was 12, Swift's family moved to Lewiston, Maine, where Josiah became printer's devil for the Lewiston Journal. Six years later he was made a reporter, and in another four years became city editor at $18.50 a week. Having prestige, security and a good salary, Swift married Daisy Peabody, ex-Journal proofreader, later Latin and Greek proofreader for a Boston publishing house and, according to Swift, "the finest birdwoman in Maine." It was Daisy who later made him take a Chautauqua course to make up for his lack of formal education.

To economize, the Swifts rented a house far out in the country for $6 a month. Swift soon found it was so far out he needed a horse to take him to and from town. In debt $400 for the animal, and tired of that method of commuting, Swift sent a batch of his clippings to Don Seitz, a Maine native who was managing editor of the New York Evening World, and asked for a tryout.

When Seitz wired, "Come on," Swift quit his job, sold his horse, took a last longing look at the lakes and woods, and headed for the crowded pavements of the big city. But he had a hard time trying to adjust himself to working on a metropolitan paper, and to living in New York. Once he was fired by an assistant city editor. With his furniture already crated and on the docks of the Fall River Steamship Line, Swift went to say goodby to Seitz.

"Where are you going?" Seitz asked.

"I'm fired," Swift replied.

"They can't fire you," yelled Seitz. "Pulitzer hired you!"

So Swift unpacked, switched to the Morning World, and started on the road that was to lead to crime reporting, bunion derbies, nature columns, and Yosianism. He worked a nature angle into almost every one of his assignments. Pulitzer, a believer in the reader value of a good human interest yarn, began to notice Swift's copy. Soon he ordered a weekly Bronx Zoo story by Swift. Often, spotting an undeveloped animal reference in a news story, he would cable from his yacht such messages as: "Have Swift go to Brooklyn and interview woman with six cats."

Swift's eyes, sharpened by years of spotting half-buried arrowheads won him many a scoop. Once, covering a New Jersey murder, he watched police search a meadow for two weeks to find the murder weapon. Swift, wandering idly through the field, turned up a bloody razor blade in ten minutes.

Scouting the Great Unwashed

Undoubtedly the longest time during which Swift never saw a tree was the six months he spent on the Bowery disguised as a bum. Living in flophouses and eating penny bowls of stew, Swift edged his way into the confidence of the men who worked for the racketeers of the era. When he had gathered the facts about police-protected gambling joints Swift went home, kissed his wife, took several baths, observed the condition of his garden and wrote a series of articles which exposed the racket and helped send the infamous gangster, Gyp the Blood, to prison.

Shortly afterward, a large, ticking package arrived at Swift's desk. With the reporter an interested onlooker, police soaked the bundle in water for several hours, then delicately dismantled a time bomb.

Having firmly established his reputation as a "nature bug," as the World staff inelegantly put it, Swift was the logical man to edit News Outside the Door. Today he is somewhat embarrassed to find himself the spiritual leader and physical leader of the Yosian Brotherhood, which was a direct outgrowth of the column.

Swift was a member of such nature and walking groups as the Adirondack Mountain Club, the New York State Archaeological Association, and the Reptile Society of America. He decided, therefore, to devote his column to his

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experiences in "picturesque dingles, glades and grottoes." Prevented by modesty from writing "I walked here," or "I saw that," Swift fooled around with his first name, Josiah, and produced "Yosiah." Thereafter he attributed his adventures to a mythical group of nature lovers called the "ancient philosophers of the Order of Yosiah.".

To Swift's surprise, letters began to pour in to the World. "The Yosians must be taking wonderful walks," wrote one correspondent. "Could I go along? I don't know anyone in the city, and don't care very much for city life." Convinced by the number and sincerity of the letters that it was no office gag, Swift inserted in his column early in the summer of 1922 the first Yosian walking notice. It urged the public to meet him on Saturdays and Sundays for a walk in the woods, "ten cents carfare, bring lunch."

Pioneers of the Brotherhood

One dozen persons turned up that first Sunday, were mutually delighted with the idea of getting away from it all, and, standing beneath a likely oak tree in the Westchester woods, founded the Yosian (rhyming with O'Brian) Brotherhood—no dues, no rules, no meetings.

The number of walkers increased each Sunday. When, one Sunday, Swift met 500 persons at the Croton Aqueduct and found he had reached the end of the hike before the last person in line had even started, he decided the time had come for a less haphazard organization. He divided the Yosians into subgroups, each under a subleader. Most popular of the 40-odd units is the Swift-led metropolitan group, which walks in city parks and the wilder woods in near-by suburban counties.

Members of the Brotherhood are mostly lonely men and women who find in Swift's week-end walks some measure of beauty and companionship. There is also a good proportion of former country dwellers who find weekly solace in a return to nature.

Every walk has a sprinkling of the frankly curious, many of whom are converted. New members come in at the rate of 500 a month.

Transient Yosians have started chapters all over the world. Branch groups existed in Paris, London, Calcutta, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Tokyo. The latter was the contribution of a Yosian sailor who signed up twelve geisha girls in the Yosian Fujiyama Group. Swift, who dutifully filed the girls' names in his card index, has never heard from them since. Doubtful that any of the foreign branches lived through the war, Swift hopes Yosian tourists will reactivate them.

Yosian groups are also scattered throughout the U.S. and Canada. After Swift received scores of descriptive letters detailing the outings of the Big Timber, Montana, Yosians, he learned the "group" was made up of a rancher's wife and her pony.

Swift in action is a wondrous sight. While waiting for the group to gather at the starting place of a Sunday walk, he paces up and down, makes informal introductions, greets old friends, warns people not to exchange phone numbers until they are "well acquainted," consults his large gold pocket watch several times, finally blows a police whistle to get the group moving.

Once on the trail, Swift is in his element, pointing, stooping, grubbing in the soil, peering into blasted tree trunks, expounding, quoting, poetizing, jesting, all with an amiable detachment. A comment-by-comment report of one recent safari through Bronx Park would go something like this:

Swift breaks a twig from a benzoin plant, launches into the Biblical story of Benjamin (or Benzoi) from whom the plant got its name, moralizes on the evils of the drug traffic, passes the broken twig around to be smelled.

Swift points out the wild garlic bush, recounts how Ulysses discouraged the advances of Circe by eating it and then exhaling in her face.

Swift finds a lichen, announces it is the first companionate marriage in nature, a copartnership between algae and fungi.

Swift remarks on the heat of the day, says it will tend to keep the wood gnomes hidden in their burrows.

Striking a "Hark!" attitude, Swift says, "That's a robin we just heard." Then, whirling and stabbing at a passing bird with a forefinger, cries, "There's a pheasant!"

"Watch the water!" he calls as the Yosians cross a small brook. Then, cheerily, "Edgar Poe and his wife sat and talked by this stream while they were starving in Fordham."

Swift halts before a tree carved deep with hearts and initials. "Where are these lovers today?" he asks rhetorically. "The boys are veterans, many of the girls are in Reno getting their second or third divorces, but the tree lives on in peace and splendor!"

Swift dashes into the undergrowth, digs out of the ground with his pocketknife some skunk cabbage, passes it around for inspection, goes into his "Ishtar-Tammuz" routine.

Cocking his head, Swift listens to the sound of a distant bird, purses his lips and echoes it. "That was the love song of the chickadee, the prettiest melody in the world."

DID I SAY THAT?

While performing daily duties
I'm uneasy, for I find
That a foggy recollection
Stirs confusion in my mind.

Dawn so often finds me hoping
To undo what has been done—
I'm romantic in the moonlight,
But I'm saner in the sun.

—William W. Pratt

A tombstone attracts his attention. Dramatically he points to it: "Here you pay no rent, friends, and crocuses bud in spring while winter's snow melts."

Swift clambers across an outcropping of rock, goes into a geological explanation of its origin, places it as Ramapo or Palisade, early or late Ice Age, deduces from the erosion marks the direction in which the glacier moved, warns Yosians not to trip over it.

Swift finds a horsetail, compares it to dictatorship, "a dwarfed, insignificant plant trying to live beyond the period of its usefulness."

Swift points out a hole in a tree trunk. "The home of the woodpecker," he announces. "The female woodpecker is not allowed by her husband to live in its warm confines during the winter. But in spring, when he sees the female flying about, he says, 'Why don't you come in and get warm and make a little coffee?' and the first thing she knows, she's sitting on eggs."

Swift passes a water fountain, at the end of the hike. "Thirsty?" he booms. "Have a drink—on Mayor O'Dwyer!"

Few words are strong enough to describe accurately the feeling Swift's followers have for him. He is adored, revered, and worshiped; his nature talks are gospel; his somewhat archaic quips are the cream of jests. Yosians' loyalty is astounding. One woman who was among the walkers on Swift's first hike 24 years ago still religiously goes out with his group each Sunday. Consecutive attendance records of 15 and 20 years are not unusual. One man makes a four-hour train trip each Saturday and Sunday so as to be with Swift on a two-hour walk.

In 1929, Swift was hospitalized for a few weeks with pneumonia, and a substitute handled his column. When Swift resumed the job one Yosian wrote:

"News Outside the Door was there, yes. But the soul of it was absent. But the morning you came back, I could have yelled and danced the Charleston (if my knee hadn't been so lame) for joy." During Swift's illness several hundred flower-laden Yosians marched each week from New York to the hospital in Hastings, 18 miles from the city.

Swift's Hastings home, Treetops, is jammed with such gifts from grateful Yosians as hand-lettered original nature poems, a needlework tapestry depicting the Swedish tree of life, and four mussel shells mounted on a shoe-box cover so that when held to the light their unexpectedly beautiful golden coloring can be seen.

Virtually all the storage space in Swift's home which is not filled with shells, rocks, arrowheads and bones is taken up by scrapbooks, snapshots by the carton, clippings and family memorabilia which go back as far as the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Swift owes Treetops to the financial and construction activity of his wife. Taking all their available cash and borrowing on their one life insurance policy, Daisy Swift in 1910 bought a parcel of land in Hastings, then a wilderness which city folk still imagined populated with Indians. Borrowing some more money with the land as collateral, Daisy cajoled and bludgeoned various carpenters, masons and painters into putting up the brick-and-frame house. Set high on a steep hill, Treetops overlooks the Hudson and the Palisades. It was originally a mile from the nearest neighbors, but civilization has gradually closed in.

Framed on most of the walls in the house's ten rooms are poems written by Yosians, and some by Swift himself. He turns them out in his spare time, along with nature articles. Typical titles are Dance of the Milkweed Seed, Rain on the Nepperhan, and Colder Tonight.

Longevity and Simple Living

Swift's daily routine is simple. Wednesday to Friday he works at his desk at the World-Telegram, keeping his card index up to date, answering mail, writing his columns, and seeing to the welfare of Yosians in general. On the week end he leads walks, and Monday and Tuesday, his days off, he spends at home, in his garden or taking a short stroll through Fernlundgrot. Despite his age, he lives heartily, eating well, and downing three or four glasses of ale a day. He is seldom without a pipe.

Money holds little interest for him. His needs are simple, and his only possessions, besides arrowheads, are Treetops and a summer cottage in Bay Point, Maine, which he bought in 1931. As a member of the American Newspaper Guild he is paid according to the union-contract scale, earning just under $100 a week. And he often cuts into his income by neglecting to turn in an expense account.

Swift's opinion of what it takes to lead 150,000 Yosians can be found in his answer to a job-qualification questionnaire recently circulated by the Guild.

"You have to be," he wrote, "an astronomer, biologist, botanist, geologist, and naturalist; you have to have strong legs and a strong voice; you have to be able to walk backward; and you have to be a writer, poet, philosopher, and humanitarian."

THE END

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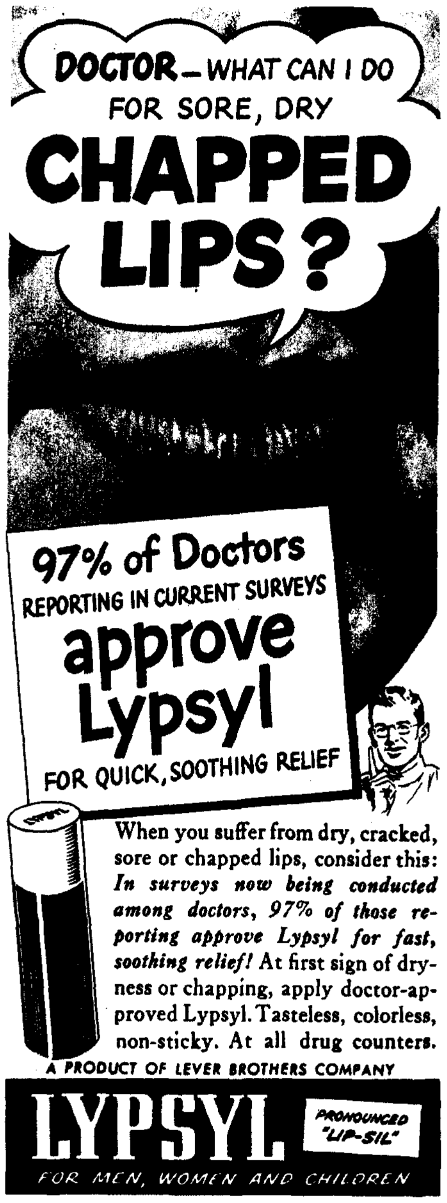
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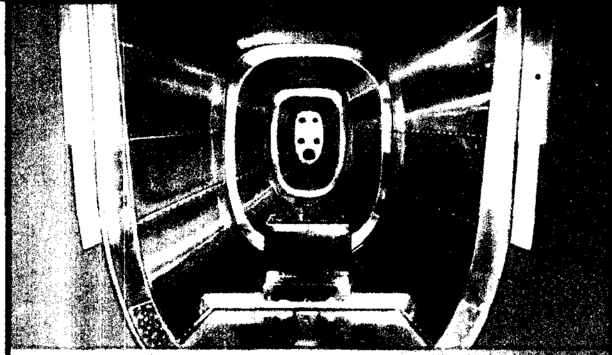

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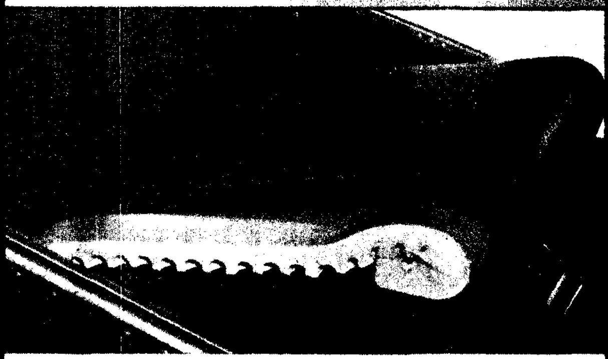

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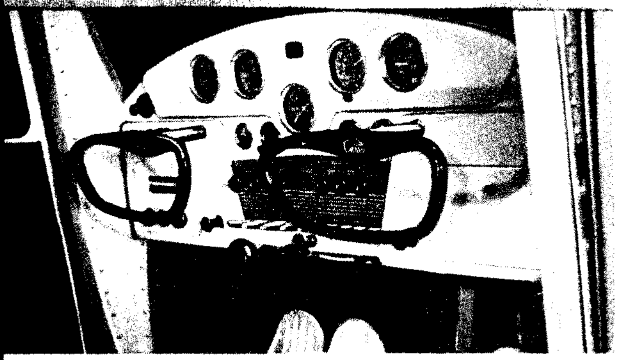

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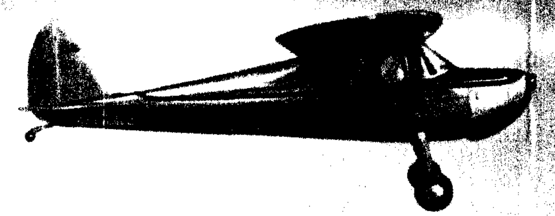
CESSNA 120



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BEDLAM IN THE BOUDOIR

Continued from page 17

easily tops beatings, mental cruelty, or sashaying around with other dames. Statistics are deceptive, however. Few mentions of such a vulgar subject are found in the records. But dig the states in which the judge is interested in the whole sordid story, and the snore will be found holding pride of place over the black eye. For instance, a survey of divorces in five inland states mentions snoring in 17.6 per cent of cases. In 87.9 per cent of such cases the judge made a witticism on snoring. The favorite jest, employed in 99.8 per cent of *those* cases, was, "Sleep and the world sleeps with you. Snore and you sleep alone."

The first feminine illusion is destroyed on honeymoons, when the groom gets out his sheet music. The poor dog can't help it. Hundreds of bachelor friends have told him he is an offender, but he never believes it. There he lies, blissfully unconscious, puffing away his happiness. And there lies the little lady, suffering a long wakeful period in which she has time to add up a lot of other things wrong with him. There is a case on record, in Budapest in 1923, in which the bride told the cops she had endured her husband's din until her mind snapped. She had opened a bedside drawer and pistoled the poor man.

Snoring has been the muse of myriad inventions. The United States Patent Office has filed more than 300 diabolical machines designed to take the rasp out of Father.

Many of the ingenious devices operate on the inadequate theory that snoring is possible only when lying on the back. Inventive geniuses have bent their powerful brains to the advancement of mankind by fashioning all sorts of nocturnal Sam Browne belts which apply lumps and cutting edges to the victim's back. The theory holds that a person who has reclined on a baseball or an ornamental ash tray will promptly roll over and rest on another of his façades. Thus far the theory is perfect. The flaw is that seven of ten experienced snorers will do just as well on their sides as on their backs.

Signor Goffredo Galluzzi, a talented Sicilian inventor, belongs to another antisnoring school. This body of opinion denounces the ball-in-the-back theory as so much balderdash. Galluzzi and other leading thinkers of this persuasion have applied their researches to develop machines which automatically awaken the snorer and oblige him to make a fresh start. This affords the bedmate enough time to beat the snorer back to sleep. (Galluzzi is man enough to admit that the party of the second part has to be a snap sleeper and a heavy one to make his theory a success.)

Professor Galluzzi's countersnoring machine, which was put through test runs last year in Syracuse, Sicily, consisted of a rubber mask fitted tightly over the nostrils and mouth. Inside the mask was a brass propeller covering the airshaft. As the wearer's breathing grew more and more stertorous, the fan revolved faster and faster. At a certain raucous point the propeller rang a bell, waking the subject, and presumably everybody else in the villa.

Farmers are much given to inventing tip-over beds. Among the outstanding rural dump-beds on record was one with two speeds constructed in Blair Four, Pennsylvania, several years ago. The farmer's snores were picked up in a recording device. When he reached twenty decibels of sound the apparatus dropped a beanbag on his head. When he hit 35 decibels the bed reared up and fired him out on the planks.

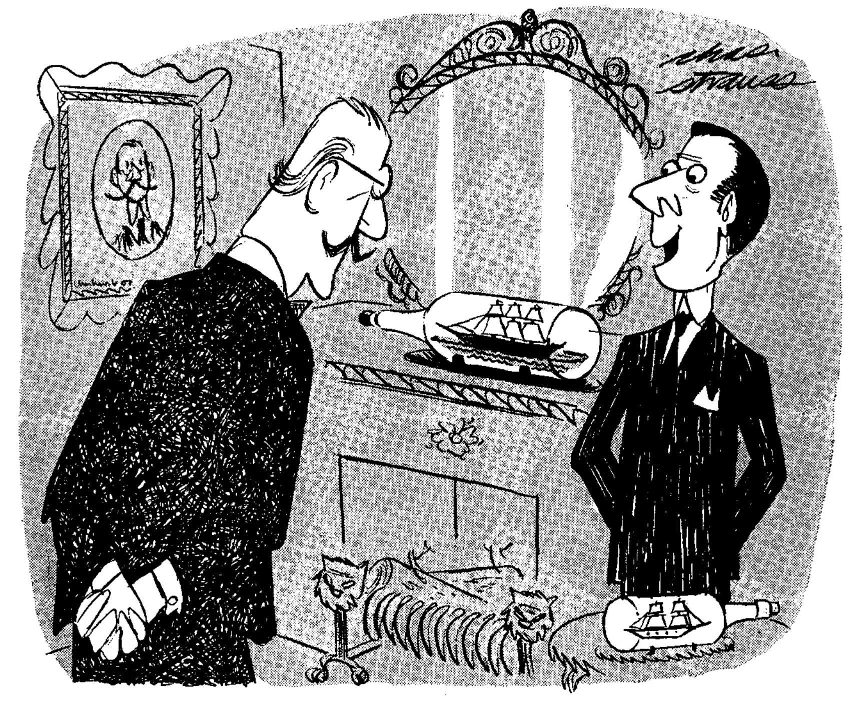
Snoring experts declare that forty decibels is the maximum racket of a weighty snorer. This volume of sound approximates that of traffic on a busy street. However, the comparison does not adequately picture how it feels to have the traffic tooling along on the pillow next to you.

Many students of snoring declare that forty decibels is too low an estimate. Professor Donald Laird, whose audiometer tests fixed the figure, has been accused of taking his readings among amateurs and passing up the big-league snorers. Ex-servicemen have challenged the scientist to put his gauge to some of the outstanding men who turned up in the Army and Navy, and then see whether his record would stand up. Your correspondent was not equipped with an audiometer at the time, but he will now nominate a man he is willing to wager would spin Professor Laird's dial past fifty without changing into high.

The contender's name was Private Tubby Miller, then of provisional C Company at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Awake, Private Miller was just another recruit. Asleep, he was a baleful horror from the abyss. Throughout the night the barracks would hail him with shoes, mess cups, and unsoldierly language. From time to time, a comrade, goaded beyond endurance, would leap out of his own sack and spend a few minutes pommeling Tubby. Relay torturers spelled one another at the bedside to keep him awake.

When silence fell and Tubby got under steam again the barracks would scream as one man, "On your side, Tubby!" Private Miller would modulate to the sound of a cow withdrawing her hoofs from a swamp as he rolled over. Then he struck up his sideways performance, in every way as blood-curdling.

Such was the low morale of C Company after a few nights that the desperate men took Tubby to the medical officer. The medic peered into Tubby's flue and declared, "You are built like a saxophone with a loose reed." The uproar was caused, he explained, by Tubby's uvula and soft palate vibrating with his breath. Aside from the implication that Tubby belonged in the post band, he could offer no palliative. Mutiny was narrowly averted when the Army shipped Tubby to the Air Force a few days later. We never knew whether they made him sleep in an empty B-17 engine cowling and drowned him out with the other motors, or what happened to the Air Force, but the rest of us went forth with iron nerves and won the war.



"This one is especially valuable—the ship is floating in a pint of old Napoleon brandy"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

Report on Private Rodriguez

The most publicized snorer to wear the uniform of his country was a military police private stationed in London. Private Tony Rodriguez would have blown Professor Laird's audiometer into a million pieces.

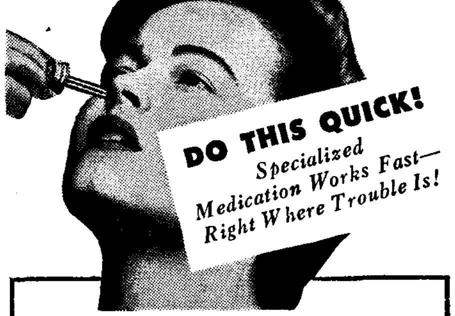
A critic who lasted through a full Rodriguez concerto brought back the following report: "The first movement is pastoral. Then the theme goes pizzicato, the violas and double basses entering vigorously. The first hoarse blasts of the trombones and tubas are heard. The second movement introduces the sounds of war. Fighter planes rise in a screeching spiral to give battle to a bomber formation. The intermingled aircraft fire all their guns and cannon and the bombers release heavy salvos of high-explosive bombs.

"When this infernal fortissimo is at its peak, it is joined by the roar of PT boats, a tank troop advancing with marching fire, flame throwers and flail tanks hissing and clanking. Tony shifts in his sleep and the third movement begins more soul-searing than the second. A man is drowning in a heavy storm at sea. We hear the mountainous crash of the waves, the screams of the lost man, the mournful bellows of a whistling buoy and peals of angry thunder. Then comes the unbearable crash of the massed kettle drums. A shoe hits Tony. The symphony is over."

Major Paul Hitler, M.P. Commandant for the London Base Section, saved the day by ordering a special Nissen hut built for Tony, where he lived and performed alone. The police then put down crime.

A recital as sad as this should have a touch of silver lining and this is furnished by the stroke of fortune that a snore brought Timothy MacPeak. MacPeak was a car knocker on an upstate Michigan railroad, who got rich almost twenty years ago by virtue of his dynamic night music. MacPeak had attended a speak-easy frequented by fellow Irishmen, fond of frolic. The fun climaxed in what Dubliners call a "brannigan," or a spirited group display of

At First Sign of a Cold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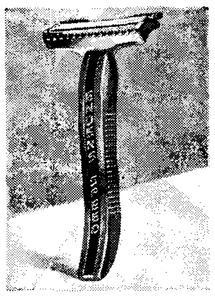

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fistwork. MacPeak joined in with a zest. But too many cars ran over his switch and he withdrew, minus several front teeth. Weaving his homeward way, MacPeak succumbed to lassitude and fell asleep in a ditch by the railroad tracks.

A few hours later a horse-drawn milk wagon attempted to beat a train to a grade crossing near which MacPeak slumbered. The race ended in a tie. The milkman leaped before the crash and hurtled off into the morning mists. When the people on the train alighted they found the wreckage but no driver. Then, through the fog and amplified by it, they heard MacPeak's magnificent snores. They saw his bloody mouth and untidy condition and shot him off to the hospital. The valiant car knocker awoke the next morning in a nice bed, attended by doctors and nurses, and a railroad claim agent who waved a certified check and a legal form releasing the line from damage suit. MacPeak signed.

It Could Be Your Uvula

One of ten humans snores. Most of the offenders are sedentary workers over 35. When the throat muscles go saggy, a lot of loose tackle flaps about in the respiratory tract and makes inhuman music of the breath. In rare instances it may be due to a freakish uvula. The standard human model throat has a quarter-inch coxcomb known as the uvula, but in an odd model here and there the uvula runs up to one inch in length. When the wind whistles over a giant uvula it produces uvular ululations. Mucous matter lodged in the nose contributes some, and enlarged adenoids will cause children to snore. The latter instances of amateur snoring may be cured by (a) blowing the nose, or (b) taking out the adenoids.

The confirmed throat snorer is still adrift. The medical profession has evolved two cures which may help him, but the percentage of successes is still under half. One eminent snore specialist has been giving weekly injections to tighten up the loose uvular and palate tissue. He has been able to silence two out of ten patients, and muffle an occasional cutout on others.

Eye, ear, nose and throat specialists can diminish part of the nightly noise by enforcing regimes on their patients. The remedies are as grim as a charm-school diet, but if the patient is desperate they may help. The snore doctor tells the office worker that he is more susceptible to offense than outdoor men. So the office Joe must walk home from work, go out in the back yard and hurdle things, breathe deeply, run ten times around the block, and generally comport himself like an eager beaver trying out for the track team. If it does not always result in the sleep noiseless, it does bring on the body beautiful.

A low-grade infection of the sinus—one which does not give the subject enough pain to drive him to a doctor—may produce a "postnasal drip." (This term refers to the condition, not the patient.) At night the sinus drains into the throat, and what you get is snoring. Food allergies may build up mucous deposits in the nose and cause snoring. The odds are pretty small that this is the cause of your snoring.

There is actually a sure-fire cure for snoring, according to throat specialists. You must be in deep Dutch at home, before they will mention it to you. This hair-raising specific was originally applied to people suffering from proud flesh in the throat. At night the loss of swallowing control allows the exuberant tissue growth to block the windpipe. The passage must be kept clear by inserting a tube through the mouth and into the throat. The unfortunate must learn to sleep with the tube in position all night. The tube will stop snoring, and so will sword-swallowing.

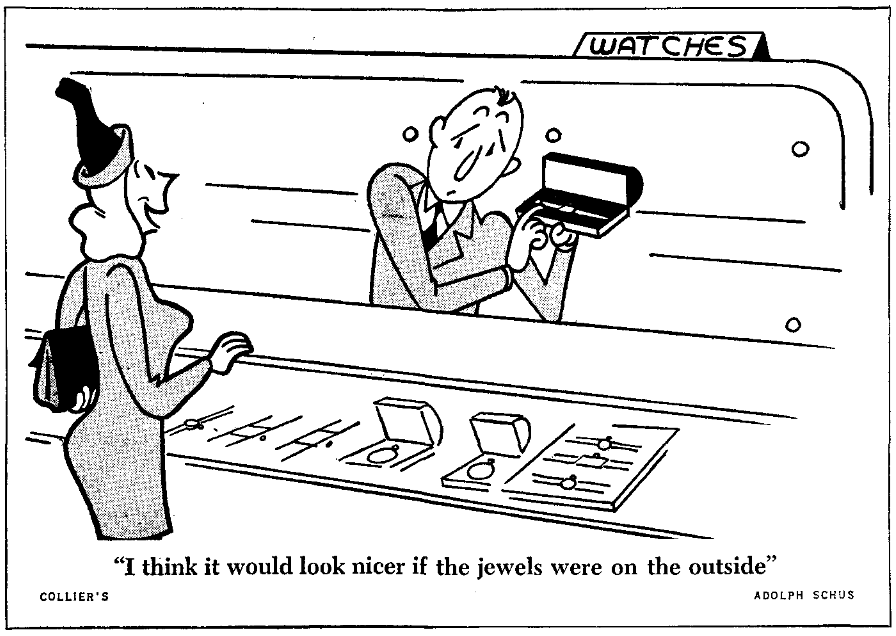
The annals of medical history afford solace to the snorer. If you are IT, try the following roster on your bunkie. Twenty of the 32 Presidents of the United States are proved or believed on a thick web of circumstance to have been nocturnal nuisances in the White House. The list is bipartisan and consoling. Washington, both Adamses, Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, T. Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Hoover and F.D.R. all snored. The historians are closing in on the other Presidents, but we don't have the goods on them yet. The comfort to be drawn from this roll call lies in the fact that there has never been a White House divorce.

Foreign prime ministers and potentates in the distinguished snorers' club would fill the Dictionary of Biography, going back to Abimelech and forward to Zog. Winston Churchill is a 35-decibel man, by the reckoning of an ex-naval officer who auditioned him on shipboard in August, 1944. Mussolini was an astounding artist, according to the memoirs of ladies who knew him. Il Duce, by circumstantial evidence, must have bowled over 45. No sources can be found establishing a Hitler *schnarchen,* but he was a notoriously light and fitful sleeper and could not have ranked with the best historical snorers. Similar mystery attends our researches into the sleeping accomplishments of Harry S. Truman and Joseph Stalin.

Having been immersed in this topic for some years, and after studying its scientific, psychopathic, commercial, medical, and historic phenomena, your correspondent may be allowed a parting personal word of advice to the snorer:

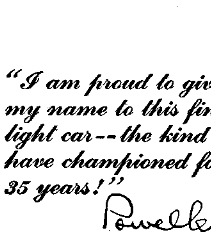
Get the old lady some ear plugs.

THE END



"I think it would look nicer if the jewels were on the outside"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS



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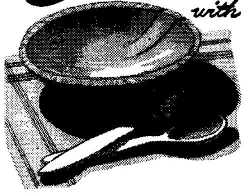

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A HEART OF GOLD

Continued from page 11

"Did I scare you to death with my big hello, honey?" he asked. "Don't worry. Harry H. Harris—the H. is for Hooey—turns nobody down. Why should he?" he asked in anger. "If you cut them, won't they bleed? If you cross them, won't they cry? And," he added with a playful grin, "we can always turn their tears into a little cash." The girl had reached the partition in front of his desk and she rested her hand on the swinging door.

"Step into Term Two," said Harry, grinning. The girl stepped inside. "Sit down," he said. He looked at her with curiosity, sizing her up. In mock surprise, he turned to his steno. "Rosie," he asked, "who is this gorgeous creature?" He turned back to the girl. "Tell me, honey," he said, pleasantly, "to what do I owe this pleasure?"

THE girl dropped her round blue eyes. "I want a divorce," she whispered, scared by his dark, searching look. It was difficult for her to make him out—he had the heavy head of a judge, the clever eyes of a criminal. He didn't look like a lawyer. Could she trust him?

"Go ahead," said Harry, "tell me all about it."

The girl's long fingers tightened around her red pocketbook. "My husband," she began, "is driving me crazy with his jealousy. I can't help it, honest—it's not my fault. When I open a door, the fellers have one thought in their head: I'm the show. Some girls can wear nothing, they leave the boys cold. Me, I just stand there—it's like I'm barebusted."

Harry nodded at the girl. She was a nice lazy kid with a good head. With that hair roll in front and the two little yellow bows on each side, she looked like a daisy in a field.

"So when Bernie came back from the war," she went on, "all I wanted was to make a home for him—get up early, fix up the house, go to work, come home and make supper—and when I go down the block with him in the evening, everybody would turn around and talk to us. I even worked for the boy. I wanted him to skip the rough spots for a while. You know. But nothing satisfies him except I'm his slave."

There was no "Get a load of this" about the way she spoke, no "This'll kill ya." No "I, my." She was a cub, a cat—just spilling her heart.

"Three years away, I'm true to him, so help me—he's my one and only," she continued. "But what good does it do me? One night he yells at me, 'Chorus girl,' he yells, 'while I was over there in a foxhole, you were playing around over here.' Me, playing around—imagine! And where did the dope get the idea? From some drunk at a bar."

She paused to smooth her nylons over her long, long legs.

"I like to be a star in my own little world, Mr. Harris," she confessed. "You see, I got rich blood. When I was a kid, my skin used to break out something awful. That gave me an inferior complex. And," she added with force, "that inferior complex can make a panther out of me. I absolutely cannot stand it if anybody thinks he's too good for me. So this, that and the other thing, I finally says to myself, 'Molly,' I says, 'you're not getting younger. In this day and age, you can't figure on a lifetime. If you're single, it's no stigma.' "

Harry rubbed his hands. "You're right, my dear. Absolutely right." To himself he was saying, "So far it's easy. Step number one: Steam the girl up. That's done. Step number two: Build her husband up into a menace—"

"A guy like that," he said in disgust, "he goes overseas, he comes back—he's a psycho, right?"

"No," cried Molly, "oh, no. A nice-looking feller, such an appearance."

"He plays cards? He talks dirty? Common words?" pursued Harry.

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"A fourteen-carat bum," Harry said, overriding her answers. "He'd drown you in a teaspoon of water. My advice to you, my dear—give him the air. Close the door on his face once and for all."

Molly burst into tears. Harry patted her shoulder. "Now, my dear," he said.

Molly sniffled. "That's nothing," she whimpered. "I could cry on the street."

Harry calculated: This girl was no cashbox. "Where's your husband, my dear?" he asked. "How is it he didn't come with you?"

She wiped her red eyes with her fingers. "I told him to meet me—he'll be here any minute."

"Come now," Harry told her, "you don't want him to see you like this—"

Outside, a young man was coming up the steps. "Shh," said Harry, "here he comes."

The husband walked into the doorway. He was a clean-looking kid—brushed-back hair, clean big hands, neat suit. A frank, open kid.

"Come in," said Harry.

The kid came forward and put out his hand. "I'm Bernie Miller," he said.

"Sit down, Mr. Miller," said Harry.

The kid sat down in the chair next to his wife but did not look at her. "Well," he said and paused. "Well," he began again, "we didn't find each other."

Harry nodded pleasantly. "It happens to lots of people."

The kid paused again. "So I got a pair of shoes and they hurt my feet, that's all." He stopped.

"You darkened my life," his wife said bitterly.

"We'll see what we'll see," said the boy in the same tone, disregarding her.

"That's right," said Harry, tossing it off. "You can't die from it. The Rock of Gibraltar meets Vesuvius—what can you do?" He shrugged his shoulders.

Bernie looked up at him helplessly. "So, Mr. Harris," he said, "tell us what to do, please."

HARRY considered. There was only one thing to do—bring them together. These two were clearly in love; it was easy to see that. He could have shown them how to get together again—but that was no way to make a living for his wife and children. His choice was simple: He'd have to show them how to break up instead. Common sense.

Harry leaned back. "The quickest way out of your dilemma," he said, folding his hands, "is a Mexican divorce."

"Mexican?" asked Bernie, bewildered. "Why Mexican, Mr. Harris?"

"Because it's a real fast action, airmail, special delivery," said Harry. He was beginning to talk rapidly. "After all, we're living in the twentieth century, right? The Atomic Age."

"How does it work?" asked Bernie suspiciously.

"Simple." Harry spread out his arms. "Here am I in New York City. I wire an American lawyer in Mexico City. This American lawyer hires a Mexican lawyer to try the case. The Mexican lawyer gets a decision from a Mexican judge. One guy writes up the verdict in Spanish; the other one translates it into American. It comes back to me, all tied up in ribbons. In four weeks, it's all dead, buried and forgotten. You're both on your own."

Harry thought he had them up against the ropes now—they both looked scared.

"But suppose," asked Molly timidly, "you want to get married again?"

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Harry laughed it off. "For a nickel, a ferry ride to Jersey, you're married again."

"And in New York?" asked Bernie.

Harry shook his head seriously. "No good," he said. "In New York there is only one ground—catch the man with the goods."

"Oh," said Bernie.

"Of course it's up to you," said Harry lightly. "If you want to be free, it'll cost you, either way." He had to be careful now—in a bat of a lash, he could lose $350. He stared at Bernie until the kid dropped his eyes.

"I'd like the New York kind," the kid said finally.

HARRY leaned forward, crouching over his desk. This was the part he didn't like. The frame-up. It disgusted most couples. Sometimes he lost customers that way. He'd have to be careful.

"Well, now," he began, "we dispense with the law here and now." He hesitated. "Understand now," he said, lifting his eyes and putting as much rugged honesty into his voice as he could. "I don't want to frame your divorce. I'm not going to be a party to a frame-up or swindle." He looked tough. "But you two young people want to part company, after all. So I'm going to tell you how to make a New York judge happy, that's all." He plunged on. "You, Mr. Miller, will go to a hotel room, see. A friend of yours, accompanied by your wife, will knock on the door. You open it. You're wearing pajamas. Your witness pushes his way in and finds a blonde in the bed. That's all, brother. The judge knows you weren't waiting for a streetcar."

Molly's lips twisted in disgust. "All we want is to say goodby," she said sadly. "We got to go through all that?"

"The whole thing," said Harry, "takes two minutes."

Bernie's lips tightened. "I'm no tramp, Mr. Harris," he said.

"No—of course not," said Harry. He couldn't say any more. This was the crisis. He could feel shame, disgust and fright crawling around his office like snakes. His shingle was shaking on the wall. If he could get them over this hump, he was set. If not, he'd bamboozled himself out of a living for today.

"I've told you everything from my heart and soul," he said at last. "For being so open with you, they can send me to four jails and five penitentiaries. You got me in the palm of your hand. I conspire, cheat and steal"—his voice rose in pious anger—"and for what?" He paused to wipe the bitterness away. Then: "But that's the way of the world, that's your life." He had included them in the conspiracy, now he was through. It was up to them now.

The boy sighed. "Well," he said, "how much?"

"Three hundred and fifty smackers," said Harry.

"And when do we start?"

"Right now, brother. You just give it to me here—in my hot little fist."

"All of it?"

"Twenty-five—on account."

The boy paused. "Can't you make it ten?"

"Ten?" yelled Harry. "With black coffee. I'm honest with you, kid. Now be fair with me, play along with me."

The kid hesitated. Harry decided to try humor. "It's only on account," he said. "On accounta what? On accounta I need it more than you do. After all, I'm a lawyer—I got a license to steal. So take your hand away from your heart and open up your purse strings."

The kid fumbled in his pocket and laid three fresh bills on the desk. "My vacation money," he said. "It was going for a vacation."

Harry scooped up the bills. "Brother," he said, taking a roll of bills out of his own pocket and removing the rubber band, "you couldn't deposit this in a better institution." He added the new bills and snapped the band around the whole roll. Then he rose with a reverent air.

"Now, my children," he said. He was going to dismiss them one at a time. Let them out together on a nice summer evening—and who knows? They might kiss and make up—and he was out $325.

He turned to Molly. "Mrs. Miller, my dear," he said, "rest assured I won't harm a hair of your head." He took one of his cards out of his vest pocket. "Here," he said, handing it to her, "if anybody bothers you, phone me right away, do you hear? And now, goodby, my dear, and good luck."

Molly dumbly took his hand and turned toward the door.

When she was gone, Harry turned to the boy. "My lad," he said, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "in theory I'm your enemy. After all, I'm your wife's attorney, not yours. She hired me, but," he added, "you're the one who's paying me, aren't you? I want you to feel you didn't come to a lawyer, but to a brother." He lifted his dark eyes. The boy was searching him out. Harry could see the poison of doubt inflaming Bernie's eyes. He'd have to kill that doubt and there was only one way—with a club.

"My son," he said, "that girl is nothing but a bum. The way she dresses, the way she's made up, the way she shakes her fanny. Only one thing—give her the air. So goodby now—and good luck. Until next time. Bring your witness and don't forget, carry a hundred-dollar bill in your hand."

He hustled the boy out and banged the door on him.

Then Harry walked back to his desk. A fat smile covered his face as he stared out the window at the people walking by. "People," he muttered between contempt and pity. He turned to his steno, who was still typing.

"Well, Rosie," he said, "what did you think of it? Done with finesse and logesse, wouldn't you say?" Rosie did not answer. A good girl, Rosie, thought Harry—never answered back. A good one to have around, especially when your conscience was hurting, as it was now. You could always talk it out to Rosie before going home. Then you could open the door to your house at night with a clear mind. No use in trying to get it off your chest before your wife—the missus did not care to know. All she wanted was to run a clean home, a better home—and that needed better money all the time.

"Did you hear me give them that stuff about a Mexican divorce?" he went on. "Three lawyers, two governments. Who's the three lawyers and two governments? Me, Rosie." Harry pointed to his bookcases. "See those books, Rosie? Stage props—I haven't opened a law book in twenty years. The dust of two decades rests undisturbed by human hands. Law is ninety per cent bull, Rosie. A little phraseology, a lotta gas—and you're a lawyer. Civilization, my dear girl, doesn't need lawyers—it needs psychiatrists. We're sick—we're all sick, Rosie." Harry reached over, picked up a cigar butt from the ash tray and lighted it. "Rosie," he said, blowing out a rich cloud of smoke, "those two kids don't want to break up. They want to stay together but they don't know how. The last thing they need in the world is a divorce. I know that. But Rosie, I can't be an idealist—the Bowery's full of idealists, Rosie. I'll fight in the interests of humanity *and*"—he smiled—"my own purse, Rosie."

Harry unlocked his desk drawer and looked at his day's earnings—neat piles of checks and bills. "Money," he wailed in mockery, "money, money everywhere. Rosie, it looks like the gas pipe for the old master. I'm sitting with my nose to the floor, Rosie. I'm headed for a petition in bankruptcy."

He locked the drawer again, rose,

As soon as Rosie knew her boss was gone, she stopped typing, threw the papers on the floor and broke into tears. "The brute!" she cried

stretched, shook the loose ashes from his vest, turned off the fan, locked up the phone and put on his coat and hat. He was ready now to face his wife and kids. He swaggered to the door and stopped with his hand on the knob.

He was looking at his steno, who was still typing. Her shoulders were a little too thin, her breasts a little too small, her hips a little too narrow. But the largeness in her eyes, the deepness in her smile—

"Rosie," he said to her, "don't stay too late—and make sure you lock up before you go."

"Yes, Mr. Harris," said Rosie. As soon as she knew her boss was gone, she stopped typing and threw the papers on the floor. Then she dropped her head on her typewriter and broke out into tears. "The brute," she said, quivering. "Oh, the brute!"

A WEEK later—for Harry a week of accidents, divorces, evictions, robberies, conspiracies—Bernie and Molly again showed up in the office, again at the same hour. This time they had a witness with them.

"A friend of mine," explained Bernie, introducing the sharp guy in the big hat and tight collar. "He'd say yes to anything, as long as it's for me."

After everybody was seated, Harry said from behind his desk, "Well, now, I've got the affidavit all typed up." He picked it up and read down the page. "According to this," he explained to Bernie, "at ten o'clock on the night of August 19th, your wife and this man here knocked on the door of Room 1001 in the Hotel Honeymoon. You came to the door in your pajamas. As soon as you saw them, you tried to lock the door on them. But Mr. Whoozis here put his foot in the doorway and pushed his way in, with Mrs. Miller after him. As they entered the hotel room, they saw a blonde in her pajama top run from the bed to the bathroom. We may as well give the judge a good time: In her pajama top. That's all—they walked right out."

He turned to the witnesses. "Raise your right hands," he said. "Do you solemnly swear, et cetera?" They both nodded. "Such witnesses," wailed Harry, "my license is shaking on the wall." He pushed the paper over to the edge of his desk, drew out a pen and pointed to the dotted line with his hairy forefinger. "Sign here," he said. Molly signed first. Her hand was shaking.

Harry folded up the affidavit and turned to Bernie. "You got the hundred dollars?" he asked. Bernie nodded and handed him a single new bill. "Ah," said Harry, looking at it closely, "fresh from the laundry." He reached into his pants pocket and drew out his bank roll. "Well now, we'll give it a nice green funeral," he said, smiling. "I'll bury it along with the rest of the green."

He looked from Bernie to Molly and

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back again to Bernie. "You two kids are on a belt line now," he said seriously. "The next step is the interlocutory decree. I'll get that for you momentarily, if not sooner. It's on the court calendar already."

He rose and shook hands all around. "Now," he smiled, "we can go into court with clean hands."

THE trial date was set for September 30th. On the evening of the 29th, Harry was sitting in his throne, waiting for Molly. He was going to coach her for her appearance in court. It was Indian summer. Across the street, a swollen moon was rising over Rosen's delicatessen. Harry's tooth was aching. It was his wisdom tooth. For years now, whenever he was deeply upset about facing something, it would hurt him. It was almost a reminder of his mortality. "I'm growing old," he said to himself, "and my wisdom tooth hasn't even come out yet. It's buried in my gum—maybe it's rotting in there." Harry shuddered.

"Hello, Mr. Harris."

Harry jumped. It was Molly. "Hello, my dear," he said, "sit down." He rubbed his hands, and grinned. "Well, now," he said, "we're ready for the real perjury. I hope we don't get a crab on the bench. The kind that says: 'What was the color of the girl's hair? Was it a single bed or a double bed?' Yeah, there are judges who put you through the mill." He caught the alarm in Molly's eyes and he changed his manner. "The average judge, frankly, falls asleep—if you wake him up, he gets good and sore. I remember one judge—the attendants had to carry him into court—he was ninety or more. They used to prop him up in his chair and before you knew it, his head was down on his desk and he was fast asleep. When all the cases were done, the attendants would come in and carry him out again. Our luck, he had to die." Harry started to laugh but just then his wisdom tooth twinged.

He frowned as he waited for the pain to pass, then went on seriously: "Now don't forget, you won't be in front of a bum. Come dressed like a lady. Sit back in your chair. 'No, your honor, yes, your honor.' Quiet—nice and easy. Let the crazy ladies holler, blow whistles. You smile, always a nice smile."

"How can I smile?" asked Molly.

Harry looked up. It was the first time he had looked at her, really. She was pale and uncombed. No lipstick, no rouge, no bows in her hair, no stockings. "You're not happy?" he asked.

"No."

He smiled indulgently. "You're not miserable, though, my dear."

She smiled bitterly. "You think it's fun to lose a husband like Bernie? A childhood sweetheart?" She was crying. "He played the violin for me and everything—" Harry looked away.

She sighed. "I had such confidence in that boy."

"Look, Mrs. Miller—" he began.

She shook her head, violently, helpless tears standing in her blue eyes. "Mr. Harris," she said, "I miss him from the soles of my feet."

He let her talk. "Finished," she said desperately. "Once and for all. Out."

Harry jumped in pain. The tooth must come out, he could almost hear his dentist saying. He began talking fast. "Well, now, my dear, let's not get soft now, shall we? You've got to be brave. I'll be your champion, don't worry. Wait till you see me in court. It's worth ten dollars a ticket. I've got in this six and seven-eighths head of mine a dehydrated brain that swells to enormous proportions on courtroom aromas. With me at bat, you knock a home run. I'll fight for you as if it was a $5,000 case."

He took her arm and hustled her toward the door. "Now keep your fingers crossed," he called after her.

He shut the door and dropped into his throne again. He sat gazing out at the passers-by in the street, holding his aching cheek. Then he turned to his steno.

"There's your life, there's your world," he said. "Such sad things happen in my office—I'm going to wind up in a hospital." He was quiet for a long time. Then he said, "Rosie, why am I sad? I can mortgage City Hall. Yet I'm downhearted. Am I sick?" His questioning fingers tenderly probed his cheek.

Honesty crept into his voice. "Rosie, sometimes I feel so low I can walk under a worm with a high hat and umbrella."

Rosie's fingers kept twinkling over the keys of the typewriter. "Tell me, Rosie," he went on, "could you sit down with a fly and talk?" No answer. "Rosie, we're all microbes. We should get on our knees and talk to the ants that run around in the fields, Rosie."

Rosie stopped typing. "Mr. Harris," she said, "are you sure you're all right?"

"Aren't we as flies to human beings, Rosie?" he asked. "I mean real human beings like those two?"

Rosie continued her typing.

"Agreest thou or agreest thou not?" yelled Mr. Harris. "Stop working, Rosie. The hell with the work. Answer me."

Rosie's manicured fingers dropped into her lap. Her large eyes questioned her boss' face. "Mr. Harris," she said, "could I get you something?"

Harry threw himself out of his throne. "Rosie—" he said solemnly, "only God could divorce me from my wife. Only God divorced my poor mother from her her husband. But this girl, Molly—only Harry H. Harris can divorce her, Rosie."

Harry H. Harris was standing in the middle of his dirty floor—his chunky chest 'way out, his hairy arm raised in oratory. Something important was coming.

Rosie knew it. Almost automatically, she picked up a pencil as if to take dictation.

"Rosie," he went on, "that pair wasn't made to be torn apart. They're in love with each other." He grabbed his head in his hands and started walking up and down. "Rosie, I'm a lawyer, not a matrimonial agency." He brought his fist down into the palm of his hand. "This is the Atomic Age, Rosie—we need a new way of life, all of us. When I die, they'll make me a pillow of green bills?" He walked over to his desk, and placed his hand on the phone. "Rosie, I should eat in castor oil what I'm going to lose in fees."

HE LIFTED the phone with decision and dialed. "Mr. Miller?" he yelled into the receiver. "Harris—the poor man's attorney. I want you and your wife to come to my office at once . . . No, I can't wait. Tomorrow's too late. Something important has turned up . . . Yeah, come at once. Call up your wife. I want both of you here."

He hung up. "Rosie, I'm so mad at myself," he said, "my false teeth almost fell out. I know what you get for being kind in this world . . . Kind people are poor people all their life—it's better to die than be poor. But, Rosie, we're living in the middle of the twentieth century. Man is fighting to be born, Rosie. And it hurts, yes." He opened his jaws wide and reached into the back of his mouth. His forefinger explored his sore gum till it felt out the sharp edge of the hidden wisdom tooth beneath. "Harry H. Harris," he went on, "must get rid of this larcenous cancer in his blood, Rosie, or he dies." He stood up and drew himself up high. "Rosie," he said, "I'm going to give that pair a *crusade*." . . .

The boy came in first.

Harry began very quietly. "Sit down, Mr. Miller," he said, waving Bernie to the chair beside his own. The boy did as he was told and waited.

Harry went on: "I have something to say to you. But first, I want to make friends with you. In the right way, the good way." He opened the top drawer of his desk, where he kept his gift cigars. "Let me pick you out a good one from my garden of stinkweeds," he said. They both lighted up.

Harry leaned back. "Bernie," he said, "I'm going to speak from my heart. Sometimes that can be bad for business. But you didn't come to a Forty-second Street lawyer when you came to my office. Tell me, Bernie, do you love your wife?"

The boy considered. "Mr. Harris," he said, "she was a good wife." He lifted his finger, meaning to go on. Just then Molly walked in. She was breathless and frightened.

"Come in, my dear," said Harry.

SHE came in and sat down next to her husband. Harry looked from one to the other. Then he laid down his cigar.

"Children," he said, "I've got one partner—only one. Almighty God. Maybe I sound hard at times—that's only a shell to keep people away. I'm going to tell you kids one thing. In this world of tears there is nothing left, except family ties. As the father of two girls, one of them in law school, I say: 'A man needs a woman like a woman needs a man.' " He turned to Molly. "Molly, you're a good girl—a spirited girl. The fire in your eyes dwarfs me," he spouted. "Excuse me," he said, "did I spray you?" He bent closer to her. "My dear, maybe you made it a little too soft for this boy when he came home from the war. Too much candy is no good for anybody."

Then he turned to the boy. "This boy here. Molly, you said he was tough. He tough? Why," he said, with good-natured vehemence, "he couldn't fight his way through a paper bag." He paused. "Bernie," he said, "a girl like that, you don't have to yell—a whisper is enough. You got a bad child, you think—you spank her maybe, you don't throw her into the gutter. Remember, with honey you catch more flies than with vinegar. Nature repays in fullest measure—tear for tear, blood for blood."

Molly was wiping the glistening sweat off her forehead. Bernie looked angry with himself, as if he was about to cry. Harry looked from one to the other.

"Kids," he said, "we've got no people left in this world like you two—as proud as you, as kind as you. Yet you're hurting each other. You're drifting into a divorce. Why? How long before people learn to live together, I ask you?" He was getting bombastic now. "I can prove by a preponderance of credible evidence," he cried, "that you two are meant for each other. But I'm not going to labor my point." He rose and banged his desk hard. "In short," he yelled, "I am opposing your divorce strenuously and vociferously. I'm throwing it out of court."

The boy and his wife stared, bewildered. Smiles and tears were fighting for possession of their faces. Harry walked behind their chairs and put his arms around both of them. "Look, kids," he said, "let's make everything nice and good. Make it a land of milk and honey. I know you're going to be happy in this world. Come now, both of you—I want you to kiss." He dragged them out of their chairs.

Bashfully, they faced each other. Like children starting to walk, they hesitated to move forward. Then Molly let out a cry and Bernie took her in his arms.

When they separated, Harry warmly shook hands with them. "You'll see," he said. "It's going to be perfect, perfect." The two did not talk. All they had inside them was for laughter. "We'll be friends now," said Harry, "as long as we live." He walked them to the door.

The couple, holding hands, left.

Harry turned back to his desk. "Rosie," he said, "shut the door—I'm closed to business."

He sat in his throne and smiled. "From a divorce it turns into a wedding," he said. "From a curse into a benediction. We got wiles, God smiles, Rosie. Right?" Rosie nodded. "Tell me the truth," he urged. "Is there anybody like me? Or did Nature bust the mold when it created me?" Rosie did not answer. "Rosie, I'm uniquey and distincty—there's no getting away from it. I'm wasting my life here—I'm no solicitor, Rosie. I'm a barrister." He was overcome by his own sentiment. "Did you see the tears coming down like grapes, Rosie? It was like the Gettysburg Address. I gave them something to live for, Rosie. After tonight, I'll sleep better outdoors than I used to in bed." A sudden idea started off a rat race inside Harry's head. What about the fee I collected? Shall I keep it or give it back to the boy? For one second, he itched to sit down and write out a check. The next, he was cautioning himself: Now, now, don't be a sucker.

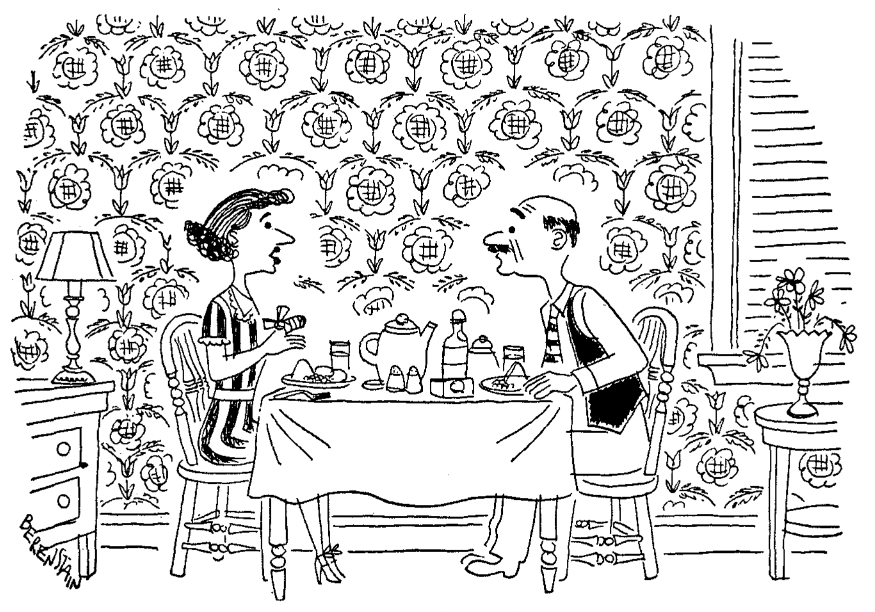
He put down his cigar and drew out his pipe. His wisdom tooth had stopped aching. He chuckled quietly as he filled his pipe. He lighted it and puffed for a while.

"You know, Rosie," he said with pleasure, as though he deserved to indulge himself, "I'm in the mood for some of those little red round radishes you can sweeten your coffee with, they're so sweet." He lowered his eyes in resignation. "Well," he said, with a cozy shrug, "I'll smoke my pipe of peace."

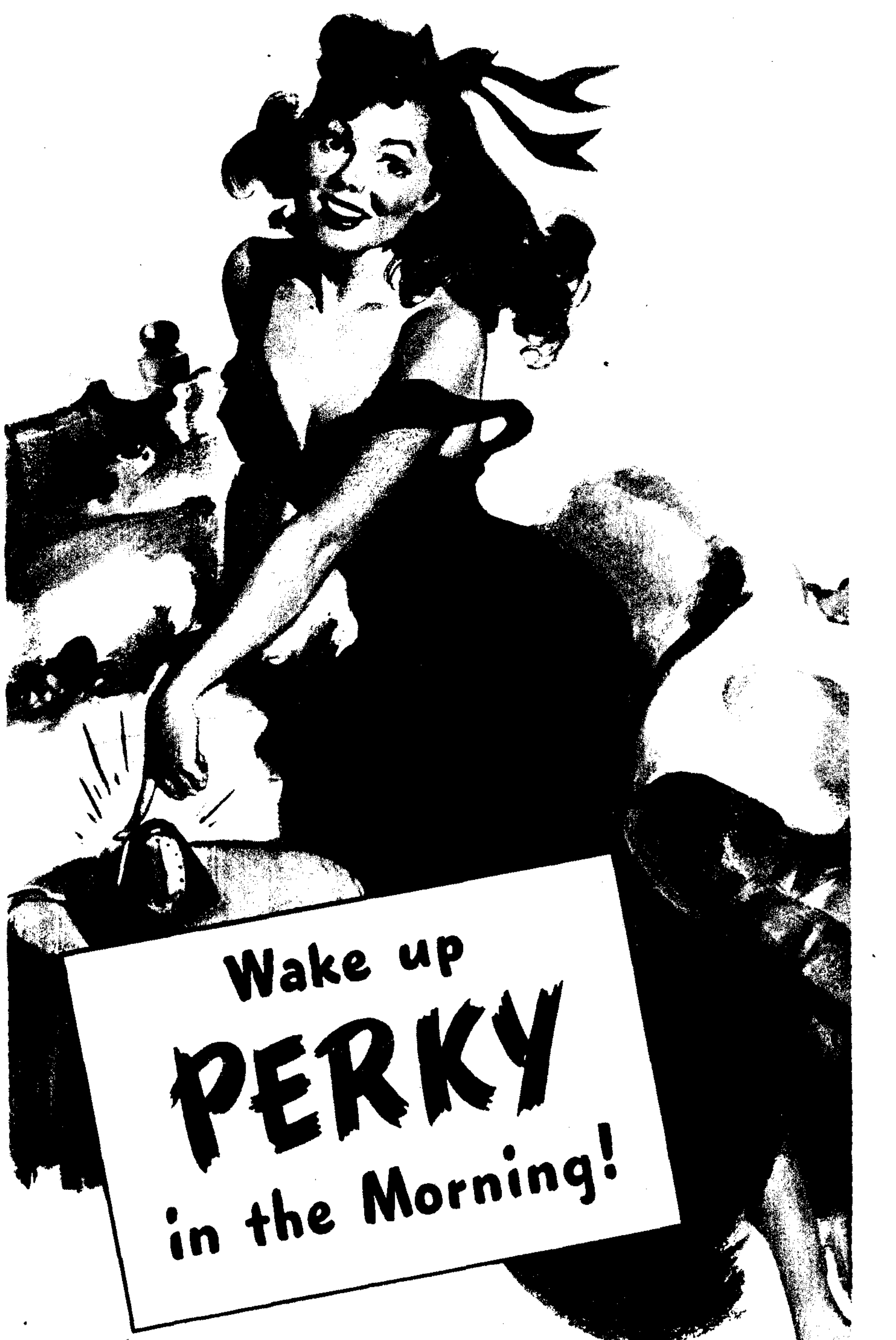
He stopped speaking and watched the parade of people past his window.

"People," he murmured. "People."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I cut it on some frozen broccoli" STANLEY BERENSTAIN



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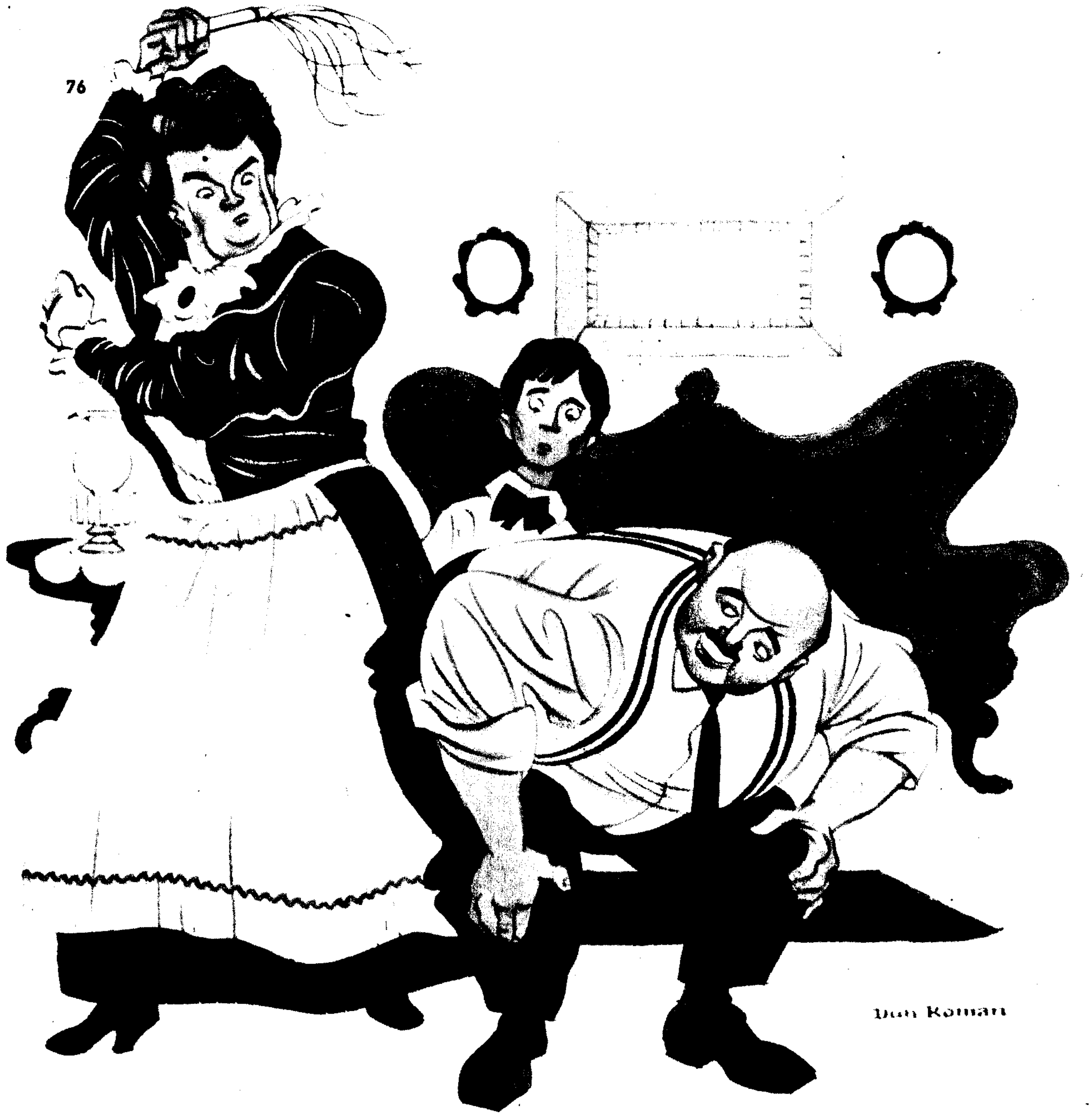


Papa laughed and handed Mama the cat-o'-nine-tails. "You couldn't hurt anyone with that," he said. "No?" Mama said and swatted him with it

NICKEL'S WORTH OF TROUBLE

BY HENRY STEIG

BEGGING, Charles?" my mother said. "How ashamed I am!" Puzzled and worried, I looked up at her out of the tops of my eyes. What had I done to get Mama into such a state?

We'd been entertaining Madame J, a Polish noblewoman for whom my mother occasionally made dresses. That day, Madame had come to talk about a gown and, as usual, stayed for tea. I hadn't quite turned seven, so the conversation hardly interested me. I was content to sit and gape at the shiny blond lady who was our guest.

When tea was over, Madame J prepared to leave, and I got the goodby hug and kiss I'd been waiting for. But there was something else, too—something which seemed to have slipped her mind. Always, before her goodby, Madame J used to give me a nickel, grandly overriding my mother's embarrassed protests. Madame J must have guessed that I didn't often get money for candy. The nickels were a regular thing and I had come to expect them, as if they were due me.

Mama saw Madame J to the door and I trailed along. At the last possible moment, losing hope, I blurted out that I hadn't had any candy in a long while. Madame J apologized for her forgetfulness, gave me another hug, and handed over a nickel. Then she was gone, and Mama was looking at me as if she wanted to disown me.

"I was never so ashamed in my life!" Mama said.

"But Madame J always gives me a nickel."

"And suppose she didn't, for once? Did you have to ask for it? What'll she think of us now?"

I fingered the coin, wondering what to do with it. I didn't dare run down and spend it. I offered it to my mother. She drew away from me.

"I don't want to see it—put it out of my sight. A son of mine, begging! Just you wait till Papa comes home."

It was late afternoon and my father would arrive at any moment. I had an impulse to run away but couldn't carry it out. There was going to be a scene, I knew—a big show with the action centered around me. It couldn't go on if I wasn't there.

Papa got home a few minutes later while Mama was still very upset, and Mama told him the story.

"That's something new! I'd never have dreamed it," he said and thought up a punishment. "One can buy all sorts of things for a nickel, besides candy. A cat-o'-nine-tails, for instance. As I happened to notice the other day, Werfel's just got in a fresh stock of them. You're going right down for one, Charles, and you're going to fetch it right back."

"Wait a minute, Dan—" Mama began.

"Don't interfere, Ella," said Papa. "I know what I'm doing."

"I won't go," I said; "I won't go, and you can't make me."

"You're going right now!" Papa bellowed at me. "Do you hear?"

I went, then. I'd known in my bones I'd have to, all along. I went down across the street to Werfel's hardware store, picked a cat-o'-nine-tails out of a box full of them, and dropped the nickel on the counter. I marched out, back across the street, holding the cat-o'-nine-tails like a bouquet of flowers.

As I opened the door to our flat, I heard Mama remonstrating with Papa in the parlor. "It's a fiendish idea. Only a man like you—"

"I know what I'm doing, I tell you," Papa said. "Don't interfere!"

My legs carried me over to my father and I handed him the cat-o'-nine-tails. It looked to me like a cruel weapon. Papa tried it on his palm. He put a chair in the center of the room and said, "Bend over, Charles."

I bent down over the seat of the chair. Papa lifted the cat-o'-nine-tails. Mama dashed at him and grasped his arm. She struggled with him like Pearl White with a villain in the movie serial, The Perils of Pauline. After a minute of that, Mama gave it up and stood against the wall, wringing her hands.

"I can't believe my eyes," she said.

Papa swatted me twice with the cat-o'-nine-tails and I howled "Owoo!" twice at the top of my lungs. Then Mama said to Papa, "Strike my boy once more, and I go out of your life forever. You'll never see me again!"

Papa began to laugh. I ran bawling to Mama and hid my face in her skirt.

Papa handed Mama the cat-o'-nine-tails. "Look at it," he said. "You couldn't hurt anyone with that."

"No?" Mama said and swatted him with it.

He laughed again. "Just as I told you. What would you expect for five cents? I only wanted to teach Charlie a lesson."

MAMA looked at the cat-o'-nine-tails and tried it on Papa again. He laughed all the louder. I stopped crying, examined the weapon myself, and saw now that it was only a bit of dowel with some six-inch strips of shoelacelike stuff tacked around one end.

"Honest, now," Papa said to me, "did I hurt you much?"

I wasn't sure. I didn't say anything.

"Of course you hurt him, you monster!" Mama said. "Do you think he's as thick-skinned as you are?"

"We'll settle this right now," Papa said, and pulled down my knickerbockers.

"Look at those welts!" Mama said.

"Where?" Papa turned my back to the light of the window. "What welts, for God's sake?"

"Are you blind? Oh, my poor baby!"

Papa wasn't laughing any more. "You're seeing things," he said to Mama. "You're letting your imagination run away with you."

Whether there were actually any marks on me or not, I couldn't say, not being able to see for myself. I felt awfully foolish, standing there with my pants down, and Mama and Papa arguing about it. I was wishing they'd let me alone, when my brothers, Paul and Eddie came in. I broke free of my parents and drew up my pants.

"What's been going on?" asked Eddie, who was eleven years old.

"You wouldn't believe it," Mama said, putting her arms around me. "Your poor brother!"

"Now listen," Papa said. "The whole thing was only a joke. That's all it was."

"My poor life!" Mama said.

"I'm hungry," said Paul. He was five.

"Well, kid, what happened?" Eddie asked me. But he didn't sound very curious. Plainly, the show was over.

"Aw, nothing," I said, and pulled myself away from Mama.

"Charles can't tell you," Mama said. "He's too shocked and frightened to speak. Oh, that I should have lived to see such a day?"

Papa gave the ceiling a helpless look. "What a mistake I made!" he said to Eddie and Paul. "Your mother has no sense of humor and I'll never hear the end of this. You may as well get it straight right now, boys. I just killed your brother Charlie." He pointed at me.

We three boys and Mama all stared at Papa.

"Condemned," Papa said. "As usual, you're all against me."

"Gee, I'm hungry," Paul said.

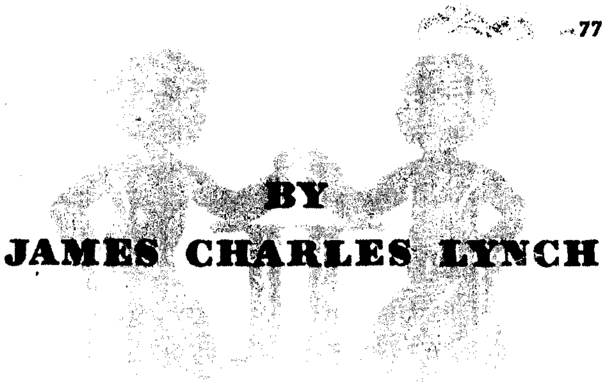
"Yeah, we're starved," Eddie chimed in.

Mama lifted her head and sniffed. "Oh, my heavens—the stew!" she cried. "Don't you smell it burning? I have to think of everything!" Off she ran to save the stew, leaving the rest of us standing dumbly about the parlor with our noses in the air. And then, pretty soon, we were all peacefully at supper around the kitchen table.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

BECAUSE OF GEMINI



BY JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

The advantage was all with the girl—because he hadn't learned how to say no

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

EVEN the palm reader on Olivera Street can instantly see the truth.

"My," she says, touching my palm. "You have a nice strong hand."

"I am a farmer," I tell her.

When she traces a line through my calluses, I say, "You can no doubt see what my trouble is. I have no will power. Folks are always imposing on me, borrowing from me, or something."

"That," says the woman, "is because of Gemini."

"Who?" I ask.

"Gemini," she says. "The third phase of the Zodiac. It is called The Twins. That is why people impose on you. They take you for two people. One of you to mind your own business and one to mind theirs."

"Gemini," I say. "Maybe that is why Priscilla got all mixed up and thought I was silly. She took me for two people and wouldn't believe that one of me is only a poor farmer."

"Who is Priscilla?" the woman wants to know.

"Priscilla," I tell her, "is the most beautiful girl in the world. She was enrolled in the same veterinary class as I was in college. I fell head over heels in love with her the first time I saw her. I couldn't help it."

"And she turned you down."

"No," I say. "On the contrary. It was I who turned her down. I found out she was Senator Dean's daughter."

"Is that bad?" the woman asks.

"The Deans are very rich people," I say. "Besides some oil wells and things, the Senator owns the Dean Blue Ribbon Stock Farms, the largest in the state. Besides no oil wells, I only own a hundred and sixty acres. I pointed this out to Priscilla, the night I found it out. She said I was silly. But she is that kind of a girl. But I knew if I asked Senator Dean for his daughter he would tell me to go some place I would not want to be and that I would not be able to refuse him. I can't refuse anyone. Maybe I'm a dope."

"That," says the palm reader, "seems to be your fate. It shows right here in your palm. Men in the chips do not have calluses. That will be two dollars."

"Your sign," I point out, "says twenty-five cents."

"I know," she says. "But you have had my special reading."

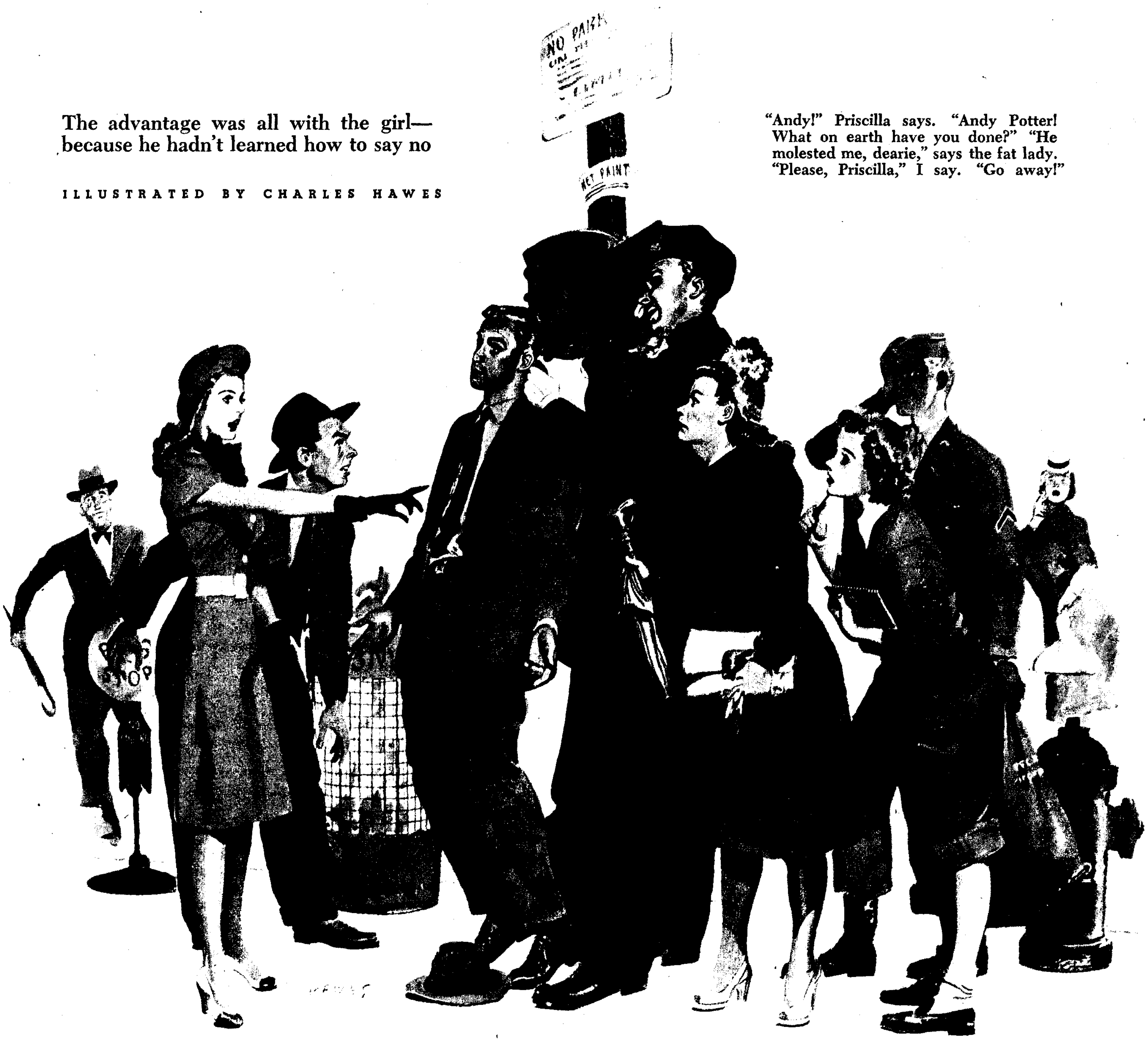
"I see," I say. I pay her two dollars and she grabs my hand again.

"Look, sonny," the palm reader goes on, "with a two-dollar reading I can afford to give you some advice. Why don't you wise up?"

"Me?" I say. "How?"

"Start looking out for yourself. Throw your weight around a little. You have the muscles and the shoulders for it."

"You mean," I ask her, "that if I get tough, people might stop imposing



"Andy!" Priscilla says. "Andy Potter! What on earth have you done?" "He molested me, dearie," says the fat lady. "Please, Priscilla," I say. "Go away!"

on me and maybe give me a dollar-seventy-five in change?"

"I wouldn't start changing my personality right around here," she says. "If you start kicking fate around all of a sudden, you might wind up in the pokey."

"Where?" I asked.

"Pokey," she says. "Jailhouse."

"Oh," I say. "That place. I don't care. My crops are planted. I have hired help. I am a free man. I can go to jail if I want to."

She says, "It's your neck," and starts smiling at a policeman who is sitting at a near-by stand eating a hot tamale.

BY THE time I finish my business I have made up my mind. I will kick fate in the teeth. I will have my own way in all things. I will get what I want. I will not even go home. I will take a vacation. I call home to tell Fred, my hired man.

"Andy," says Fred. "Am I glad you called."

"Don't tell me something is wrong out there," I tell him. "I won't believe it."

"Oh, no," he says. "Only Bill Spake, you know Bill, he come over and wants us to feed his stock for a few days."

"No," I say. "Positively not. Who does he think we are? Tell Bill to go hire a man."

"Why, Andy," says Fred. "I have never heard you talk like this before."

"You are going to hear a lot more talk like that," I tell him. "You tell Bill what I said."

"I can't," says Fred. "I already told him we would on account of you always have done things like this. Bill has already left for a little vacation."

"Oh," I say. "In that case, do what you can."

"That is why I am glad you called," says Fred. "I won't be here. Mary's sister Ruth—you know my wife's sister we told you about—well, she has a new baby and I have to take Mary up there."

"Fred," I say. "It is not my fault that your wife's sister Ruth . . . I don't see why . . ."

"Mary is honking the horn for me," he says. "She is upset. I did all the morning chores, but you better start home pretty quick on account of Bill's place. The weather looks bad. Goodby."

"Fred!" I yell.

"Your party," says a sweet voice, "has hung up."

Outside the telephone booth I stand there and scowl at my hand. A clerk comes over. "You hurt your hand in the booth?" he says.

"No," I tell him. "Ever try to fly against fate?"

"No," he says.

"Don't do it," I tell him. "You'll either land in the pokey or back on a farm. I know."

The clerk backs away and I hurry out. I look for a cab to take me back to where I had left my car.

At the corner there is a taxi stopped between the streetcar loading zone and the curb. The door is open and a big Navy lieutenant has one foot in the taxi and one foot on the curb. Traffic is piling up behind them. The cab driver looks worried and the traffic cop on the corner looks mean. The lieutenant looks desperate.

I say to the lieutenant, "Are you getting in or out?"

"Pal!" he says, breaking out a charming smile. "Old *man!*"

I know that look he is wearing on his face. "Uh, uh!" I say, and try to walk on, but he is a strong man.

"Look, Old Man," he says. "I am in a predicament."

"Tough, Lieutenant," I say. "Goodby, now."

The driver yells, "Get in, Admiral. The crossing cop is giving me the eye."

"Wait," says the lieutenant. Then he says to me, "Look, chum, I'm in a terrible rush. Do me a favor, will you?"

It is hard to come right out and say, "No!" to a member of our armed forces. "You see, Lieutenant—" I say.

"Good," he says. "Now this is what cooks. I was to meet Angel here at noon, only I have been recalled to my ship. I'll barely make it. There is no way for me to get in touch with Angel and I don't want her to think I have stood her up. Just tell her how it is. Tell her I will write."

"Look," I scream. "Thousands of girls pass here at noon. How could I possibly know which . . ."

"Easy," he says. He puts the edge of his hand about the middle of his chest, which makes it about chin-high on me. "She is this tall, exactly. Angel is blond and wears her hair long so that it curls about her shoulders. She has blue eyes."

"Most blondes do," I tell him. "I knew one, once. Her name was Priscilla. I don't see . . ."

"Easy," he says. "Do you whistle at women?"

"I do not," I tell him. "I have never whistled at a woman in my life."

"Then it will be easier than I thought. When you see Angel you will whistle, whether you want to or not. She has a figure like once when we launched a destroyer, the boys who rode her down the ways finally saw Angel standing on shore and paddled the ship right back up on dry land." He shakes my hand.

"I sure appreciate this," he says. "If I can do anything for you, just get in touch with Lieutenant Mark Stanley. I didn't catch your name."

"Andy Potter," I tell him. "I have a farm out . . ."

"Great," he says. "I'll send you a box of corncob pipes. Goodby."

"Goodby," I say, watching him dive into the cab. The traffic light is green and the taxi is almost a block away before I remember. "Hey!" I scream. "Lieutenant! What's her name?"

The traffic cop comes over. He is about the size of two bales of hay stacked on end. "Well," he says, "what's the matter? What you screaming about?"

"Nothing."

"Then beat it. Go find yourself something to scream about. And don't stand around on my corner talking to guys in cabs and holding up traffic. Beat it."

I am not afraid of policemen. "All right," I say. "I will go."

I don't really mind. I am certainly not flying against fate if the law tells me I can't stay and do a favor for a man. There is probably no such girl like Angel, anyway. She can't be the most beautiful girl in the world because Priscilla is the most. On the other hand . . .

I HAVE never stood on a corner before and just looked at women closely, but I find it is not as bad a chore as I thought it would be. The trouble is, you just can't look at any old girl, or one once in awhile. You have to look at all of them, just in case.

Of course I concentrate mostly on blondes because Angel is a blonde and I have a preference for blondes because so is Priscilla. But at that, after an hour, I get pretty tired standing there measuring blondes who come up to my chin. Then I see her. Not Angel. Oh, no. I see Priscilla. Not that I don't want to see her. I have pictures of her all over my house. I don't want her to see me. Not after the way I talked to her last so she would hate me so it would make it easier for me not to make a fool of myself.

I have not seen her for three years, and what I see now makes all my pictures of her obsolete. I pull my hat down over my eyes and lower my head. Then I do something I have never done in my life. I can't help it. I whistle.

As soon as I do that, I realize an awful truth. Lieutenant Stanley said I would whistle, whether I wanted to or not, when I saw his Angel. So Angel and Priscilla are the same. Like Gemini, the Twins.

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Thank goodness, Priscilla doesn't even turn around. But a fat lady does.

"Say," she says. "What's the big idea?"

"Please," I say. "I was not whistling at you."

"Is that so!" says a rough voice, down the back of my neck. When I try to turn around I find the big traffic officer has a large handful of my coat collar. "I've been watching you," he says. "You've been ogling everything in skirts on this corner for the last hour."

"Now wait a minute," I say. "I can explain that."

"Not to me," he says. "Explain it to the judge."

"Right in my ear he whistles," says the fat lady.

"I know," says the officer. "I was watching." He hoists up on my collar. "We'll make an example out of this guy. He'll get six months."

"You can't do this," I tell the officer. "I have a lot of pigs and chickens to feed. Not only mine, but Bill Spake's."

"You ought to be ashamed," he says, "wasting your time whistling at women. You ought to get life."

He drags me toward the call box on the corner and yells at the crowd. "Back up," he yells. "Give us room."

Which makes everyone crowd closer and attracts a few thousand more to our intimate conversation. And a large gentleman in the front row steps gallantly aside and lets Priscilla through.

Her eyes open very wide. "Andy!" she says. "Andy Potter. What on earth have you done?"

"He molested me, dearie," says the fat lady.

"Oh, no," says Priscilla. "Not you."

The fat lady sticks out her chest. "And why not?" she says.

"Please, Priscilla," I say. "Go away."

"Send a car to Seventh and Broadway," says the cop, talking into the callbox telephone. "I got a Four-Ninety-Five."

"You see, dearie," says the fat lady. "He's ashamed."

"I am not," I say.

"He ought to be," says someone in the crowd. "Whistling at her."

"Oh, Andy," says Priscilla, and she looks like she is going to cry, even after all these years and the things I said to her.

Then I remember. "Priscilla," I say, "do you know Lieutenant Mark Stanley?"

"No," she says. "Why? Can he help you?"

"No," I tell her. "He can't help. He has gone to sea on a boat."

The way she looks at me I know she thinks I have slipped my trolley. But she is loyal.

"Now don't you worry, Andy," she says. "I'll help you."

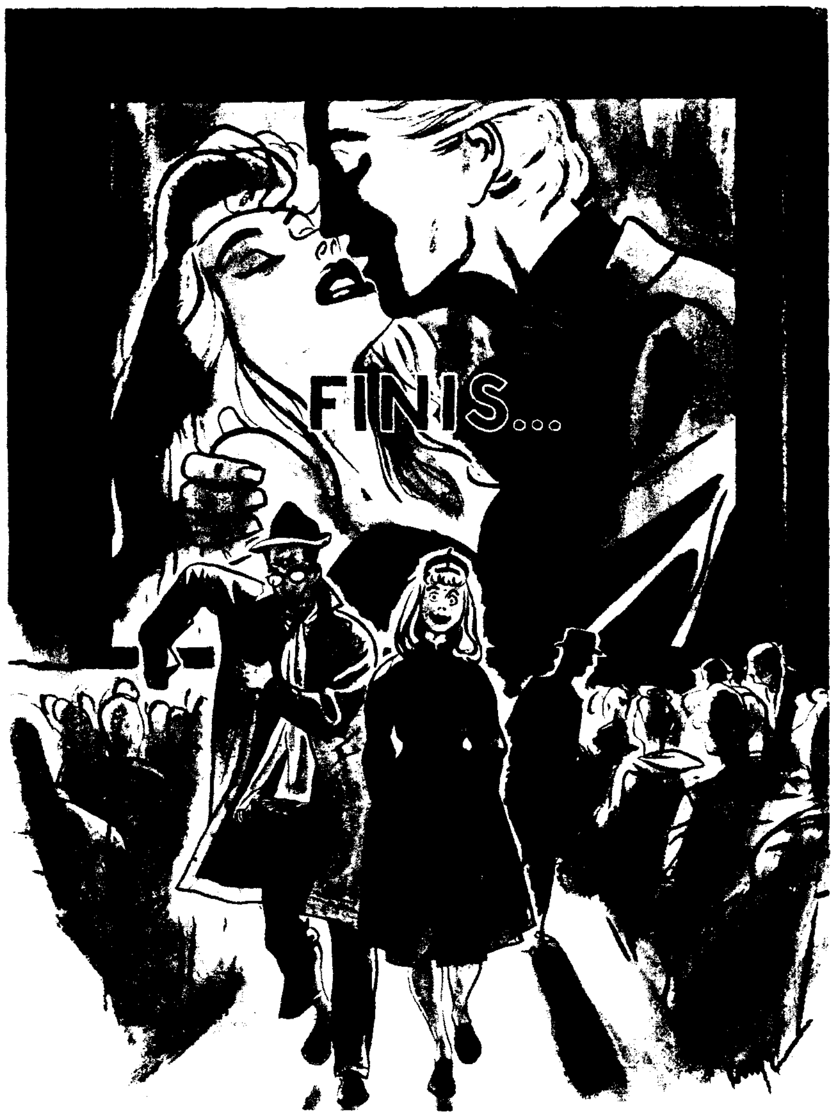
"No, no," I tell her. "Not that. Please don't. You start helping people and you'll wind up in the pokey, like me. Now please go away."

A SQUAD car comes up. The crowd starts milling around. I lose sight of Priscilla. One of the blue-coated brethren gets out of the squad car and helps the traffic officer hold me up by the neck. After a little of that they toss me in the back seat of the car and a policeman named Georgie climbs in with me.

Someone turns on the siren and we start out. I feel just like the time I filled a jug full of bees and then got my thumb stuck in the neck.

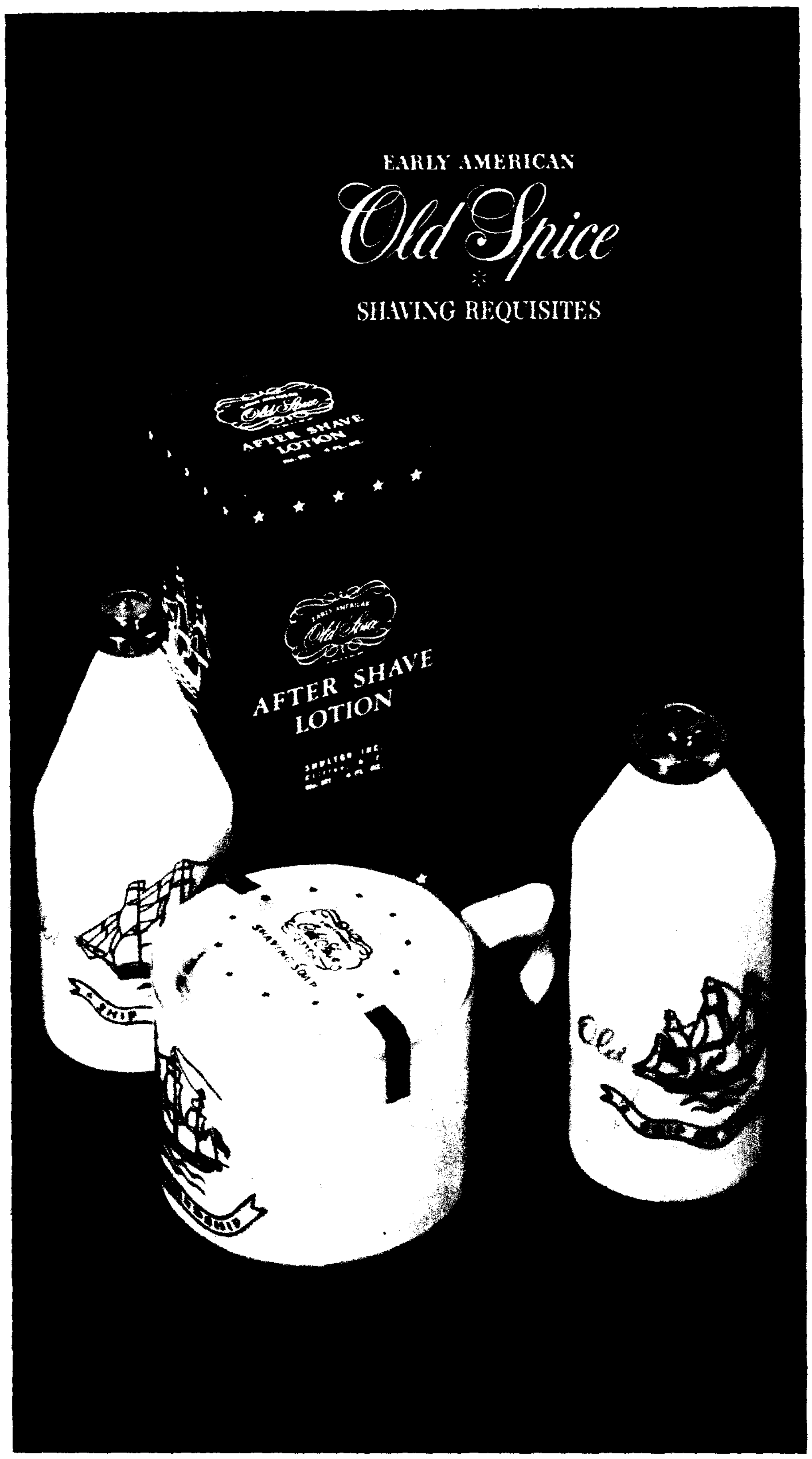
We have traveled about a block when Georgie yells, "Hey! Look!"

Georgie looks and I look. And there



"What I want to know is: What are they going to live on?"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



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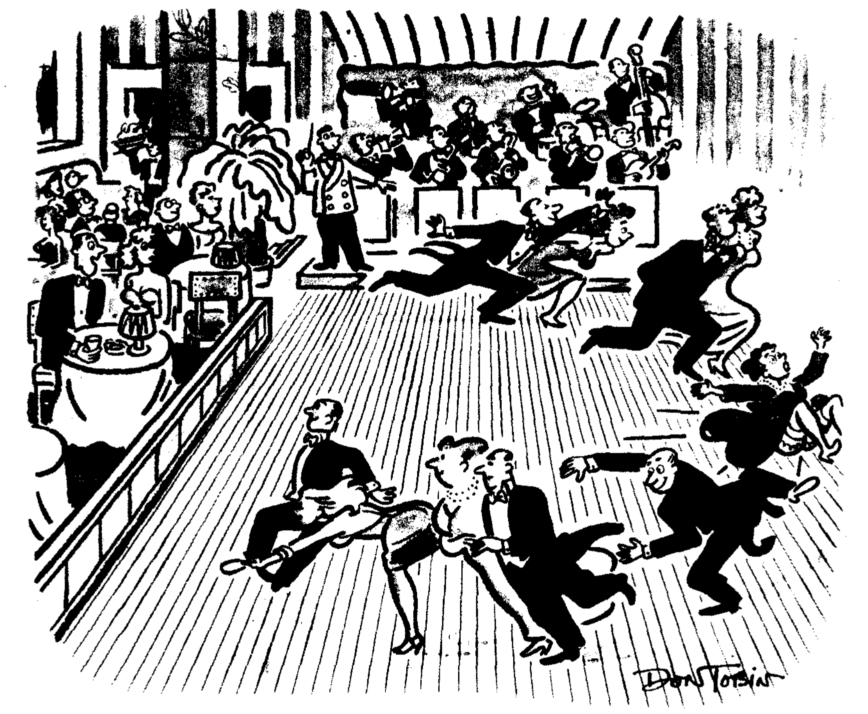


COLLIER'S "They say it's about the slickest dance floor in town" DON TOBIN

is Priscilla walking as fast as she can.

"Wheee! Wheee!" whistles Georgie.

Priscilla looks and sees me and waves her hand. Georgie waves back.

I look at Georgie and I look at the palm of my hand. And I think: No, I had better not.

The folks who run the pokey are very considerate about my pigs and chickens. They tell me I can call home, but that is all. Of course there is no one home. And just so I won't get bored sitting around, they hand me a bucket of water and a mop to play with. There are miles of corridors in a jail.

I am nearly starved by the time they start bringing in the supper trays to the cells. A jailer comes and tells me to come with him.

"It's about time," I tell him. "I was beginning to think this was one of those places where they practice starvation in order to make a citizen weak so a big policeman can cope with him."

"We are very sorry about this whole affair, Mr. Potter," he says. "Very sorry indeed. I hope you understand how it is. A police force as big as ours naturally gets one or two dumb clucks on it."

"Only one or two?" I say.

"Well, maybe a few more than that," he says. "But we weed them out as soon as they step out of line and do things like they done to a gentleman like you."

HE OPENS a door and waves me through and I presume, the way he has been trying to raise my spirits, that the door leads into the electric-chair room.

But it is the reception room. Priscilla is there. "Darling!" she cries, leaping at me. "My poor darling!"

She gets her arms around my neck and I do not have the strength to resist her due to the fact that I haven't eaten.

"Kiss me or something," she whispers. "Hurry, before they catch on. Make it look good. Make it convincing."

I have not kissed Priscilla for three years and I swore I would never kiss her again, for her own good. But it sounds like she is in some kind of a jam. I kiss her. I guess I make it convincing.

"Ummmmm!" says Priscilla, when I finally think: Don't overdo it. But I find it impossible to let her go because I am afraid she will fall down, she is hanging so limp in my arms.

"Oh, Andy," she says. "Do that again. They are watching."

I am just about to lose the last of my will power when flashlight bulbs start popping and guys are running around taking pictures from all angles.

"Hey!" I yell at them. "What's the big idea?"

A tall, skinny guy creeps up and looks at my face. "Say," he says. "You are not Micheal Arlington Holmes."

"Of course not," I say. "So what?"

The man looks at Priscilla. "He is not Micheal Arlington Holmes."

"No," says Priscilla. "He is Andy Potter. Aren't you, Andy, dear?"

"Yes," I say. "I think so."

"You mean, Miss Dean . . . ?" says another man.

"A girl can change her mind, can't she?" says Priscilla.

"Brother!" someone yells, and they all charge toward the very unhappy desk sergeant. "Give us the dope on this guy."

"Come on," Priscilla whispers and pulls me to the street. "Don't worry about those reporters. They just think you are going to be my husband."

"Me? Now look here, Priscilla. I thought . . ."

"It was the only way I could get you out," she says. "Everyone knows I am supposed to get married to Micheal Arlington Holmes, today. I was running out on Micheal when you whistled at that fat lady and . . ."

"I did not whistle at that fat lady," I tell her. "I whistled at you."

"Oh, Andy, I knew it. I knew you never meant those awful things you said." She tries to get her arms around me and I have to fend her off.

"Please," I say. "Not here. What in the world did you tell them in there?" I ask.

"The police commissioner," she says, "is a friend of the family. I called him and asked him how I could get married when the man I am going to marry is locked up in a silly jail. He got busy right away. Of course, the commissioner got the names confused, but I talked the desk sergeant out of that. I told him I guess I knew who I was going to marry."

"But you told a lie," I point out. "When they find out the truth . . ."

"If they ever find out," she says. "I don't care, anyway. As long as I could help."

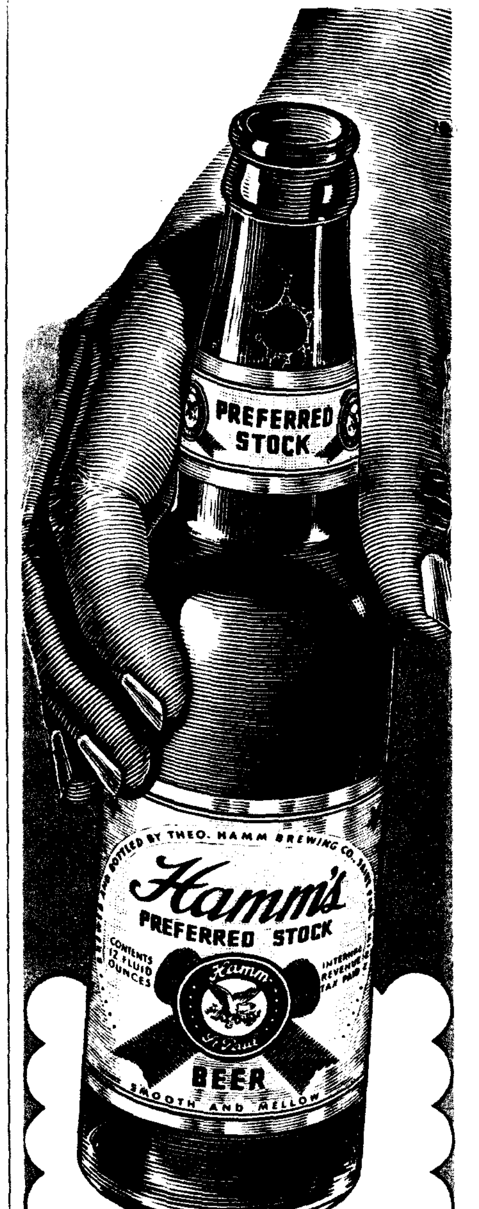
"Help," I say, and raise my eyes toward heaven. "Help is how . . . oh, my gosh! Look. It's going to rain."

"Let it rain," she says. "You never used to care when it rained. Remember. . . ."

"But I have to go! Bill Spake has a couple of hundred young turkeys out. Rain will ruin them."

"I'll help you," she says.

"No!" I yell at her. "Look at the trouble you are in already, helping people.



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You go and hide from the police. Goodby now. And thanks."

I leave her standing there. It is not a thing a man in his right mind would do, but I love her so much I cannot let her get involved any deeper.

It is almost ten o'clock when I get to Bill Spake's place. It feels like it is going to rain any minute. The gobblers are gobbling, the pigs are squealing and there is a lame calf making a lot of noise. There are hours of work here.

I barely get the young turkeys in before it starts to pour down rain. Mine are still out, of course, but you get used to a thing like that after you build up a fine reputation for helping people.

WHEN I finally start home I am drowned and hungry and tired. It is darker than ink. But, luckily, I know my place like the palm of my hand. I can whirl down my lane and into my yard with my eyes shut. I know where everything is. But there is a big roadster where nothing should be. My lights crumple and go out. Fenders fly. My horn sticks and keeps blowing. When I step out of the wreck I slip and fall on my back in the mud and someone shines a bright flashlight into my eyes.

"My goodness," says Priscilla. "Are you hurt?"

"No," I say. "I am not hurt. I am very comfortable, thank you. Is that your car?"

"It was."

"How did you find out where I lived?" I want to know.

"I asked the reporters. They were getting your background from the desk sergeant. They thought it was strange that I didn't know where you lived, but I told them you had to run out to your country place real quick on account of the weather and that I had lost the address."

"That was very good thinking. And I have been doing some thinking myself. I'll bet Mr. Holmes is going to like me a lot. Is he a big guy?"

"Yes," she says. "A big sissy. If you hadn't run away I would never have given him a second thought. You know I love farms. Wasn't I brought up on one? Well, Micheal hates pigs and cows and stuff. So don't worry about him. He'll just be disgusted with me and take a trip on one of his sailboats."

I get up. "Well," I say, "I might as well look over the wreckage."

"It's negligible," she says. "I got here in time. The turkeys are in, the pigs are fed and the cows milked. I did not go to vet school for nothing."

I take the flashlight and look at her car. It is pretty bad. "I am awfully sorry," I tell her. "But I am not surprised. I warned you. Every time you try to do something for someone, something always happens."

"I know. And I'm still hopeful." She pushes me toward the house. "Let's get those wet clothes off of you."

She has her own things hung up around the kitchen stove, drying, and though I try not to notice, I blush anyway. She is wearing one of my shirts and a pair of my overalls and the funny thing about her, she looks as beautiful in those things as she does all dressed up.

Just looking at her makes me feel warm and dry and I find there are worse things than sitting across the table from a girl like Priscilla and drinking the finest coffee I have ever tasted. And I can relax. I am in my own home. I am master of the situation here. Nothing more can happen now.

So the telephone rings, three times. "That's us," I say, and start to get up. But Priscilla still wants to be helpful. "Hello," she says. "Potter's."

What if it is Doc Stevens or the Reverend Sloan or Granny Evans?

"Oh!" I hear her say. "Papa! Yes, Papa. Yes. Sure I know what I'm doing. Yes. I'll let you talk to him. He's right here. Yes, I know it's late to be up, but you know how it is on a farm."

She lays down the receiver and creeps toward me. "It's Papa," she whispers. "He's read the papers. The reporters got everything mixed up. Papa thinks we are married."

"What are we going to do?"

"I am not going to do anything," she says. "You do it, Andy. You started all this."

"Me?"

"You. You whistled at me. You were the one who got in trouble. All I did was try to help you out."

"I told you, that if you . . . oh Lord, what shall I say to him?"

"How do I know?" she says. "Every time I try to help you, you get mad. And I don't know what is on your mind. Maybe you don't care a thing about me or what happens to me, or anything. But you better talk to Papa."

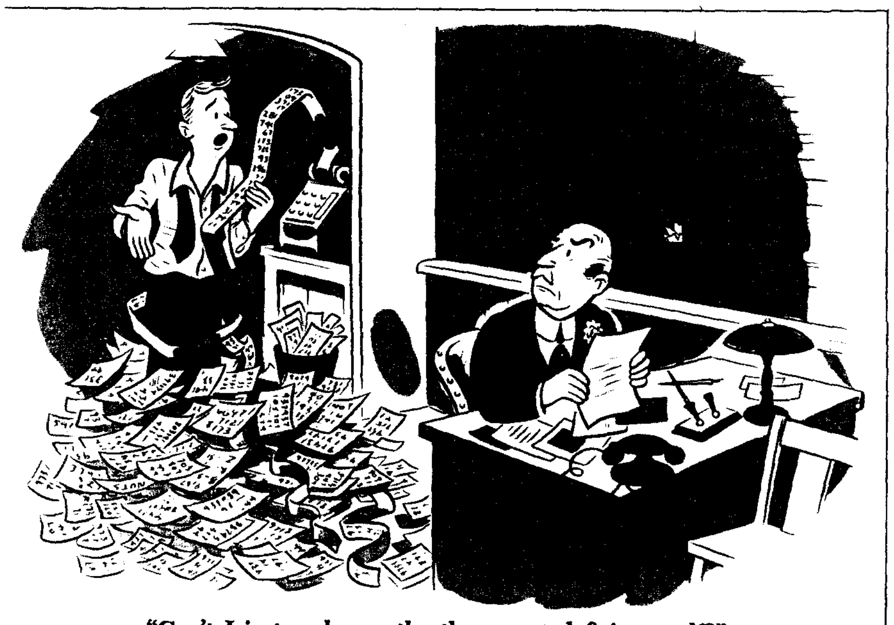
She shoves me toward the telephone and my brains feel all scrambled up. This is a delicate situation. But I figure the best thing I can do is to be truthful and natural about it. I pick up the phone. "Hi, Senator," I say.

"Hello, son," he says. "This is a great surprise to me. A stunning surprise, but it is all right if my little girl is happy. Bless you both. I am sorry I didn't have the pleasure of meeting you, but I know you are a fine man. Priscilla has remarkable judgment. She showed it today running away from that Holmes tramp. Well, I won't keep you. This is your wedding night. Goodby."

"Goodby, Senator," I say.

"Well," says Priscilla, when I hang up, "that was a brilliant conversation."

I walk over close to her. "Look," I



COLLIER'S "Can't I just make up the three-cent deficit myself?" FRANK BEAVEN

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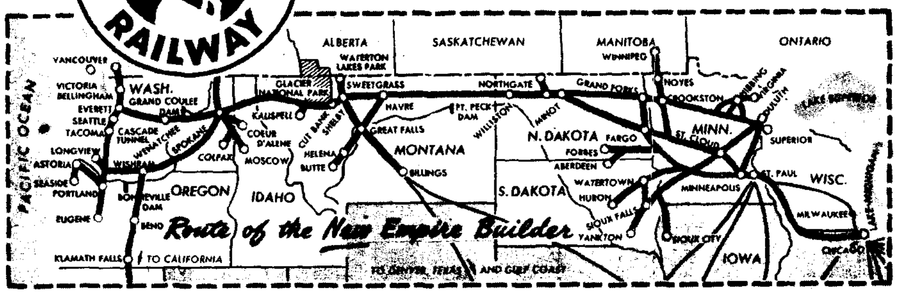
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say. "I am only a little farmer and you are a senator's daughter."

"You have said that before," she says. "You forgot that I am also a farmer. You told me there was a great gulf between us. But just now, when you had a chance to tell my father the truth, you deliberately kept silent."

"What could I tell him? The papers say we are married and you are here with me, alone. Besides, your father seems very happy about us getting married. If we told him the truth it would give him an awful jolt. It would even hurt his political career."

"Yes," she says. "Oh, Andy. We have to do something. Can't you think of some way to avoid a scandal?"

"I swore," I tell her, "that I would never help anyone avoid anything again. But this is a desperate situation."

"Oh, thank you, Andy," she says. "What are you going to do?"

"I will get the truck, and we will start for town right away. We can get there by the time the courthouse is open. We'll get married. If you are real careful, the reporters won't even find out about it."

"Oh, Andy. You are so helpful."

I leave real quick before I do something foolish, like mentioning love. No use making this any worse than it is.

I PULL the truck up by the back door and honk the horn. She runs out and jumps in beside me, still wearing my overalls. "My things are still wet," she says. "But what the heck! We're farmers."

It is still raining and very dark and she can't see my face. I wish she were just a farmer and that we were not just making this trip to help out her father. If I keep helping people, no telling where I'll wind up.

When we come to the highway, I light out fast. About a mile from the place I see an old, gray-bearded man trudging along with a blanket roll over his shoulder, a tramp who has no doubt been rained out of his sleeping place. He is soaked. He looks around hopefully when my headlights pick him up, but I grit my teeth and pass him by. Then I slam on the brakes.

"I'm sorry," I say.

"For what?"

"I have to pick up that old man." I do not add that the real reason for picking him up is that I do not trust myself alone with her in the cab of the truck, with the rain beating down and the windows rolled up so that the perfume she is wearing can't go any place.

"Of course," she says. "That is the right thing to do, the nice way to live. You are a fine man, Andy. Always willing to give another person a lift. That's what makes me love you so. Andy, you are so nice to everyone else. Will you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Kiss me. Quick. Before the man gets here."

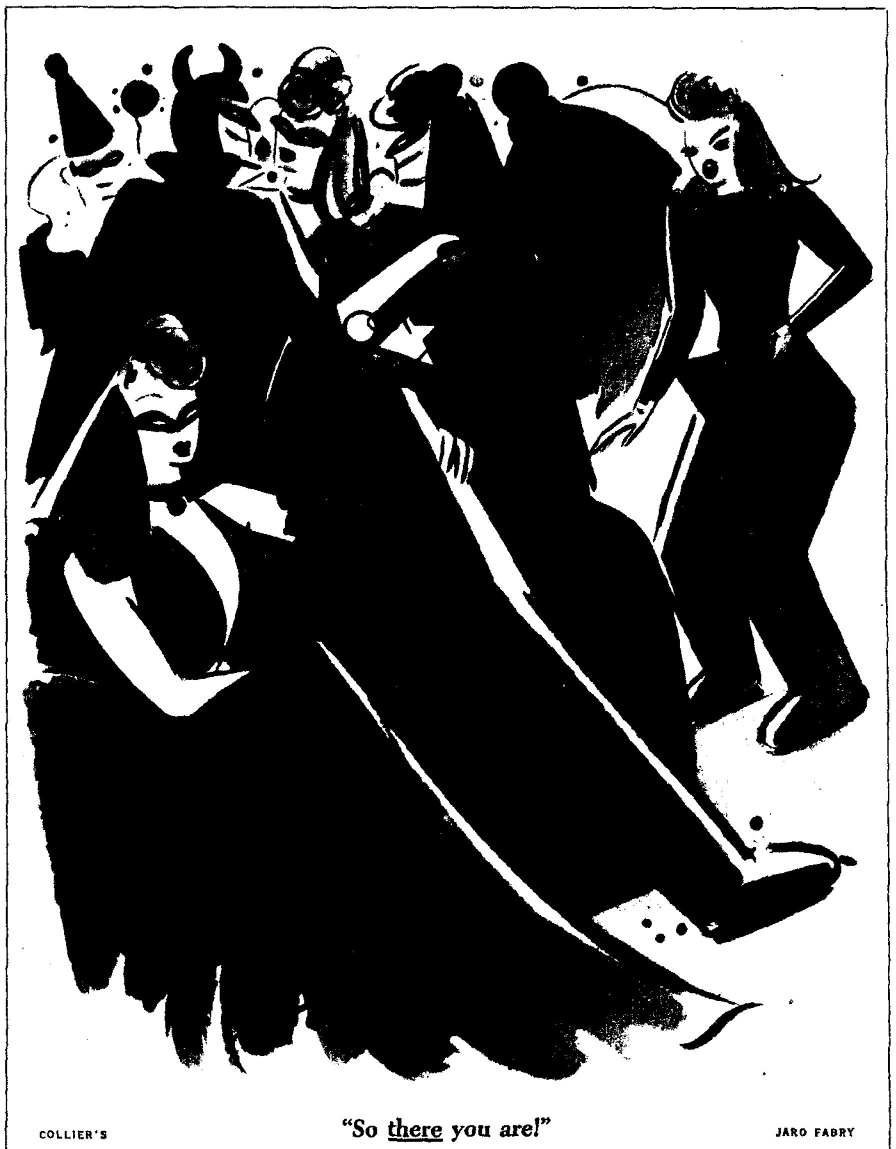
I look in the rearview mirror. The man will be here in a second so there won't be any danger. Beside, if I am such a nice guy that I can't refuse a tramp a ride, how can I refuse a request like Priscilla has just made? I put my arms around her.

When I finally look around for the old man, Priscilla says, "Him? Oh, he got a ride with the driver of the tow car that came to pick up the milk truck that skidded off the road behind us."

You see where doing things for people gets you? We have a big farm now. And don't think this Gemini guy isn't a strong influence. Not that we minded having twins. They are beautiful children and we are very proud of them.

Even when they were real young, if little Priscilla heaved her bottle out of the crib, little Andy would pass her his. Priscilla and I laugh about it, but we both know it's a good sign.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"So there you are!"

JARO FABRY

THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

Continued from page 19

As a goodby gesture he patted himself under the armpit. Rose was not sure, but he thought he detected the outline of a revolver.

Finally convinced by both Violinsky and Hitchcock that Mike the Shiv would make a "desirable" partner, Rose agreed to meet with Mike again. "Mike," he said, "I'll be happy to have you as my partner."

Pulling out a fat wallet, Mike counted off a thousand dollars and pushed the pile to Rose.

"I'll give you a receipt for the money," Rose said.

"Don't bother, Billy," Mike said, smiling. *"I'll know where to find you."*

Rose shuddered. With great effort, he managed to smile back.

Mike immediately took over, stationed himself at the door, and developed into a very desirable partner. Many of Mike's friends, heavy spenders, came in order to spend their money with Mike. The raids stopped, as Mike made the proper connections with the police officials, and for $170 a week the two patrolmen on the beat, the precinct desk sergeant, and the higher-ups were mollified.

A Billy Rose discovery, Eleanor Powell, soared to dancing fame

When the fire inspector appeared and said Rose would have to knock a door in the rear wall and have a fire escape constructed, Mike took over. The fire escape would cost $5,000. Mike inquired in the proper quarters, and said the violation could be "fixed" for $500, provided they build a door, just a door, no fire escape.

The door was built and it amused Mike the Shiv greatly. He said wouldn't it be a laugh if there was a fire in the club some night and a guy opened the door looking for the fire escape and he'd fall down two flights and land right in the back yard.

"Probably break his damn' back," chortled Mike the Shiv.

Rose, who was still composing lyrics for ballads, had a song entitled In the Middle of the Night. Through the medium of this song, he made two interesting friends. One night in the Back Stage Club, Fannie Brice was sitting with a party of society people when Helen Morgan sang the tune.

When she heard that the proprietor of the club was also the writer of this roundelay, Miss Brice asked to meet him. Rose, terribly awed by her fame and greatness, came over. Her slender figure was beautifully gowned. Her face had a shrewd wistfulness about it. She had been the most notable comedienne on the stage for fifteen years. Her jaw dropped when she saw him. Rose got it.

"I can understand your disappointment," he said. "You thought the guy who wrote that song had eyes like the searchlight on the Albany night boat!"

She laughed tenderly. "It's a very, very pretty song," she said, "a beautiful thought."

Five years later they were married in City Hall by Mayor Jimmy Walker.

In June, 1925, the Back Stage Club felt the summer doldrums that afflict all night clubs, so Rose decided to liquidate it. He had other, and greater, plans. The Back Stage Club had yielded him $50,000 during the seven months of operation. Next fall he intended to startle Broadway with an elaborate *boîte de nuit*. High ceilings, enormous spaces. Tables, hundreds of tables, a swarm of customers, a teem of show girls, a show with finesse, suavity, elegance, women attired in evening gowns and men in white ties and tails.

The Things He Did That Summer

He worked all summer and spent $52,000 renting and redecorating the second floor of a mansion on Fifth Avenue. There were heavy red carpets on the floor, black velvet drapes on the wall, and silvered chairs.

The show was not the hastily slapped together potpourri of singers and comedians, customary in prohibition clubs. It was a real production, done on a specially built stage, with trick lighting effects, expensive costumes, and a clever score by Rodgers and Hart. In the chorus was an unknown redhead named Nancy Carroll, who, in several years, was to have her day in the sun.

The *couvert* at the Fifth Avenue Club was $5 per person. No liquor was sold. Setups, "Ginger ale and White Rock for this table," at $2 a set. Supper specialties—there was a *carte du souper* —started at $5 for cheese rarebit and ascended into an empyrean of crêpes Suzette for $20 a crêpe. The mob was uninterested in the Fifth Avenue Club as no liquor was being sold and they did not share Rose's faith in the customers' being willing to carry large enough flasks on their hips.

Rose sent out engraved invitations and membership cards, with gold-leaf borders, to the cream of New York society. They came on the *première* evening in elegant attire. For Rose the *première* was frustrating.

Rose: "My headwaiter, Johnson, seeing this fancy club and the swanky audience and contrasting them with the disheveled proprietor with unkempt hair and ill-fitting clothes, suggested I sit the opening out in my office. When I tried to hide myself in a corner, out of the way, to watch the show, the customers glared at me, as if I were eating peas with a knife. I slunk away."

After the *première*, Rose was not the only one slinking away from the club. Except for Saturday nights, the club played to a complete lack of capacity. Frequently, there were ten customers on

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CHEWING KEEPS THE THROAT MOIST
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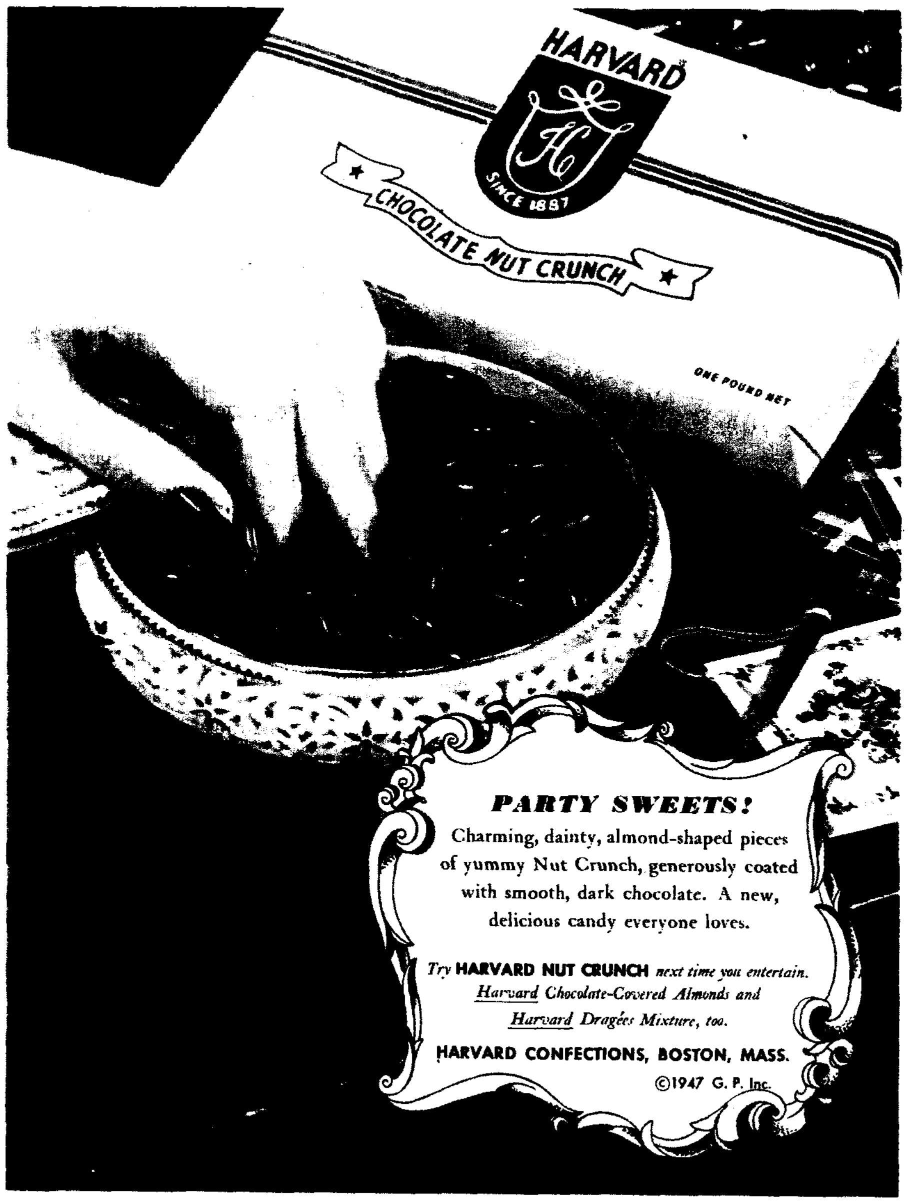
SAY "SO LONG" TO **BUZZ-SAW** THROAT

*Minor coughs due to colds or excessive smoking



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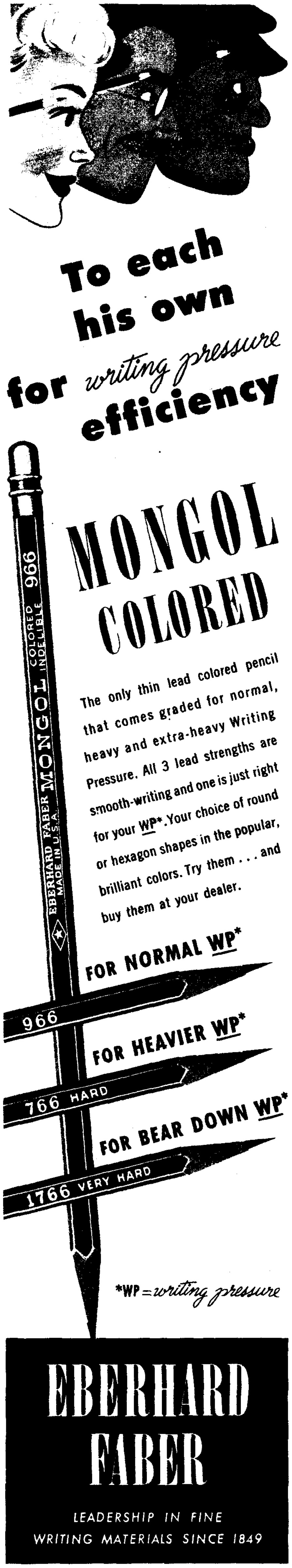

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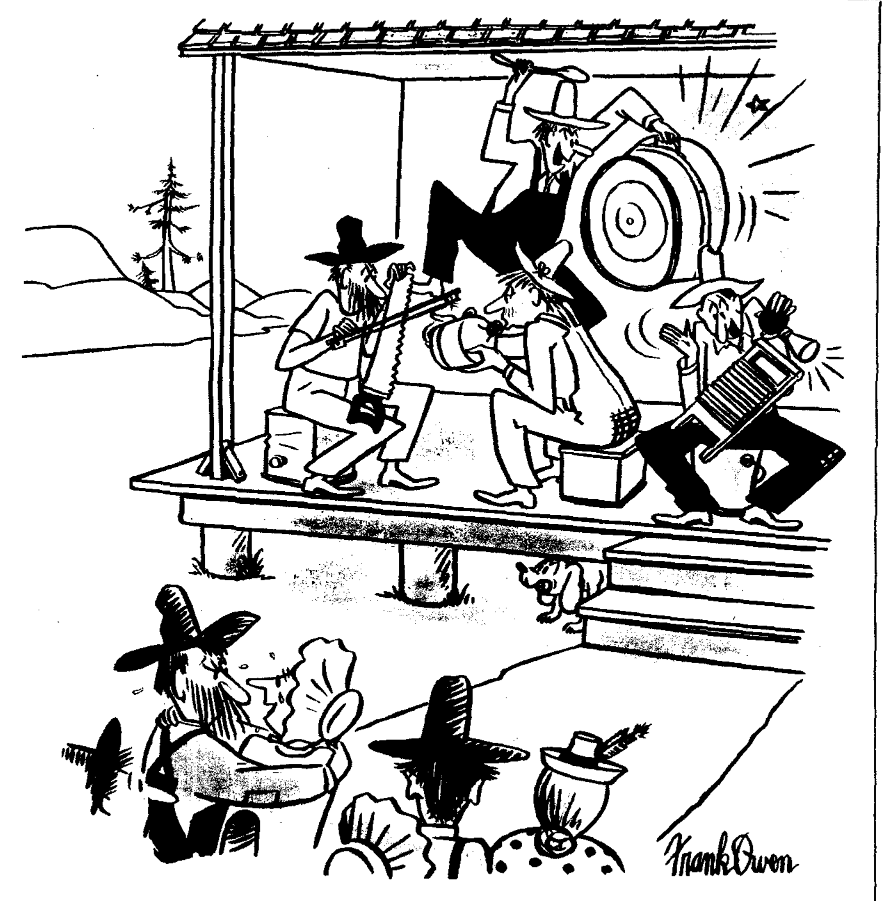
LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849



COLLIER'S “Oh, Clem—they're playing our song!” FRANK OWEN

the floor—and a personnel of 35 on the stage.

Rose spent money, pouring out the royalties from his songs, in an effort to keep the club going. He now says: “I made a mistake. I had thought I'd make the Fifth Avenue Club exclusive. I made it so exclusive, nobody came.”

In April, finally, harsh necessity compelled him to close the Fifth Avenue Club. Meanwhile, Billy Rose was still paying rent for the place and his lease ran until November. How was he going to rid himself of this chromium elephant?

One night, he was sitting in a Greenwich Village hot spot, which boasted a beautiful singer and hostess. She was the girl friend of a bootlegger. After the show, she joined Rose for a drink. He said she was wasting her talents in Greenwich Village; she was sophisticated and belonged on Fifth Avenue and by a happy coincidence he owned a smart supper club that was going at a sacrifice, and she ought to persuade her boy friend to buy the club for her.

The next day the bootlegger paid Rose $15,000 for the club. She opened, billing herself as Mistress of Conversation. Rose: “Unfortunately, nobody came in to talk to her.”

The bootlegger tried to sell liquor and then the federal agents came with pickaxes and chopped up the *décor* into matchsticks and that was the end of the Fifth Avenue Club.

Promise of Money and Prestige

About three months after repeal, in 1933, Rose received a telephone call from an amiable Broadway character who asked Rose to call on him at the Fortune Gallo Theater. This character (call him “Happy”) said he had a very interesting proposition to lay before the Mighty Midget. He said there was a good deal of money in it and much prestige. The Fortune Gallo Theater had been dark for seven years.

Happy said that a new day was dawning, and that he represented several gentlemen of foresight who had decided to rent the Fortune Gallo Theater and install a cabaret on the premises. They intended to name it the Casino de Paree and wished to interest Monsieur Rose in becoming a partner and staging the shows.

“Who are these gentlemen?” Rose asked.

“Very fine businessmen,” Happy replied. “The owners of King's Beer have an interest.”

Rose smelled the odor of what had recently come to be known as The Big Mob who were reputed to own King's Beer.

“Happy,” said Rose, “I do not wish to become a partner in this business. But I have a fresh formula for a night-club operation such as New York has never seen before.”

“The syndicate,” explained Happy, “wants to advertise your name as the sole producer of the show as they do not wish to be officially connected with it. They want to be silent partners.”

Rose said he was not averse to advertising the name of Billy Rose.

Happy then introduced him to Willie Galuppo, a Lucky Luciano executive; Nocky Schwartz, a Lansky-Siegel mob bravo, and a character we shall call Nicky Tulio, a representative of the Lepke-Gurrah interests. Rose demanded a salary of $1,000 a week for as long as the show ran and the syndicate agreed to his terms.

Rose theorized that a new Broadway had arisen, after the years of prohibition and because of the depression. No longer was Broadway the playground of the town wits, society gallants, fashionable ladies, knowing gourmets and great conversationalists. It had became a playground for the medium-income group.

There was no cover charge at the Casino de Paree, and the minimum charge was $2.50, for which you received an eight-course dinner and saw an entertaining 90-minute show. It was theoretically possible for a couple to spend an entire evening dining and dancing and having several drinks and get away with a tab no higher than $10 or $12, including tips. The Casino had a seating capacity of 1,200, and Rose, with a turnover twice a night, hoped to have the café play to capacity at the 8:30 and 12:30 shows.

The room was flamboyant, with splashes of red, gold and purple, with ankle-deep crimson carpets. The dances were provocative, the comedy was both

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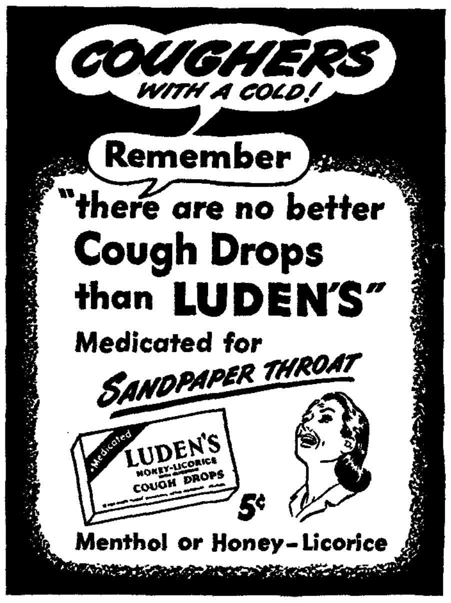

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sophisticated and suggestive, and the music was fast and hot.

Jimmy Savo, the whimsical pantomimist, headlined the show. Supporting him was a sprightly bill of variety acts: Cardini, the greatest sleight-of-hand magician; Eleanor Powell, then just on the threshold of her dancing career; and Gertrude Niesen, just beginning to acquire a reputation as a torch singer.

During rehearsals, Rose worked strenuously on pace and timing. He cut relentlessly and badgered the stars and leading acts to sharpen their material. He was willing to sacrifice two good numbers out of three, if the third number was thereby heightened and rendered more effective.

Pepping Up Café Show Business

The Casino de Paree revolutionized café entertainment. The average night club, run either by former headwaiters or mobsters, had been a sorry spectacle from a theatrical viewpoint. The costumes had been haphazard, the scenic background nonexistent, the shows lacked production value and ensemble perfection. The floor shows usually featured a tired line of dancers, a torch singer, a comedian and a ballroom dance team. Billy Rose pioneered with a specially written and specially rehearsed production, actually a tabloid musical revue.

The Casino de Paree opened on December 30, 1933. Rose had told Happy to make it clear to the hoodlums that they and their friends would not be given the desirable front tables.

On opening night, the place was mobbed. You couldn't get within a block of the café. The headwaiter was getting tips of as high as $100 for good tables. Willie Galuppo, who walked with two bodyguards in front and two in the rear, had to be satisfied with a rear table. The first week the place grossed $40,000, yielding a profit of $15,000. The bar alone, which featured a Girl-in-the-Fish-bowl, a completely nude wench inside a panel of glass, who was reduced to six inches as the spectator looked at her through special lenses, netted a weekly profit of $2,800.

After the first week, Walter Winchell made the Casino de Paree his headquarters, which meant that he remained there from about 10 P.M. until it closed. Winchell's patronage automatically gave it an imprimatur of importance and it became for six months *the* Broadway gathering place of all the theatrical stars, Hollywood celebrities, café society and the various and assorted hot-shots who feel it is necessary to be seen in the proper places.

The syndicate was delighted with Billy Rose's showmanship and management and said they wished to expand. Rose suggested they lease the vacant Hammerstein Theater, on Broadway, which they did. He now planned a night club in a different mood—just as gaudy as the Casino de Paree, but exploiting reverence for the past and accenting the so-called Gay Nineties. Billy Rose's Music Hall was staffed with 120 singing waiters, who, in Rose's words, "sang beautifully but waited badly."

One hundred pretty girls, dressed in tight black satin dresses with red hearts embroidered over the left breast, were named the Lonely Hearts Club. For one dollar you could purchase a gin concoction called the Lonely Heart cocktail. This entitled the lonely drinker to have a dance with any girl of his choice.

The bar boasted a Wishing Well. For one dollar you purchased a drink of colored water and poured it into the well, as you made a wish.

Your wish immediately came true as the bottom of the well lit up and you perceived a group of nude ladies through reducing lenses.

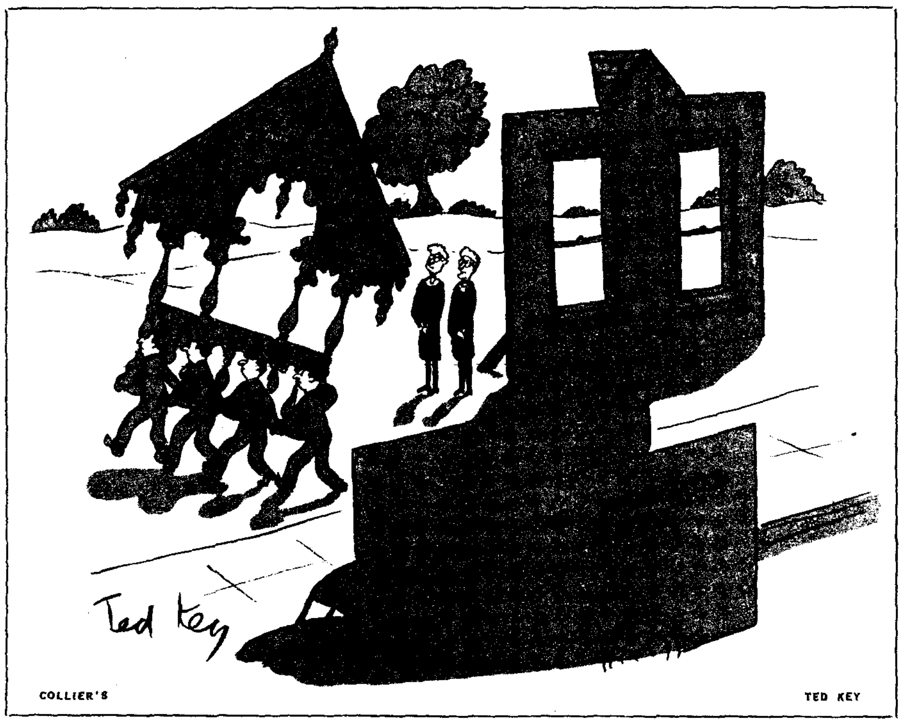
The finale of the one-hour stage show was a potpourri of bizarre and seedy vaudeville acts entitled the Small-Time Cavalcade. In planning this sketch Billy announced: "I want the real corn. I don't care how stupid or silly the acts are. I want actors who look like they slept in dollar-a-night hotels all their life, and played theaters in spots that even Rand McNally wouldn't print."

Forty Acts in Eight Minutes

Rose auditioned some 2,000 acts and eventually selected forty, including neck-spinners, fire-eaters, Swiss bell ringers, a frog-faced man named Ferry, a table-tipping routine, a man upon whose head a concrete slab was broken as the band played the Anvil Chorus. Some of the acts appeared only for a moment. To a background of old songs, the 40 acts were presented in 8 minutes.

When summer came, Billy suggested to the syndicate that both the Casino de Paree and the Music Hall be closed until September, when they could reopen with new shows. Happy said that he and "the boys" wished to do a summer show at the Casino, so Billy loaned them the scenery and costumes of Crazy Quilt, a musical he previously had produced. Rose traveled through England, France, Germany and Hungary during the summer.

When Billy returned in September his secretary informed him that during the eight weeks he was away there had been no checks from the syndicate. They owed



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Dogs I've Known... by Richard Decker

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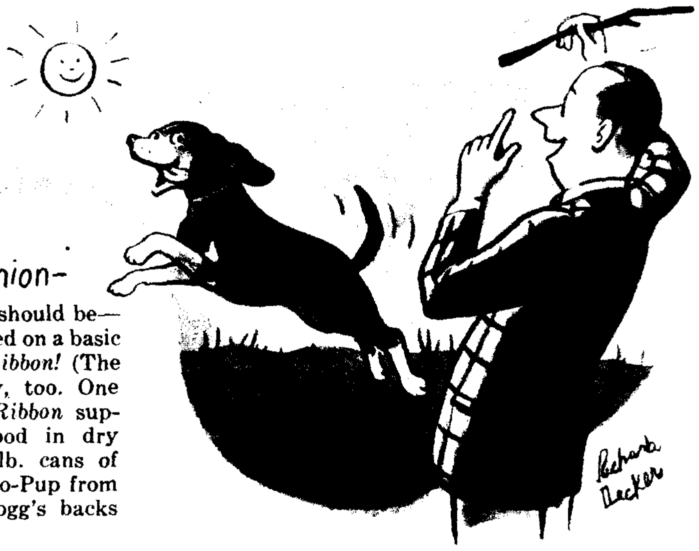

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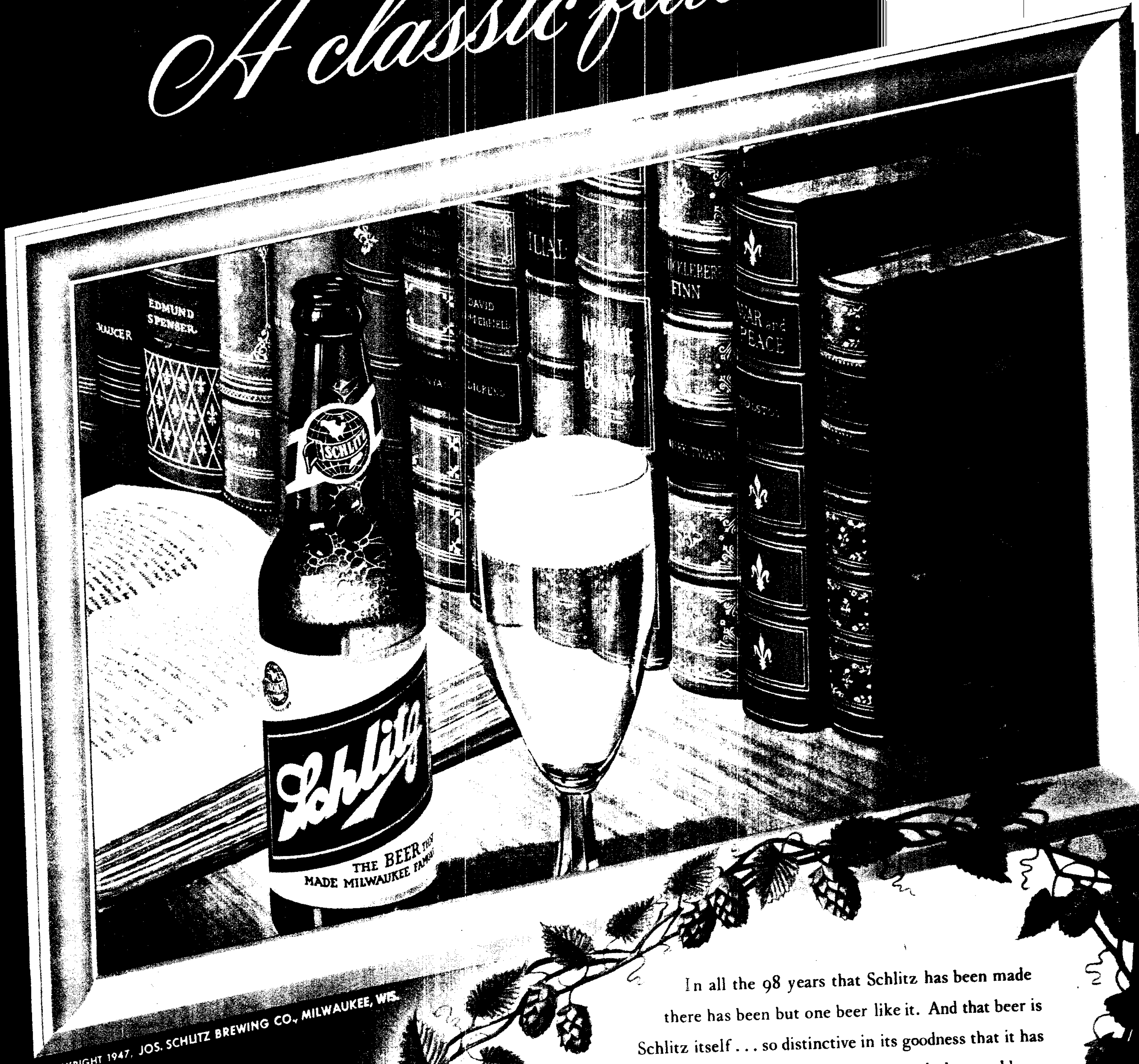
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

him $16,000. That night, he attended the performances of the Casino de Paree and the Music Hall. He was shocked to see the lowered standards of both productions.

For Billy's $300 acts, Happy had substituted others that were paid $75 a week. He also had reduced the size of the chorus. The food was inferior and Billy thought the table service was terrible. Besides cheapening the show, Happy had raised prices at both places, stepping up the cover charges and raising the prices of food and drinks.

Rose also learned that during his absence an organizer from the American Federation of Actors who had gone backstage of the Music Hall to unionize some of the actors had been set upon by two gorillas and sent to the hospital for six weeks. And this, despite Rose's clear agreement that there must be no "rough stuff."

The "Boys" Are Invited to Talk It Over

Billy decided to have a showdown and he asked Happy to get the "boys" together after the last show, in the office of the Casino de Paree. He was sitting at a table with Winchell that night and he poured out his anger to the columnist.

"You better take it easy, Billy," Winchell said. "I wouldn't go in and talk to the boys when you're feeling this way. You might say something you would regret."

"I don't give a damn," Rose said. "Tonight I'm going to tell them off."

"Since you feel that way, I better go along with you," Winchell said.

When Rose walked into the office, flanked by Winchell, the mobsters seemed considerably put out. They feared and respected Winchell because they knew he printed what he pleased and that if Winchell chose to blow the whistle on them in his column, they were dead ducks.

Happy said, "I been given to understand you don't like the shows the way we got them now."

"No, I don't," Rose said, "and I don't like the way you're gouging the public and I don't like the rough stuff you've been pulling with this union. You can't pull that kind of stuff in this town any more."

He looked around the small room and saw morose faces all about him. There were six emissaries from the mob and four rod-guys standing around with their hands in their coat pockets. Galuppo, a slender, handsome Italian, about an inch taller than Rose, sat quietly and manicured his fingernails with a nail file.

"You got anything else on your mind?" asked a character whom we shall call Nicky Tulio.

"Yes, the clubs owe me $16,000 for the eight weeks I was away."

"Why should we pay you when you were away?" Happy said.

"Because it's in the agreement that way," Rose said.

"Is it?" asked Galuppo, as if the word "agreement" were one totally foreign to his vocabulary.

"If you don't want to play it my way, then just take my name off the signs, pay me my back salary and return the scenery and costumes which I loaned you, and I'll gladly step out and let Happy run your shows."

"Suppose," said Tulio gently, "we don't give them up?"

"I'll get a sheriff and replevin them."

One of the boys spoke up: "I wouldn't talk so big, Billy. Somebody might not like it."

Galuppo, having lighted a cigar, now stared up at the ceiling. Nocky Schwartz was creasing a menu and tearing it into bits.

Rose had now lost his temper. "You guys don't faze me," he shouted. "I expect you to live up to my contract."

Nocky Schwartz looked up dreamily. "While you were away, Billy," he said, "I shot the clauses out of your contract."

It was four-thirty in the morning when Winchell dropped Rose off at his apartment. "Billy," Winchell said, "I think you're in a lot of trouble. I'm afraid you might get hurt."

"Hell," said Rose, "those tinhorn hoodlums and mob monkeys don't impress me."

But when the door closed and Rose was alone—Fannie was on tour with the Follies—his emotions calmed and his reason took hold. The full realization of his rash tactics dawned on him. He brooded upon his dangerous situation for an hour and then, at half past five in the morning, he telephoned his old boss and friend, Barney Baruch.

"Boss," Rose said, "I think I'm in trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"There's a good chance somebody might try to kill me." Then he recited the gruesome details of his crisis.

Baruch said, "Let me see what I can do to help you. Meanwhile I suggest you don't leave your apartment."

Baruch then phoned Attorney General Homer Cummings in Washington, routing that worthy out of bed. Cummings, in turn, awoke J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover assigned three G-men to the case and at 9:30 that morning they were interviewing Rose. He provided them with the names, aliases, addresses and descriptions of everyone who had made threats.

All that day he remained at home, his door barred. At 4 P.M. the G-men returned and told him, "You can go about your business now. Nobody will bother you."

The G-men had looked up each of the hoodlums and said, "If you guys are smart you better give Rose a bodyguard, because if he so much as slips on a banana peel we are liable to shoot first and ask questions later."

Not only was Rose not molested but for years members of gangdom went blocks out of their way to avoid being near him. The following day he swore out a writ of replevin and secured his scenery and costumes. He never received his $16,000, but he decided not to press his luck too far. With Rose out of the scene, business at the Casino de Paree fell from $35,000 to $13,000, and at the Music Hall from $24,000 to $8,000. Three months later both clubs were in bankruptcy.

In the latter part of 1937, Rose took over the old Earl Carroll Theater, which had had a brief glory as Clifford Fischer's French Casino. Rose renamed it the Casa Mañana and planned a succession of star-studded variety shows.

Meanwhile he realized that the New York World's Fair had already advanced beyond the planning stage, and he was still on the outside looking in. Secretly Rose was chagrined because he had not been appointed director of entertainment.

"Would you care to say 'hello' to your husband?"
"Hello, Stupid!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Rose now would have been content to become merely a concessionaire—to be allowed to produce a show. To his dismay, he discovered all the available space had been leased. Nobody was interested in or impressed by Billy Rose and his ideas. Rose tried to secure an appointment with Grover Whalen but was stalled off. How was he to make an impression on Whalen, to convince Whalen that he existed?

Baiting the Trap for Monsieur Whalen

He decided to ingratiate himself with Whalen by making his first show at the Casa Mañana a production based on the theme of the forthcoming fair. In Let's Play Fair, Whalen played by Oscar Shaw, a musical-comedy veteran dressed in striped trousers, morning coat and a gardenia in his buttonhole, was the central character. Whalen was represented as a gay, lively, worldly and enterprising fellow.

Through Sidney Spier, his new press agent, the plot of the show leaked into the gossip column.

"Now," Rose said, "I'll sit back and wait."

Then came the expected phone call from Grover Whalen.

Whalen said: "I hear you're doing a show ridiculing me at this new night club of yours, Mr Rose. I think you ought to drop the whole idea."

"I have no intentions of doing that, sir."

"Mr. Rose, I may have to take legal action. I will not permit myself to be libeled."

"Now don't fly off the handle, Mr. Whalen. Why should I libel you? Look, I want you and your family to be my guests at the Casa Mañana on opening night."

On the opening night, January 1, 1938, Whalen and his family came. Rose sent over a magnum of vintage champagne and everybody quaffed the bubbly and beheld a sprightly, fast-moving production. Doc Rockwell played the part of a screwball professor whom "Grover Whalen" sends all over the world in search of unusual acts for the World's Fair. In Ireland, for example, Doc Rockwell finds Morton Downey crooning Irish come-all-ye's and in India he finds Proske's Tigers. (Rose actually presented a cageful of tigers on the stage.)

Whalen was delighted and Rose got his contract.

In his Casa Mañana revues in New York, Rose showed Broadway that vaudeville, whose requiem had been sung many a time, was still a vital medium of entertainment when handled imaginatively. His shows were the talk of Broadway and, until May 20, 1939, when he closed the Casa Mañana, it became *the* gathering place of the Main Stem *cognoscenti* and the Rialto celebrities.

Fred Allen once defined a night club as an upholstered sewer. If this be so, then the Diamond Horseshoe is the most gaudily upholstered sewery bower of synthetic bliss. To reach it, you not only have to walk to Eighth Avenue and 46th Street, off the beaten path, but you have to descend two flights of stairs into this diamond dungeon.

The *décor,* executed by Albert Johnson, is in the garish spirit of what is vaguely thought of as the Gay Nineties, and the predominant color is red.

A Showman's Philosophy of Color

"Red is the most successful color," explains Billy Rose. "It is the bull fighter's cape, the danger sign on the dynamite wagon. Success in a Broadway night club is in direct ratio to the excitement you generate. If your walls are red, there's a good chance the ink in your ledger won't be.

"It is equally important for the customers to be hemmed in. Crowd them a little, like at a Harlem rent party, and they communicate gaiety and excitement through their elbows.

"About music: I have found they get happy faster on old songs. I like to open my shows with a fanfare. Only the composer's mother appreciates a long overture. We key our shows to outshout and outclatter the customer.

"Almost every act in show business will stay on for 20 minutes if you let 'em. We don't let 'em. We trim the act down to the five good minutes. The running time of a Diamond Horseshoe production is never more than an hour. The customer is in there only for two or three hours. Naturally, I want him to have a chance to buy some whisky."

The outstanding quality of the Horseshoe is, of course, the fact that it parades great stars of the past and glamorous names of bygone days, such as Joe Howard, the song writer, who will sing I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now, or Fritzi Scheff, who is paid $200 a week just to do a single chorus, twice nightly, of Kiss Me Again.

During the rehearsals of a new Diamond Horseshoe production, Rose attends to every detail, large as well as small. Although he delegates authority, he must know what is going on. No expense of more than $100 can be contracted for by any of his associates without his consent. He signs all checks over $100. "I trust everybody—up to $100!" he says, wryly.

He argues about the price of golden sequins to go on the gowns of the show girls, the cost of recarpeting the stairs, the feathers for the chorines' hats, the price of eggs. During rehearsals, he sits at an uncovered table with unmoved face, his hands folded in his lap.

During its nostalgic history, the Diamond Horseshoe has played to some 5,000,000 customers. It now does a business each year of over $2,000,000—of which $200,000 is net profit. Rose receives more from the hat-check concessionaire than he pays in rent.

In 1945, 20th Century-Fox paid him $175,000 for the phrase "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," to be used as the title of a Betty Grable musical film, a movie which gave Rose, he estimates, at least $500,000 worth of advertising and publicity.

Since then, a certain type of peasant known to Broadway as a *yuck,* frequently accompanied by a lady *yuck,* will enter the club and be conducted to a table, and, after the captain has deposited two menus, the male *yuck* will inquire:

"Say, Joe, what time does Betty Grable come on?"

(The third installment will appear next week)

*
A·1
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
SAUCE

Men have been known to kiss the cook for using A-1 sauce to flavor gravies, soups, stews and casseroles

Write for "Cooking for a Man"
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

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COURTESY...
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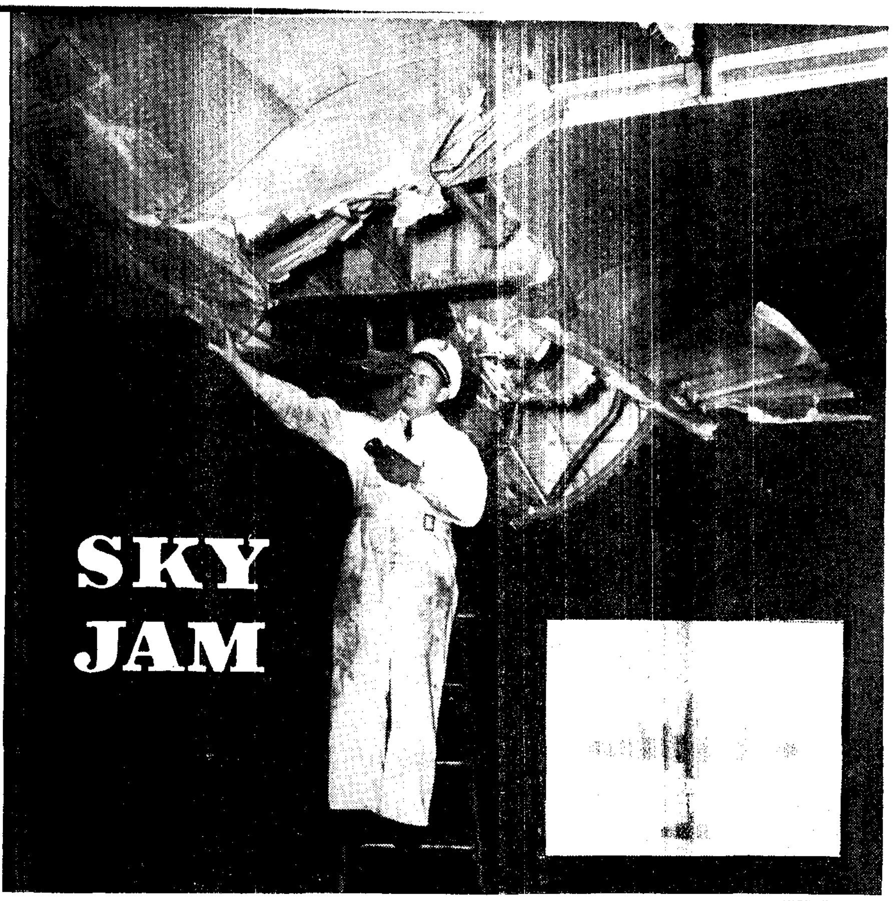

SKY JAM

INTERNATIONAL

Both this damaged DC-4 and the DC-3 it clipped in midair landed safely but the incident grimly attested the possibilities of collisions aloft

II

THE unprecedented expansion of flying in America in the first year of peace has so overtaxed our Federal Airways System and the archaic method of controlling air traffic along the lanes and at busy airports that unless there is an immediate revision of both, two grave consequences are inevitable:

1. A breakdown of public confidence in the ability of the scheduled airlines to provide safe and reliable operation *on schedule* of large numbers of aircraft and a return by a large percentage of confirmed air travelers to rail, steamship, bus and private automobile transportation as these industries continue to offer improved service and newer and better equipment.

2. An air disaster in which two or more passenger-laden multiengined airliners will collide over a congested terminal area or along the narrow, crowded airways and bring death to all in the air and possibly to many on the ground.

Those most vitally concerned with this scheduled airline problem can do little beyond constantly policing their airmen and operations people to make certain that efficiency and alertness are at the highest humanly attainable level. While the airlines are the heaviest and most frequent users of the 40,000 miles of federally built and operated Airways System, they are not the only users.

Today there are 82,000 civilian planes (816 of them scheduled) flying the airways. At Pearl Harbor time there were but 25,000. Now there are 340,000 licensed civil airmen; the number then was around 100,000. (Army and Navy aircraft and airmen figures are not included.) Today 200,000 student pilots are authorized to take flight instruction, whereas at the end of 1941 there were 95,000 on record. The scheduled airlines flew 148,000,000 miles in 1941. For the year just closed, the mileage was 370,000,000. At the end of 1941 they had carried 4,000,000 passengers for that year. They carried 14,000,000 in 1946.

This growth in civil flying has far outdistanced the corresponding and necessary improvement in the Federal Airways System and its air-traffic control procedure, which a decade ago was one of the wonders of aviation and the envy of all nations. However, at that time only 70,000,000 miles were being flown by the airlines with 400 planes carrying 1,000,000 passengers on far less frequent schedules than now, and the total number of civil planes using the airways was only 7,500.

Civil flying in 1946 was the greatest in history, though some economists say it was a boom year and will level off along with other industries experiencing abnormal prosperity. Others say the public has not yet really begun to fly and that after current readjustments in all phases of the aircraft industry have been completed, we'll have consistently better years than the last one. Such optimists naturally conclude that the people charged with moving bigger and faster airliners in greater numbers, on more frequent schedules in both good and bad weather, are constantly progressing in that field and are advancing also with technical improvements to prevent crashes and mid-air collisions.

This is true; there is no policy, no boss and no clear idea as to which of the many confused courses should be taken to realize the happy day when airliners can fly their routes with complete safety and land at their destination on time, in all kinds of weather.

Yet the opportunity for the airlines to maintain published schedules with safety and regularity regardless of weather is so promising and so close at hand, that every day's delay at moving toward this goal accentuates the hazards of the moment, and past gains are liable to be lost to the inertia of the present.

The inertia is produced by the astonishing fact that our scheduled air-transport progress is in the hands of *thirteen* different groups—eight government and five civil, with no leader to guide them. Each of the thirteen has a vital interest in the present welfare and future of scheduled air transportation, but canvass any or all and you'll find no one satisfied with present conditions.

Each group has its pet solution for that part with which it is most concerned but too often those improvements or new systems or new devices were not developed or thought out to fit in with the over-all problem of consistent safety and regularity in the flow of air traffic.

The eight government agencies concerned with Federal Airways flying, each of which in the past has made great contributions to the advancement of scheduled flying are: The Civil Aeronautics Board, policy maker for safety rules and economic boss of the airlines; the Civil Aeronautics Administration, builder and operator of the Airways and our aerial

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS BOY?

Danny Stanford Edelson has been missing from his Seattle home since May 9, 1946. He is 5 ft. 10 in., weighs approximately 150 lbs. Fair complexion, light brown hair, brown eyes. Year-old appendectomy scar.

$100.00 REWARD

for information as to his whereabouts. He is not wanted by authorities . . . he does not have to come home. His broken-hearted parents just want to know if he is alive and where he is.

Wire or phone information to Henry Edelson, 512 Lakeside Ave., South, Seattle 44, Wash. East 9958 or Prospect 2042.

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MISERY of SIMPLE PILES?
Read This Good News

- Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—acts to reduce swelling. It's wonderful!

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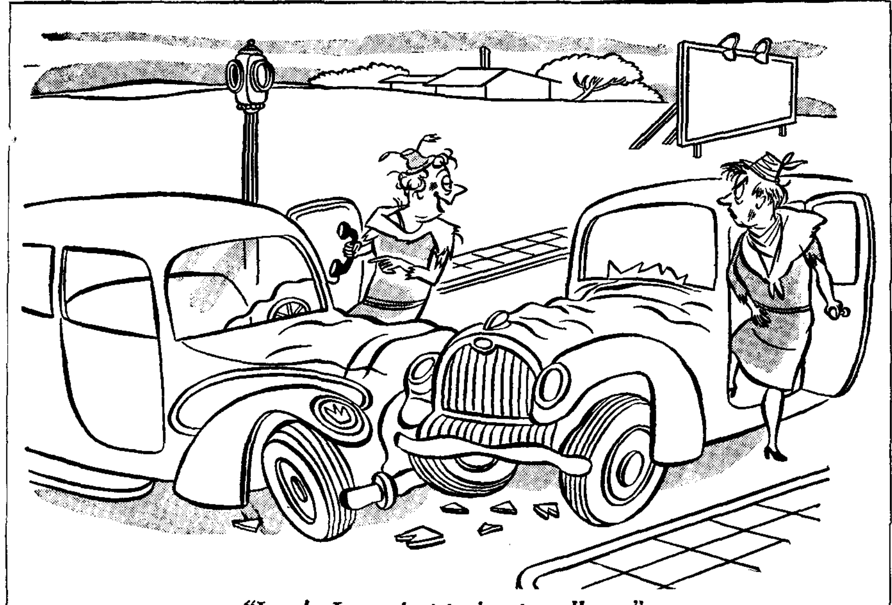

COLLIER'S "Jane! I was just trying to call you" IRWIN CAPLAN

police force; The Post Office Department, which determines air-mail routes and contracts with the airlines; the Federal Communications Commission, guardian of the radio channels for aircraft safety and business; the State Department, chiefly concerned with international air-route development; the Army and Navy, whose planes and airmen use the airways; and the Coast Guard, which directs and co-ordinates Air Sea Rescue work on land and sea.

Representing the private groups are the Air Transport Association, the organization of the scheduled airlines; the Air Line Pilots Association, whose members fly the planes; the aircraft manufacturers; the producers of equipment such as radar, radio, aircraft instruments and accessories; and the Aircraft Owners & Pilots Association, guardians of the rights of private airmen.

This thirteen-agency group sincerely tries to work together, but the progress is very slow, due to its size and the variety of interests it represents. Matters affecting the safety of all who fly filter slowly up from the bottom, often succumbing en route to the obstacles constantly thrown in their path; obstacles like the timeworn one (and legitimate, too) you hear everywhere in Washington: "We can't do it or haven't done it because of shortage of personnel and lack of appropriations. Besides, we have no authority from Congress to do it."

The current and confused problems of airline flying and the goal of the operators are too big for any one man or any one agency to solve. What the airlines want is a board or commission with authority to take the majority opinion of the thirteen groups (you'd never get complete unanimity) and formulate that into a policy together with the power to execute it. That power means Congressional and Presidential backing with funds to provide the things needed and authority to make them work.

The airlines are desperately and immediately in need of something like this; but until then, the traffic problems of the airways will not be solved and the existing confusion will continue. The airlines have far more experience with the Federal Airways equipment and Air Traffic Control than any other flying activity. They know what is needed and they know wherein the present Airways System is ancient and ineffective, crude and inaccurate. They know, too, where the air-traffic control procedure is inefficient and where it needlessly introduces collision hazards.

Finger-pointing and name-calling will not improve conditions; neither will it speed up evaluation of war-born electronics and modifications required for their adaptation to both ground and airborne civil aviation. Unless it is done soon, operation of aircraft solely by instruments and radio of the current type and procedure, particularly at congested terminals, will be most unsatisfactory for the next few years.

The airlines are quietly but efficiently working behind the scenes in Washington to bring about the creation of this top Airways authority. They are working against time, too, knowing that if they fail by the persuasive and negotiation method, only a national air disaster will bring it about—and at a price too costly to them and to the public. ★★★

STEP TO THE REAR PLEA

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STILL ONLY 5¢ EVERYWHERE

Fruit of the Fabulous Caribbean
CANADA DRY
White PASSPORT PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 PROOF

★ For *mellowness* of mood and flavor . . . plus body born of the fruitful tropics . . . *plus* the temptingest of bouquets and the blandest of blends—

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86 PROOF

COLLIER'S

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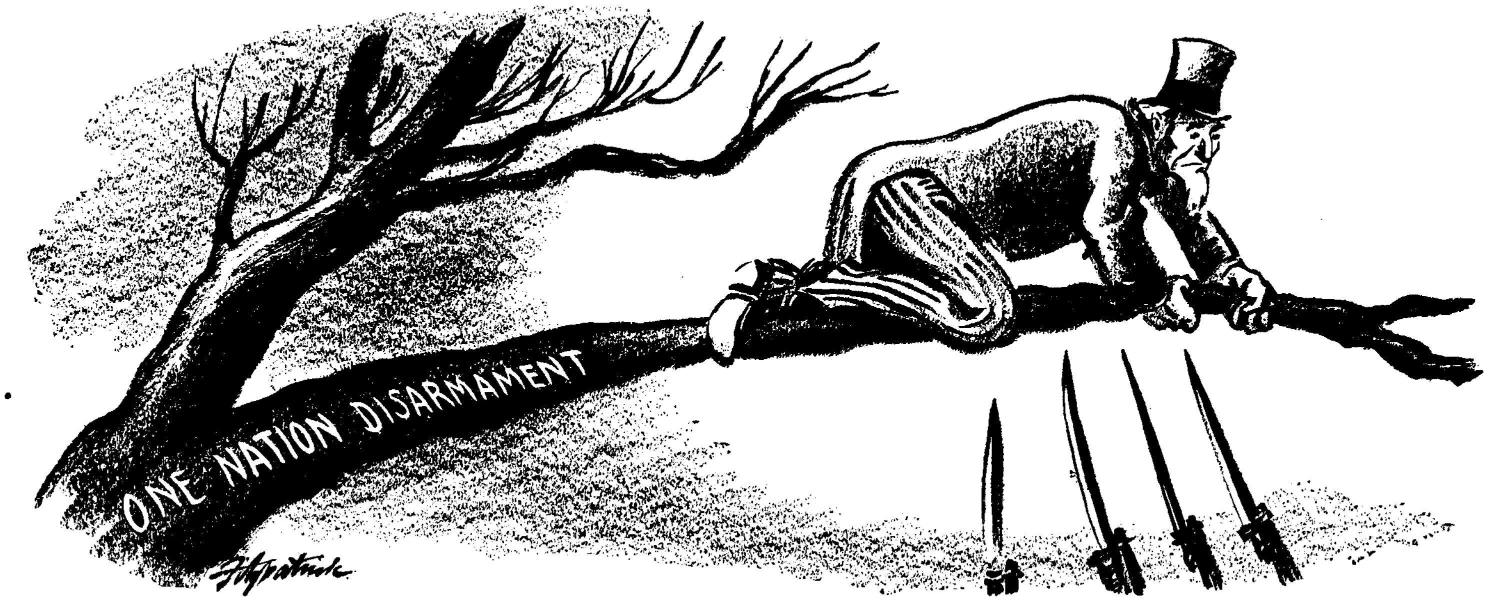

THIS BUSINESS OF DISARMING

THE United States, along with 54 other nations, is now party to a generalized resolution—a mere declaration of intention—to cut down armaments. This resolution was adopted by the United Nations General Assembly as it wound up its latest meeting, and it is now the Security Council's job to draw up disarmament plans and specifications and recommend appropriate treaties.

After that, it will require a two-thirds majority vote of the United States Senate to commit us to any sort of international atomic energy control, or to reducing our armaments in any way.

So we are only started on the business of disarming—the latest concerted attempt of modern nations to shed their weapons, take crushing arms burdens off their taxpayers, and make a stab at the abolition of war. All previous attempts of the kind have failed. Is there a chance that this one may succeed?

Only time can answer that question. But as the disarmament job goes forward, it looks to us as if there will be just one big danger for us to guard against. That danger is our inclination—almost our instinct—to scrap weapons much faster than anybody else scraps them.

We're a truly peace-loving nation nowadays, though we fight like ever-loving saber-toothed tigers when we get into a war. We've long had a yearning to set noble examples for the rest of the world, which the rest of the world usually hasn't followed. And this latest war of ours left a great load of war-weariness on the national chest.

These factors can impel us, if we aren't careful, to cut corners in disarming. Indeed, it took all of Bernard M. Baruch's determination and persuasive powers to keep the goofier element among us from selling a majority of us the proposition that we ought to reveal our technical atom-bomb secrets to the wide, wide world without any precautions regarding international inspection of every nation's nuclear energy activities. That would be the most dangerous piece of disarmament corner cutting that we could do.

After World War I, the United States led off the disarmament parade with a tremendous fanfare and flourish of the trumpets of peace. After a while, we looked around and found that there was only one other member of the parade—Great Britain. And even Britain was not so keen for beating the swords into plowshares as we were. Italy, Germany, Japan and Russia went ahead and armed heavily, until it became inevitable, that someday, somehow, these shiny new weapons and shiny new soldiers would get a businesslike workout.

One big reason why World War II happened at all was that the Axis nations thought we were too weak and lazy and enamored of peace at any price to deliver ever again any such fighting effort as we put forth in World War I.

This time, therefore, let's insist, and keep on insisting, that either we all disarm together or we don't disarm at all. And let's make sure that nobody can cheat, by setting up an international inspection mechanism which will really inspect and will honestly report what it sees, everywhere in the world.

That is the safe way to go about this business of disarming. Disarmament by one great nation while the others drag their feet and make excuses can easily turn into disaster for the nation which lays its pistols down too fast.

A SPOT OF IRONY

WE GOT a wry grin out of the United Nations General Assembly's recent refusal to let Premier Jan Christiaan Smuts' Union of South Africa annex South-West Africa outright. This big territory, which used to be German Southwest Africa, has been supervised by Premier Smuts' country as a League of Nations mandate since shortly after World War I.

When Smuts proposed to gobble up South-West bag and baggage, the General Assembly said no; that the most it would stand for would be a trusteeship, which will be hardly distinguishable from the old mandate.

On the merits or demerits of Smuts' annexation proposal, we express no opinion, because we don't know enough about the circumstances.

What we got the aforesaid wry grin out of was one of the reasons given for turning down annexation. This reason was that race discrimination is practiced in the Union of South Africa against colored people—Jim Crow cars and busses, hotel and bar and movie theater restrictions, and so on.

That, it was argued, was highly reprehensible; and on this and other counts the Union of South Africa was held unworthy to take over South-West Africa. In this condemnation, U.S. voices joined with much self-righteous horror and outrage.

The episode pretty much writes its own editorial—which is that citizens of a nation which permits manifold discriminations against its own colored people, North and South, have a cast-iron nerve waggling censorious fingers at some other nation which does the same thing.

DON'T-CUT-YOUR-THROAT WEEK

THE National Conference of Christians and Jews has designated February 16-23, the week containing George Washington's birthday, as American Brotherhood Week.

During that period, press and radio all over the country will be putting heavy emphasis on tolerance and forbearance among Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Negroes, etc., etc.

We're for it, of course.

Our only objection is that there could be a more dramatic name than the rather sanctimonious-sounding Brotherhood Week. Why not Antihate Week or, even more striking and apropos, Don't-Cut-Your-Own-Throat Week.

A person who gives way to hatred of some racial or religious group is in fact making passes with a knife at his own throat—and incidentally at the throat of his own country. Hatred injures the hater, as a rule, more than the hated. It divides a nation, and makes that nation look weak and sickly to the rest of the world.

Organizations dedicated to hate are profitable only to the leaders and exploiters of the dupes they rope in as rank-and-file members. To be specific and name names, we're talking about such things as the Ku Klux Klan, the Columbians, the old Black Legion (or the present one if it still exists), the defunct German-American Bund, the very much alive Communist party, the Japanese-American Exclusion League, and so on.

Especially in this country, with its multiplex mixture of racial and religious strains, is group hatred a dangerous and a sinister thing which all of us ought to combat for coldly practical and hard-boiled reasons of national safety. The more extensively we can educate and agitate personal and group hatreds out of the American system, the better off we'll all be, and the farther from national self-destruction.

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Paul Jones

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